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THAT MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THAT MERRY CHRISTMAS.



WHAT a glad noise there was that Christmas morning! The children had got up early to look in their stockings. John's were not quite large enough to hold all of his gifts. It is rather hard to crowd a sword, a gun, and a rocking-horse all into one stocking.

Mary had a fine new doll. Harry had a box, and, on taking off the cover, up sprang a wise-looking little man, with a cap on his head. Jessy had a doll, and a very pretty one it was too. Tommy had a what-do-you-call-it. Why did he look up the chimney? I think it was to see if there was any sign of Santa Claus.

John mounted his horse, waved his sword, and held up his gun. But very soon he began to get tired of them all. The thought came into his head that he was more than eight years old. "What do I want of these toys?" said he. "Why was I so silly as to choose them, when aunt Susan would have given me a microscope?" And John laid down his sword and gun, feeling quite above such childish things.

When aunt Susan came, she saw that John did not seem as glad over his presents as the rest of the children did over theirs. "What is the matter, John?" she asked. "Why are you not playing with your toys?"

"Aunt Susan," said John, "I wish I had taken the microscope. Is it too late?"

"No, John. I thought you might repent your choice, so I said to Mr. Grover, who keeps the toy-shop, 'I think I shall want to change the microscope: can I do so?' He said, 'Yes.' His shop will be open till eleven o'clock. So run round and get the microscope, and tell him to send to-morrow and take back the toys."

In five seconds John had on his hat, and was running down the street to Mr. Grover's. He came back with the microscope in about half an hour, and was full of joy at the change. A merry Christmas it was then for all the children !

UNCLE CHARLES.



BABY'S QUIET FAMILY.

WHENEVER I walk
With my children three,
I laugh and I talk
For the whole family.

There's Ruth (her arm's broken !)
And Jane and Annette,
They never have spoken
Or laughed even, yet ;

But I know when they're glad, —
Mothers always can tell, —
And I'm sad when they're sad,
For I love them so well !

Whenever we walk,
Though they're still as can be,
I can easily talk
Quite enough for the three.

BABY AND THE BIRD.

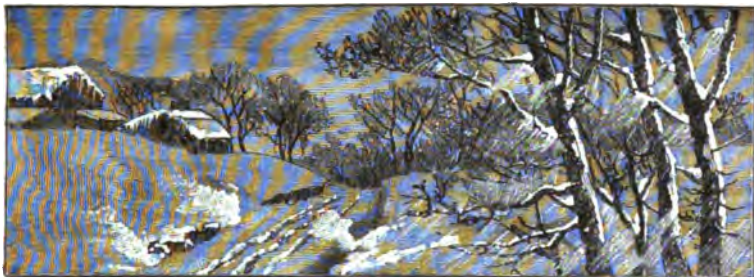


BABY is looking out of the window. Jane is holding him up so that he will not fall out.

What does he see that makes him jump up and down with joy?

He sees a dear little bird. It has come for its daily meal of seed and crumbs. It is not afraid of baby? Why should it be? How could any bird be afraid of such a dear child?

When the bird has had its dinner, I think it will sing.



A NEW YEAR'S DIALOGUE.

HARRY.

LOUD from the north the wild wind blows ;
It sweeps the blue sky clear,
And parts, amid the drifting snows,
The path of the New Year ;
The glad New Year that always brings
So many bright delightful things,
Gay holidays and merry plays,
'And loving wishes from our friends.
A "Happy New Year" let us make,
And keep it "happy" till it ends,
By trying every day to see
What good, good children we can be.

KATE.

Last year, when any thing went wrong,
I used to fret the whole day long,
And sometimes sob and cry aloud,
Dark-looking as a thunder-cloud ;
But, even in a gloomy place,
I now must keep a sunny face ;
For, all this year, I mean to see
How bright and cheerful I can be.

MARY.

Last year, the flitting butterfly
Was not so idle as was I;
I liked my sports and frolic well,
But would not learn to read and spell:
Now I must change my ways at once,
Or I shall surely be a dunce.
This glad New Year that has begun,
Must leave me wiser when 'tis done.

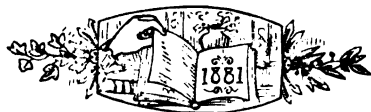
JAMES.

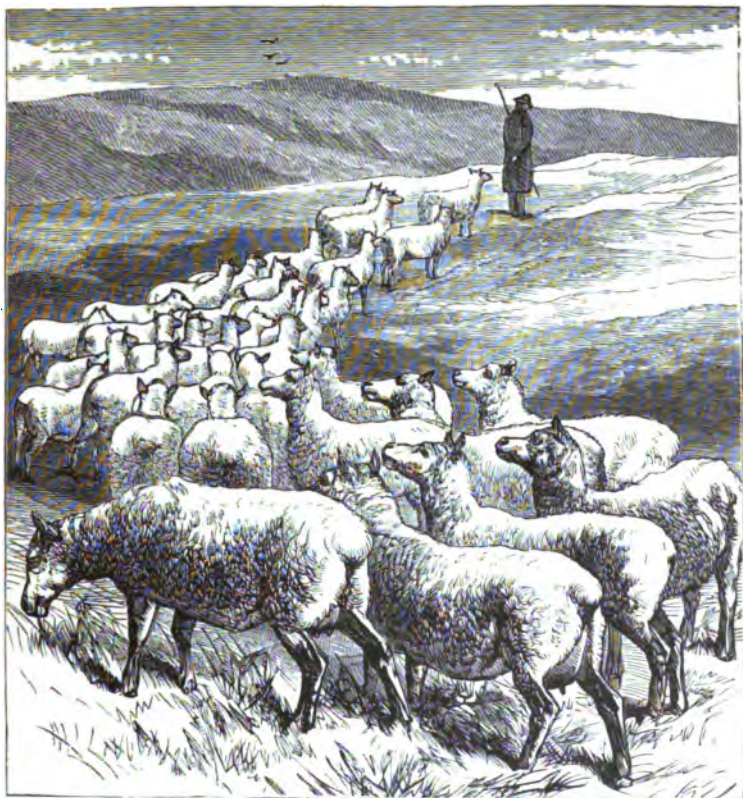
Last year, my temper was so quick,
My angry words came fast and thick,
And brother Tom I'd scold and strike
When he did what I did not like.
I am so sorry! Loving words
Are sweeter than the song of birds;
And, all this year, I mean to see
If I a gentle child can be.

ALL. (*Four or more.*)

The past is past; the year is new:
We will be patient, brave, and true;
When we are bidden, quick to mind;
Unselfish, courteous, and kind;
And try in every place to see
What good, good children we can be.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





THE SHEEP FOLLOW THE SHEPHERD.

THE tenth chapter of St. John says, "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him ; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him ; for they know not the voice of strangers."

But may it not be the form or dress of the shepherd that

the sheep know, and follow him? To test this, a traveller, who had put the question, once exchanged dresses with a shepherd, and went amongst the sheep.


The traveller in the shepherd's dress called the sheep, and tried to lead them; but "they knew not his voice," and did not move. But when the shepherd called them, though he was in the traveller's dress, they ran at once to him, thus proving that it was the voice that led them.

I have a dog that will sometimes bark at me when I put on an overcoat which he has not seen me wear before. But, the moment he hears my voice, he seems ashamed of not having known me, and will whine, as if he would say, "Pardon me, good master. It was very stupid in me not to know you. It was your coat I did not know. I will try to be wiser the next time."

DORA BURNSIDE.



"A FRIEND IN NEED."

ENRY lived in the great city of London. He was known as "the boy at the crossing." He used to sweep one of the crossings in Oxford Street. In wet weather these crossings are very muddy. Now and then some one would give him a penny for his work.

He did not make much in a day; but what he got was a great help to his mother. That thought kept him daily at his work. One day he saw a little girl trying to lead her little brother across the street. The carts and the horses made her afraid, and she ran back timidly.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked Henry.

"I am afraid we shall be run over," said the girl.

"I'll help you across," said Henry. "Then, lifting the



little boy in his arms, he took the girl by the hand, and led her safely to the other side of the street.

"Thank you!" said the little girl; and "Thank you!" said her little brother, as plainly as he could speak it.

I went up and asked the boy with the broom if he knew the children. "I never saw them before in my life," said he; "but such little ones can't get across without help."

"You are a good boy," said I. "I think you must have a good father."

"I had one once," said he; "but now I have only a good mother."

"Well, Henry," said I, "give her this shilling, and tell her I send it to her for teaching her boy to do good when he can get a chance."

Tears came to the boy's eyes. A shilling seemed a good deal of money to him, and it pleased him all the more because it was given him for his mother.

"Thank you, sir; thank you!" said he, and he ran back to his work one of the happiest boys in London, I think, at that moment.

JANE OLIVER.



"IN A MINUTE."



F you asked Dora to do any thing, she would reply, "In a minute." It was a bad habit she had. "Dora, please bring me a drink of water." — "In a minute." — "Dora, go up stairs, and bring me down my comb." — "Yes, mother, in a minute." — "Dora, come to your dinner." — "In a minute."

One day the bird was hopping about on the floor. Somebody went out, leaving the door open, just as "somebody" is always doing. Dora's mother said, "Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said Dora. "I just want to finish this line in my drawing." But the cat did not

wait till this was done. In he popped, and with one dart he had the bird in his mouth.

Down went the slate on the floor, and away went cat, bird, and Dora. There was a wild chase on the lawn. "In



a minute" Dora came back weeping, with the poor bird in her hand, but, oh! the life had all been shaken out of him.

How Dora cried! Mamma was sorry for her, but said, "A great many things may happen 'in a minute,' Dora. I hope the next time you are told to do a thing, you will do it at once."



The Christmas Tree.

SPRING and Summer and russet Fall
Come and go with a varied cheer ;
Each has something, and none has all,
Of the good things of the year.

Winter laughs, though the trees are bare,
With a kindly laugh that is good to see ;
For of all the forest is none so rare
As his merry Christmas-tree.

It blooms with many a taper's flame ;
And hidden under the leaves of green
Are fruits of every shape and name,
The funniest ever seen, —



Book and bundle, and scarf, and shawl,
 Picture and peanuts, skate and saw,
 Candy and album, and bat and ball,
 Hatchet, and doll, and taw,

Games and frames, and comical dames
 With walnut faces wrinkled and old,
 Fillets rare for the sunny hair,
 And jewels of pearl and gold.

For the good St. Nicholas blest this tree,
 And it blooms and bears for every one,
 With a gift of love to you and me,
 For beauty, or use, or fun.

Poorer than any the Child whose name
 Has given a name to our Christmas-tree ;
 Yet kingly gifts to his cradle came,
 And kingly gifts gave He.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

DOWN THE RIVER AFTER THE BOY.



ALTER DALE was a little boy six years old, who lived with his parents on the bank of the River Thames in England. One day, after dinner, he went to the water's edge to play.

Seeing a small boat tied to a big stone by a rope, he pulled the boat up to the shore. "What a nice little boat!" said he. "I will get into it, and rock it, as I once saw a big boy do."

So he got into the boat, and began to rock it. The boat got loose, and drifted down the river. Walter did not notice this until he was quite a distance from the shore; then, turning round, he saw what had happened. Every moment the current was carrying him further from home.

Walter was not a timid boy, and, instead of crying, he began to reason in this way: "The boat does not leak. It is safe and sound. There are no waves to make me afraid. The wind does not blow. Here on a seat is a thick blanket. In this box is a loaf of bread and a knife. The water of the river is good to drink, and here is a tin mug. I think I will not cry, but hope for the best."

So he sat down. He called to some people on the shore; but they did not hear him. He stood up, and waved his hat to a man in a passing boat, and cried, "Help, help!" But the man thought it was some little fellow making fun of him.

Meanwhile Walter's mother had become anxious. She ran down to the river, and followed his foot-tracks to the edge of the water. Then she ran back to her husband; but he was not in the house. In about an hour he came back, and she said, "Quick, quick! Get a boat, and call John to

help you. Walter is drifting down the river in that little green boat, I am sure."

Mr. Dale ran out of the house, called his man John, and they went down to the bank. Here they took a good fast boat, pulled it out into the stream, and began to row with the current.

It was getting late. A mist was creeping over the great city of London. They could hardly see the tall stores, the



masts and steeples on one side. But on they went, rowing swiftly with their good oars, as if for dear life.

They looked out sharply on both sides to catch a sight of the little green boat. At last, when they had rowed about two miles, with the tide in their favor, Mr. Dale cried out, "I see it! I see it! But, ah! it is empty. I see no sign of a boy in it. What can have become of poor Walter?"

On they rowed, and at last came up with the boat. Still no Walter was to be seen. The poor father was in despair, when all at once Walter started up from under the great blanket, where he had been hiding. He cried out, "Here I am, papa, safe and sound!"

"Oh, you little rogue! Come here and let me pull your ears!" They all got back to their home in time for a late tea, which mother had kept warm for them. Walter was kissed and then cuffed; but the cuffs were so tender, that they made him laugh even more than the kisses.

ALFRED STETSON.

"FLUTTER, FLUTTER!"

FLUTTER, flutter, with never a stop,
All the leaves have begun to drop;
While the wind, with a skip and a hop,
Goes about gathering in his crop.

Flutter, flutter, on bustling wings,
All the plump little feathered things:
Thrush and bobolink, finch and jay,
Follow the sun on his holiday.

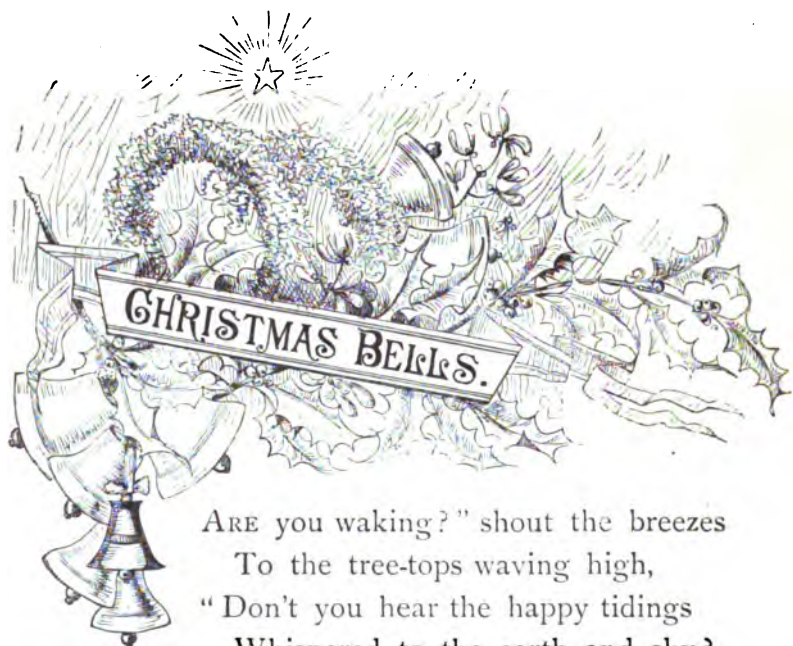
Flutter, flutter, the snowflakes all
Jostle each other in their fall,
Crowd and push into last year's nest,
And hide the seeds from robin-redbreast.

Flutter, flutter, the hours go by;
Nobody sees them as they fly;
Nobody hears their fairy tread,
Nor the rustle of their wings instead.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



DRAWING-LESSON.



ARE you waking?" shout the breezes
To the tree-tops waving high,
"Don't you hear the happy tidings
Whispered to the earth and sky?
Have you caught them in your dreaming,
Brook and rill in snowy dells?
Do you know the joy we bring you
In the merry Christmas bells?
Ding, dong! ding, dong, Christmas bells!

"Are you waking, flowers that slumber
In the deep and frosty ground?
Do you hear what we are breathing
To the listening world around?
For we bear the sweetest story
That the glad year ever tells:
How He loved the little children,—
He who brought the Christmas bells!
Ding, dong! ding, dong, Christmas bells!

JACK THE MAGPIE.



ONE day last summer, a man in Colorado found a magpie by the roadside. Its wings had been clipped, so that it could not fly. The man gave it to a little boy named Ernest Hart.

He lived with his parents in a neat cottage near by a mountain stream. He ran home, and showed the bird to his sister Edith. They named it Jack.

Jack was quite a large bird. His body was black as coal; his breast was white; and his wings and tail shaded off into a dark green. His bill was long and very strong. He had a shrewd, knowing look. As he was quite tame, he must have been some one's pet.

He would hop and strut around in such a funny, pompous way, that one could not help laughing. He would take food from any one's hand, but would not let any one touch him, except Mr. Hart, the children's father.

To Mr. Hart he seemed to take a great liking. He would hop on to his hand or shoulder: he would follow him all over the place. As soon as Mr. Hart came into the house, Jack would stand outside the door, and scream to him to come out. Indeed, Jack was almost too fond of him.

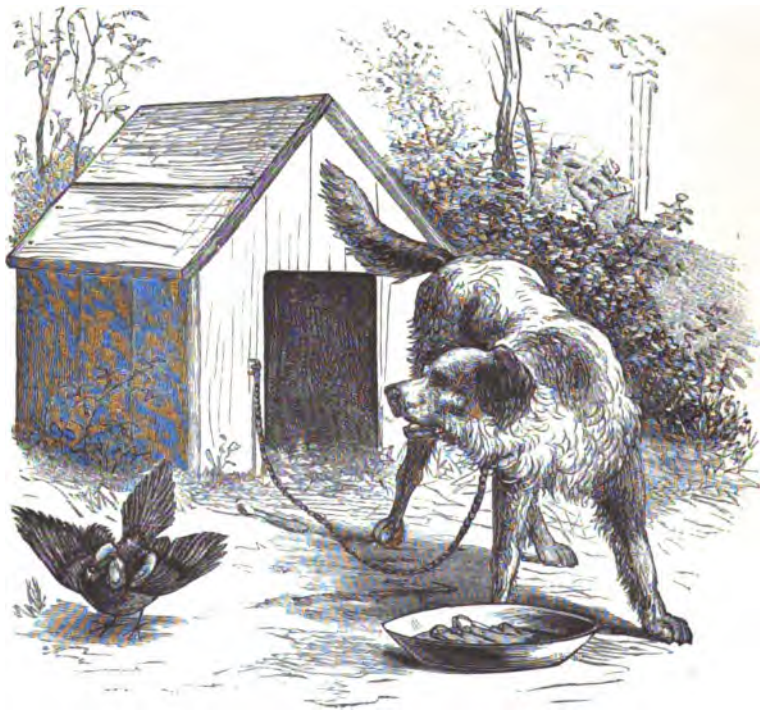
One day when Mr. Hart was chopping wood, Jack kept laying his bill within two or three inches of the place where the axe fell. It seemed just as if he wanted his bill chopped off.

Jack could talk a little. He could say "pretty," "what," and "yes, sir." When hungry, he would come round to the kitchen-door. There he would keep up a loud chattering, till food was given him to eat.

Jack was shy of Marcus, the dog. But, while Marcus was eating his dinner, Jack would steal up, and seize a bone from the plate. Then he would run off and hide it.

I believe that all magpies are thieves. I know that Jack was a sad thief. He would carry off almost any thing he saw lying about. One day he was caught in the act of carrying off the gardener's pipe.

It was fun for Ernest and Edith to watch him at his mischief. All summer they made much of him. Now, in



October, though the trees are still green and the wild flowers are not gone, we have had in our Colorado home a taste of winter.

The ground has been white with snow. Jack is still with us, and seems quite happy. Edith and Ernest may stay here all winter. Perhaps I may tell you something of their winter sports. Would you like to hear it?

AUNT SADIE.

PORTRAITS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THIS is Master Baby,
Paying a morning call,
Sitting so good upon his chair,
But speaking not at all.
Listening to every word,
The funny little man!
Wondering at the news he hears,
Thinking all he can.



This little lady,
I'd have you know,
Is Miss Mary Vernon,
With cheeks in a glow.
She has a doll Bella,
Quite dear to her heart,
And takes her to ride
In a nice little cart.

THIS is Tommy Trip:
Bubbles he can blow;
When a bubble breaks too soon,
Tommy cries, "Don't go!"
Older folks I know,
Who their fine schemes make,
And, when any fine scheme fails,
Cry, "Oh, do not break!"





'Tis the winter cold,
All the ponds are ice;
Susan loves the winter cold,
Calls the weather nice.
Warm with muff and coat,
She can go and skate;
She can glide along the ice
At a merry rate.

This is Mary Jane,
See! she has a saucer:
To her cat she says,
"Give me up your paw, sir.
I've some fresh, nice milk
You will relish greatly."
Pussy then put up her paw;
All this happened lately.



This is Baby May:
She looks out to spy
If her own dear papa comes
On the road near by.
Yes, she sees him now,
He is coming fast;
For he loves his Baby May,
Loves her first and last.



AMONG THE HOLLY-BUSHES.

AND who is this, looking out from amid the holly-bushes, this cold winter day? Whose sweet, merry, roguish face is this? She is wrapped up warm; she has gloves on her hands, and a nice thick hood on her head.

It is my niece Clara. She has been out with her brothers

and the men to gather holly and evergreen for Christmas. First they cut down a little pine for the Christmas-tree. It was not so very little either ; for it was twenty feet high.

There was snow on the ground, and they had a sledge on which to pile the hemlock-boughs, the evergreens, and the holly. Clara saw a squirrel run up a tree, and called to her brothers to look ; but they were not quick enough to see it.

Then she spied a hollow place by the side of a hill, and going to look at it, she found it was a little pond of ice. It was smooth as glass, and she and her brothers had a nice time sliding on it.

Clara was sorry when it got to be twelve o'clock, and it was time to go home. The sledge was piled up with boughs, and the oxen wanted their dinner. Yes, they must go.

But when Clara was nestled in her little bed that night, and had said her prayers, this was her thought, " Oh, I never shall forget this happy, happy day ; the bright, bracing air, so sweet and clear ; the mild, soft sunshine ; the smell of the pines ; the frolic on the pond ; the ride on the sledge ; the little snowbirds that came in a flock when I began to feed them. Oh, I never shall forget it ; no, never, never-r-r, nev— ; " And with this last word half uttered, my little niece fell asleep.

EMILY CARTER.



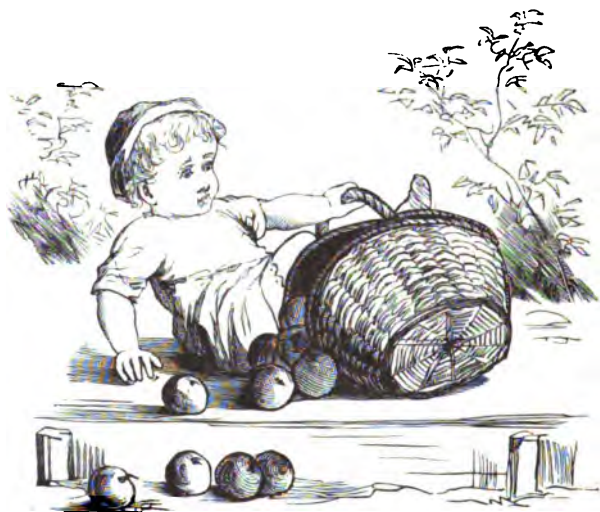


THE BASKET OF APPLES.

I.

ALBERT is a bright little fellow. He is not three years old; but he can read ten words in "The Nursery." These words are, cat, dog, cow, horse, bird, mother, father, brother, sister, apple.

One day, John the gardener left a basket of apples at the top of the garden-steps. Albert saw it, and knew it was meant for the house. "I will take it in," said he. "I am strong."



II.

But the basket was not so light as he had thought. Indeed it was quite heavy. Perhaps this was because it was full of apples. The gardener had just picked them from a fine old tree in the orchard.

Albert was a stout little fellow; but the basket was too much for him. In trying to lift it, he upset it; and some of the apples rolled out down the steps as fast as they could go. Perhaps they saw it was a good chance to run away.



III.

Albert did not cry. He knew that crying would do no good. What was now the first thing to be done? Albert thought for a while, and said to himself, "The first thing to do is to set the basket upright."

He did not find it hard work to do this. All the apples had not run out. Some were still in the basket.

Albert picked up one, smelt of it, and then put it back. He next placed the basket upright.



IV.

Having done this so that the basket stood firm, he said, "What is the next thing to do? The next thing to do is to put back the apples; and I am the boy that can do it."

And he did it well. He did not once think of keeping any of the apples for himself; nor did he even take a bite of one of them. He was a good boy, and too honest for that.

If any one had said to him, "Give me an apple," Albert would have said, "The apples are not mine to give."



V.

“Now it is all right again,” said Albert. “What next? If the basket will not let me carry it, the basket shall carry me. That would be fair play.”

So he mounted the basket, as you see, took hold of the handle with his left hand, and cried out, “Get up, sir!” He made believe it was a horse. “Get up, sir!” he cried. But the horse would not move.



VI.

Albert then began to shake the basket, as if to urge it on. Ah, me! who would have thought to see it play the gay horse in earnest? It seemed so gentle!

Who would have thought to see it shy, and kick up, and throw Albert off? But so it did. Albert put out both hands to save himself, but he could not keep his seat. Over he went.



VII.

Over went the basket. Albert, apples, and all rolled down the steps. "Help!" he cried. The gardener ran up to see what was the matter.

"Where are my apples?" said he. "Here!" said Albert, jumping up, for the lucky rogue was not hurt a bit. UNCLE SAM.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by ALFRED SELWYN.*

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

f Bold and lively.

1. Christmas is com-ing, ho, ho, and ho, ho! Now bring on your hol-ly and

do not move slow; We'll deck the whole house with the branches so green, On

wall and on pic-ture the leaves shall be seen. Oh! mer-ry the time when we

all meet to-geth-er In spite of the cold, the wind, and the wea-ther, When

grandparents, uncles, and cousins we see, All gather'd around the mahog-a-ny tree.

2.

It stands in the hall, the mahogany tree;
And very nice fruit it will bear, you'll agree;
The turkeys and capons, the puddings and pies,
On Christmas day feel something more than the eyes.
The poor and the needy then come to our door,
And carry off with them a bountiful store
Of all the good things that we have for ourselves,
In cupboard and cellar, on table and shelves.


3.

When dinner is ended, what sound do we hear
From holly-deck'd parlor ring merry and clear?
'Tis Uncle Tom's fiddle! the tune is a call
To all the good people to come to our ball.
They come, young and old, and partake of our cheer,
For old Christmas comes only once in a year!
Then hand up the holly, and let us prepare
The house for the pleasure in which all can share.



ALMOST READY FOR LAUNCHING.

ALMOST READY FOR LAUNCHING.

 HERE we have a picture of a ship on the stocks, with a gang of men hard at work giving her the finishing touches. There are full twenty-six men in sight.

What are they doing? Well, most of them, I think, are calkers. Do you know what that means? I will tell you.

After the frame of a ship is set up, the timbers firmly bolted and braced, and the planking put on and fastened, inside and out, the next thing to be done is to make the seams water-tight.

For this purpose, slivers of oakum, rolled up in the hand, are driven into the seams between the planks. When the seams are filled, they are covered with melted pitch or rosin to preserve the oakum from decay. This process is called calking.

Most of the men seen in the picture are doing this work, but not all of them. Some are driving in the oakum with a tool called a calking-iron. Some are putting on the pitch. I will leave it for you to find out what the others are doing.

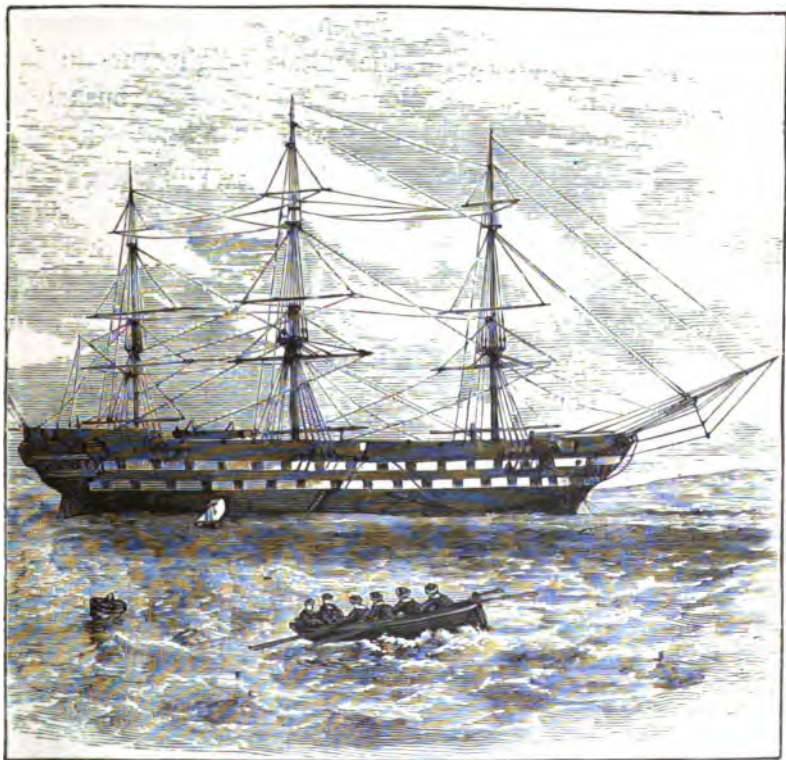
If we could look on deck and on the other side of the ship, we should see men at work there too. Hark! Don't you hear the sound of their hammers? All is bustle, but there is no confusion. Every man knows what to do, and does his work with a will.

After the calking is done, the painters will take their turn. They will put on two or three coats of paint; then the carvers and gilders will make a handsome figure-head; every thing will look as neat as a new pin; and then it will be time to be thinking of a name for the vessel, for, if I am not mistaken, the ship will be ready for launching. Let us

fancy that we are present at the launch. I think I see her now gliding into the deep water that awaits her.

She floats away from her cradle. She sits like a duck upon the water. She is staunch and strong and tight. So far the work has been well done. What comes next?


The riggers will now take her in hand. Masts and yards



and shrouds and sails will soon be in their places. Soon we shall see her in the harbor all ready for sea; and by and by, with sails all set and streamers all afloat, she will move gracefully down the bay. May she always have fair winds and prosperous voyages!

UNCLE CHARLES.

LOUIS'S NEW PLANT.

 LOUIS moved to a new home last spring, and, to his delight, had the use of a plot of ground for a garden. Beans, morning-glories, and other common plants, edged the little space; but his mamma planned to to have some new thing in the centre.

So they planted three or four peanuts. Louis expected to raise peanuts enough for the whole neighborhood; and one lady to whom he mentioned it engaged a bushel on the spot.

In due time a little plant appeared, carrying one of the nuts on its head; but, finding that too much of a load, it left the parent nut on the surface of the ground, and sent bright green leaves up, and little threads of roots down, until, with its sisters, which had been growing in the same way, it made a group of three pretty plants.

All summer Louis took pride in showing them. Although they grew so finely, many persons prophesied that they would never bear nuts. But, in the latter part of September, Louis dug from one of his plants a nut which was perfect in form, though not yet divided into shell and meat. It was like a raw potato.

He waited patiently, and early in November he dug a saucer-full of well-ripened nuts. The plants had sent out a shoot from each joint, and these grew downward into the ground, and at the end of each shoot grew a nut. So Louis thinks it is correct to call it a ground-nut.

Louis took a sample of the nuts to "The Nursery" office, and it was pronounced to be of good quality. Although he could not supply the order for a bushel, he intends to try again next year, and hopes to raise a larger crop.



THE WOULD-BE TRAVELLERS.

ARTHUR.

Oh, if I only had a pair
Of Indian snow-shoes I could wear,
The storms might beat, the winds might blow,
Across the drifts I'd northward go,
And see the Northland's splendid sights, —
The red, and green, and yellow lights,
That up the sky at night-time stream,
The icebergs on the sea that gleam,
And, peering from his hut of snow,
In walrus-coat, the Esquimau ;
And with my loud hurrah I'd scare
From out his den the grizzly bear.



BERTHA.

And, if I only had a boat,
I'd spread my sail, and eastward float,
And see the far-off Eastern lands,
The palm-trees, and the desert sands,
The camels and the caravans ;
Tall shining towers, and curious towns.
And men with turbans on, and gowns ;
And bring home, lovely to behold,
A charming dress of cloth-of-gold.



DICK.

And, if I only had a horse,
I'd westward, westward take my course;
With flying feet and floating mane
He'd gallop with me o'er the plain;
As lightly as the wind we'd pass
Across the waving prairie-grass,
And strange, tall blossoms, blue and red,
Would nod about my horse's head.

ELSIE.

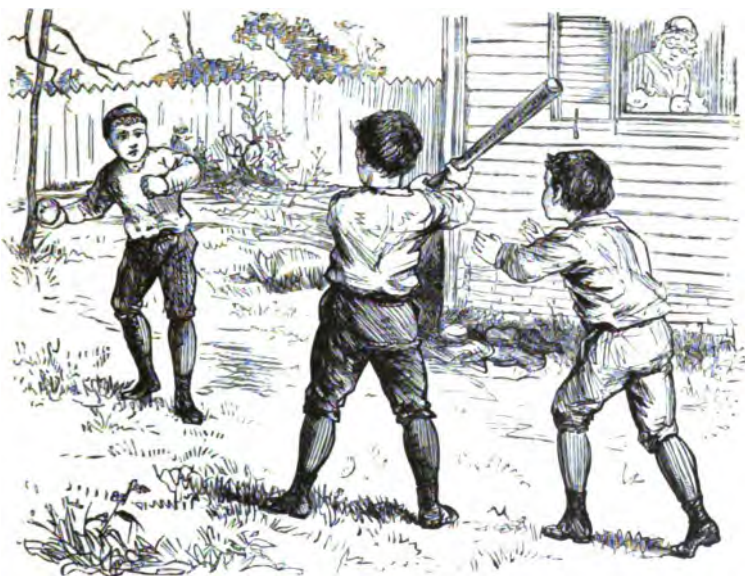
And, if I had some wings to fly,
I'd southward soar along the sky,
And see the Southland all aglow
With roses, when with us there's snow;
And flutter down to rest me, where
The starry myrtle scents the air,
And humming-birds dart out and in
The blossoms of the jessamine;
Where his green mate the parrot calls,
And oranges, like golden balls,
Hang on the boughs, I'd spend the hours
In gathering figs, and plucking flowers.

LITTLE SUSY.

Oh, if you want to, and you can,
I'm willing you should roam;
But I'm dear mother's little girl,
I'll stay with her at home.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





“ONE-OLD-CAT.”

GRANDMA sat at the window one fine afternoon, knitting. In a group, on the ground below, sat three little boys dressed in blue sailor suits, red stockings, and polo caps. “What nice-looking little boys!” thought grandma.

Presently up jumped one boy, and said, “Come on, fellows, let’s play something.” — “All right,” said another boy, “One-old-cat.” Then they all ran into the house.

“Dear me!” said grandma, “I thought they were good boys; but they seem to be going to tease pussy.” In a few minutes the boys came back. One of them carried a large club, while another had something which grandma, who could not see very well, took to be a stone.

“Oh, what cruel boys!” thought the old lady. “It’s bad enough to tie things to a cat’s tail; but to beat her with a club and to throw stones at her is still worse.”

"I'll be pitcher," shouted one of the boys. "There!" said grandma, "he says he'll pitch her. Who would believe that boys in red stockings and blue suits could be so cruel?"

"I'll be inner," cried another boy.

"Inner!" said grandma. "What does that mean? Some new expression, I have no doubt, which I never before heard; but an old lady of eighty years can't be expected to keep up with the times. It's something dreadful, of course."

But what was the old lady's surprise when the boys threw aside their blue jackets, and two of them began to throw the "stone" back and forth, one to the other; while the third boy stood between, striking at it as it flew through the air, and sometimes hitting it and sometimes not. There they staid all the afternoon doing the same thing.

"Why," said grandma, putting on her glasses, and looking more closely, "I declare! they're only playing ball, after all. Well, I'm glad they're not so cruel as I thought them. They are such pretty little boys, and have such pretty red stockings too!"

"But," said she, after a long pause, "there is still one thing that troubles me. Where is the 'old cat'?"

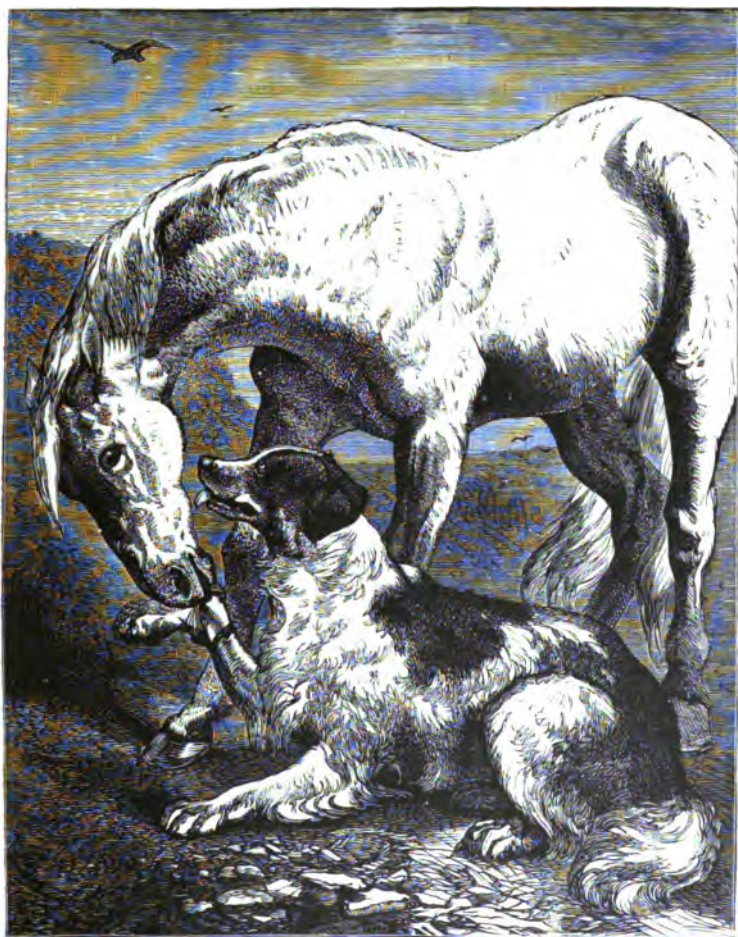
MATTIE B. BANKS.

WHAT IS THE HORSE DOING?



AN any one of my young readers guess from the picture what the horse is doing to the dog? Do not read the rest of my story till you have tried to answer this question.

Some boys had placed in a field a snare by which they hoped to catch a rabbit. It was a sort of noose made of coarse, twisted grass. Fido, the dog, put one of his fore-



feet in the noose, and in trying to get away his leg was doubled up by it.

He limped off howling to his friend Hero, an old horse that was grazing near by. Fido lifted up his leg, and Hero at once saw what was the matter. But Hero had no knife with which to cut the noose. What could he do?

He did not stay long in doubt. He put down his head,

and began to gnaw at the noose. Taking good care not to bite Fido, he nibbled at the wisp of twisted grass till it dropped off, and the good dog was free.

You should have seen Fido as he scampered round, jumped up, and barked at his old friend. "Barked at him?" Yes; but it was all in play, as much as to say, "You dear old Hero! How I thank you! I will do as much for you, should you ever get into trouble. Bow, wow, wow!"

And Hero galloped round, and threw up his heels, but took good care not to hit his friend Fido. Each seemed to be glad in the feeling that a kind act had been done.

This is a true story, and Mr. Harrison Weir has told it well in his drawing.

UNCLE CHARLES.



A QUEER KITTEN.

CHRISTMAS-DAY, in her stocking,
Our Marion found a prize, —
A dear little spotted kitten
With wonderful bright blue eyes ;

With fur that was fluffy as cotton,
Yellow and white and gray,
With paws that were soft as velvet,
And brimful of fun and play.

She looked at her little mistress,
And loved her, it seemed, at
sight ;

For she climbed on Marion's
shoulder,

Purring with all her might, —

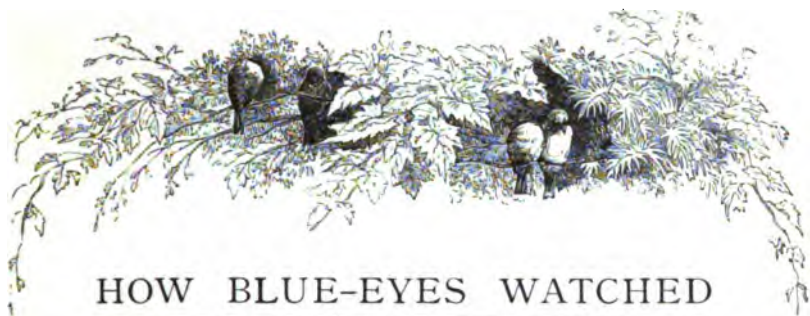
Careful never to hurt her
With sharp little tooth or nail ;
But one thing was very funny, —
The kitty had never a tail.

"O mamma!" Marion shouted,
"What in the world can ail
This dear little baby-kitty,
That she hasn't a bit of tail?"

"How funny!" said Marion puzzled,
And wondering almost frowned,
"What will she have to play with,
And run after, round and round?"

"Did somebody snip it with scissors
Or pinch it off in the door?
Did you ever see a kitten
Without a tail, before?"

Then mamma laughed at her darling,
And kissed her, and then began
To tell her about the kittens
That come from the Isle of Man.



HOW BLUE-EYES WATCHED FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LITTLE Miss Blue-Eyes shook her head
At nurse's call, "Come, time for bed!"
"Oh, no! oh, no indeed! not yet!
I'm 'stonished at you! you forget
That I and all my family
Must watch the Old Year out, you see,
And I must be the first to say
To all, 'A happy New Year's Day!' "

"Oh, bless your little heart, my dear!"
Said nurse, "the New Year won't be here '
Till midnight hour: your curly head
Must long ere then be snug in bed."
But Blue-Eyes answered, "No, *no*, no!
Please, nursie, do not make me go!
I mean to keep awake, and hear
The bells that ring in the New Year."


But, when the nurse came back to peep,
A minute later, sound asleep
Was little Blue-Eyes on the floor;
And still she slept while nursie bore
Her softly to the pretty bed
Which waited for the curly head.
And the New Year was bright with sun,
Ere little Blue-Eyes' sleep was done.



Then the gay sunbeams kissing her
Caused the small, drowsy limbs to stir,
Caused the blue eyes to open wide,
And see her mother at her side:
And "Happy New Year!" all things said
To this same little sleepy head,
Who meant to be the first to say,
"To all a happy New Year's Day!"



WHY WOULDN'T THE KITE FLY?

 JACK and Fred sat on the steps, trying to think of something to do. They had spent their morning in digging wells and ditches in the sand; for it was vacation-time, and they were living down by the sea.

Just before dinner they had been in bathing. Since dinner they had been over in the fields, picking up long feathery grasses to put in mamma's vases. And now, what should they do next?

At last, Jack thought it would be fine fun to make a large kite, much larger than any they had ever seen. Fred

said he would help; and off they ran to get sticks, tacks, paper, paste, and string, so as to have every thing ready.

When they could think of nothing else that was needed, they set to work. Jack cut and tacked the sticks together, just as the smaller ones were in his little old kite; while Fred cut the papers, and made the tail.

Having joined the four ends of the sticks with string, they covered the whole with newspaper, pasted nicely, and left the kite in the sun to dry. Then Jack thought of one thing that had been forgotten: they had not tied on the string. So they had to cut a hole in their paper, and put the string through. Then, of course, the holes had to be patched up again, and this took a good while.

The wind was blowing quite briskly, and the boys thought they could not wait any longer, although the kite was not quite dry. Fred said he would pitch the kite, if Jack would let out the string. You can imagine how Fred looked, as he ran out before the wind, with this big kite that was much taller than himself. Jack said it seemed as though the kite had legs of its own, and was walking off.

Fred pitched the kite. It went up bravely. Jack ran with it, letting out the string, little by little, when, all of a sudden, there came a heavy gust of wind. The string broke, and the kite fluttered down, flat on the ground.

But these boys had been taught to always "try again." So they went to look for a stronger string.

Jack thought of the clothes-line. Off he went, and soon came back with a good long rope. This they tied on, and now they thought the kite would surely fly. Jack pitched it this time, and what do you think happened? The string was too heavy. The kite went up, but soon came down; and, what was worse, the paper was so thin, that the wind tore it all to pieces.

"Never mind!" said Jack, "we'll try again to-morrow. You see, Fred, if we have a large kite, we must have a strong cover for it and a stout string."

Then the two boys went to work, and covered the kite-frame with cloth. They got a string that was very strong but not too heavy; and the next day they had a grand time flying their kite.

Some day I will tell you more about these boys who were always ready to "try again."

M.



THE NEW-LAID EGG.

Who laid the
egg?

"Cut, cut-ca-dah!"

said the hen:

"When the clock struck ten,
I laid an egg."



Who'll take it to the
house?

"I," said little Dick:

"I'm very quick,
And I'll take it to the
house."



Who knows how to
cook it?

“I,” said good Mary
Ann;

“In my own frying-
pan:

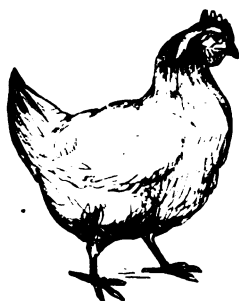
I know how to cook
it.”

Who'll eat it when
it's done?

“I,” said little Phil,

“Because I am ill:

“I'll eat it when it's
done.”



Who'll lay another?
“Cluck, cluck, cluck!”
said the hen;
“Feed me well and then
I'll lay another.”



DRAWING-LESSON.

BERTIE AT HIS UNCLE'S.



BERTIE is a little boy six years old. His home is in the country. He has an uncle Frank. Uncle Frank lives in the city. Bertie has come to uncle Frank's house to stay two weeks.

He has never until now been away from his papa and mamma for a day. But he thinks he shall not mind it, because uncle Frank is such a funny man. He can make you believe that there is a big bumble-bee on your hair, or flying and buzzing about the room. He can squeak just like a mouse, or mew like a cat, or chirp like a bird.

But uncle Frank cannot play with Bertie all day long. He has an office down town, where he must stay part of the time. So he tells Bertie to keep off the street, and be sure not to follow the circus, or the man with the organ and monkey.

Bertie says he will stay in the house, and visit with Poll the parrot, and Dick, the canary. "If you need any thing more to make you happy, ask Dora the housekeeper for it. She will look after your wants till I return," uncle Frank says as he takes leave of Bertie at the door.

"Good-by, uncle Frank!" says Bertie.

"Don't follow the circus! don't follow the circus!" cries Poll from her perch.

Bertie laughs, and answers back, "Don't scold! don't scold!"

This puts Poll in the very best of humor. She turns up her eyes, tries to look smart, and screams back at the top of her voice, "Thieves, thieves! Call the police; call the police!"

Then Dora comes in, and finds uncle Frank gone. She tells Bertie she has something to show him. He follows her

out through the kitchen, and up a long pair of stairs, to an attic. There is a large box in the attic. Dora calls it a chest. It is painted blue, and has a lid to it. The lid is made of woven wire.

Dora goes on tiptoe and looks over into the box. Then she softly raises the lid, and lifts Bertie up so that he can see into it. "Oh, what funny cats!" cries little Bertie.



"Indeed they are not cats," Dora says, smiling.

"Then they must be little puppies. But what red eyes they have! and such straight bodies! How funny they do look!" Bertie says.

"No, my little man, they are not puppies. You will have to guess once more," says the good-natured housekeeper.

"Are they rabbits?" asks Bertie.

"No, not rabbits, either," is the reply. "Guess again."

"Oh, please tell me what they are!" pleads Bertie. "I am sure that I can never, never guess all alone."

Dora laughs, and says they will go down and get Poll the parrot to help him guess. Poll is still on her perch; and Dora, holding a cream-cracker, says, "Here is a nice cracker, Poll. Now tell Bertie what is in the big chest in the attic."



"Polly wants a cracker!" cries the bird.

"What is in the attic?" asks Dora.

"Ferrets, ferrets! Run, rats! Run for your lives!" screams the parrot. "Polly wants a cracker!"

"There, my little man; now do you know what is in the chest?" asks Dora as she gives the cracker to Poll.

"Polly says they are ferrets," replies Bertie, dropping his eyes; "but I do not know what that means."

So Dora asks Bertie to sit beside her, and she will tell him about the little ferrets.

Just as she finishes a nice long story about an old ferret and a great long-tailed rat, a little girl's voice under the table calls out, "Come here, Bertie: I want to tell you something." Bertie slides down from the sofa, and runs to the table. He lifts up a corner of the table-cover and looks under.

There is nothing to be seen there, except a pair of very crooked legs, which belong to the table, of course.

"What does all that mean, I wonder!" Bertie says. And his eyes are as round as moons.

But, before Dora can reply, the same voice says, "Go to the door, Bertie: there is something there for you."

Bertie walks slowly toward the door, but stops halfway there, and asks, "Is it April-fool's Day?" And the voice under the table answers, "Go to the door and see."

So Bertie tries to look bold, and marches up, like a soldier going to battle. "Left, left! right, right!" calls out the voice under the table. But this time it is loud and strong, like that of a captain of the drill.

Bertie is a brave little boy: so he marches straight up to the door, — which stands open, — and looks out. Then he claps his chubby hands, and shouts, "Oh! it was my uncle Frank under the table. I forgot he was such a funny man. Oh, uncle Frank! How can you get in the house and out of the house, and nobody see you?"

"Look down here at me!" says a strange barking voice from the bottom of the steps. Bertie looks, and sees something that makes his eyes brighter than ever. It is a great, black, shaggy dog, hitched to such a nice little express-

wagon. The harness fits its wearer as nicely as can be, and has silver rings and buckles. The reins are red, white, and blue. A neat whip lies across the seat of the wagon. On the sides of the wagon, in large gilt letters, are the words, "CITY EXPRESS."

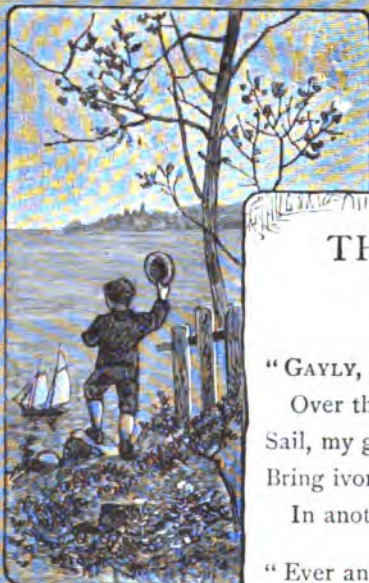
The dog has a bright silver collar around his neck, with a



small bell hung from it. The dog's name is on this collar. It is Nero.

But when uncle Frank tells Bertie that the dog, and the wagon, and the pretty harness, and the whip, are all his own to keep, he is so glad that he jumps up and down like a young monkey.

He says, "Thank you, thank you, uncle Frank! When I am a man, I shall try and be just like you." Then his uncle lifts him into the express-wagon, gives him the reins and the whip, and away they go, down the area-walk, to the stable.

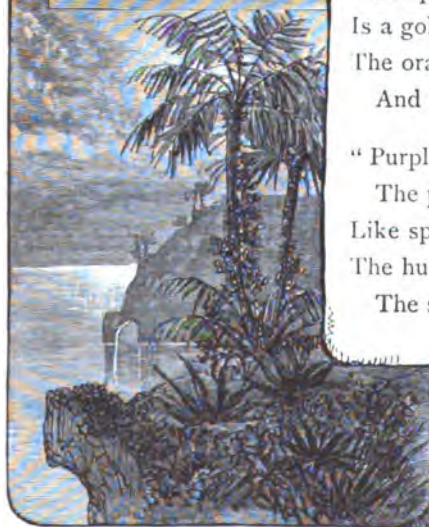



THE GOOD SHIP "ROSA LEE."

"GAYLY, gayly, over the sea,
Over the sea and far away,
Sail, my good ship 'Rosa Lee,'
Bring ivory, silk, and gold to me
In another summer's sunniest day.

"Ever and ever so many a mile,
Deep in the endless, hazy blue,
Is a golden shore and a spicy isle;
The orange blooms there all the while;
And the monkeys laugh at the kangaroo.

"Purple and yellow and emerald-green,
The parrots flit in the groves of palm;
Like sparks of living fire are seen
The humming-birds that hover between
The scarlet blooms in a tropic calm.





“ Over the blue, unending sea
Sail away, and into the west,
Till the west is east ; then come to me,
Freighted as full as full can be
Of all that misty island’s best, —

“ Dust of gold and apples of gold,
A kangaroo, and a monkey too,
A cage of parrots to laugh and scold,
And a silken web, that, when unrolled,
Would reach to the moon, and back to you.”

The boy lets slip his cedarn boat ;
Gaily she scuds before the breeze,
With a steady helm, till, far remote,
Only a dim, white speck afloat
Is the last glimpse of her that ever he sees.

No matter ! His thoughts sail far and free
With his good ship, and he finds new joy
In learning of lands beyond the sea ;
And this is the freight of his “ Rosa Lee,” —
Better than gold to the eager boy.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.



RICH AND POOR.



HERE is a young girl taking a walk on a cold day. She is strong and well. Her dress is very thick. She has a fur cape, and a muff, and good stout shoes. See how fine she looks. She does not seem to mind the biting frost.

But see this poor old woman tottering along. She wraps her thin cloak around her, but it does not keep out the keen air. She is very cold.



I hope that the rich young girl will give some aid to the poor old woman.

A. B C.



THE SNOW-FAIRIES.

THE moon was dim when we went to bed,
And the stars were covered over,
When the wee white fairies came o'erhead,
And, whirling down the wind, they sped
The trees and ground to cover.

They danced all night o'er field and rill
To the pipe the breeze was blowing:
When the sun came peeping up the hill
To see what made the world so still,
They whispered, "Let's be going!"

RED CORAL BEADS.

"DID I ever tell you how I lost my red coral beads, and where they were found?"

I said this to my boys, Roy and Fred, one frosty night, when we were all gathered around the bright open fire.

"No!" said Fred decidedly. "That is a new story. Does it tell about the time when you girl? and about and the sitting-big fireplace, and queer hour-glass, in a red tray?"

were a little the farmhouse room with the the bellows, and the and the old-fashioned iron snuffers

"Yes," I answered, "it is about every thing you like to hear so well." Then I told the story as follows:—

"My story begins in the long, low, pleasant farmhouse sitting-room, with its big beam running across the low ceiling. There was also a great fireplace, and a wide stone hearth. There we children cracked our nuts, and there, on winter evenings, a great basket of Rhode-Island Greenings always stood warming in the corner.

"Of course there was a wide mantel over the fireplace. On it stood two tall silver candlesticks, between them were the hour-glass and the snuffer-tray, and at each end of the shelf was a stiff vase, filled with peacock feathers."



"Don't forget the windows," interrupted Roy.

"Never fear," I said.

"The windows were the loveliest I ever saw, — wide, and deep, and low, and cushioned with red morseene."

"And your grandmother always sat at the south window, knitting, and reading out of the Bible or the Pilgrim's Progress," said Fred.

"And she had a bag of red-and-white sugar-plums, to give you when you were good," continued Roy.

"That is all true," I observed. "What comes next?"

"Why, the chrysanthemum-window, of course," said both boys in a chorus.

"There were yellow, red, and white ones," continued Roy.

"Yes," said I, "and I will tell you of the many other pleasant things in the room that I so dearly love to remember."



"There was a chintz lounge, a striped home-made carpet, a big arm-chair for father, and a high-backed rocking-chair for my mother.

"But the most attractive place in the whole room was the corner cupboard. It had a carved green door, and was painted inside a bright vermilion-red. On one shelf stood a silver tankard filled with solid silver spoons, and behind it, in stately shining rows, my grandmother's pewter platters.

"On the next higher shelf stood a set of pink china, a little stout green-pitcher, a dozen wine-glasses, and a great blue punch-bowl, gorgeous with yellow butterflies hovering over great double pink roses.

"There were tumblers of jelly on the top shelf, and jars of preserves,

and covered glass dishes of honey, and a box made of colored porcupine-quills, in which mother kept her currants, raisins, citron, and candied lemon-peel.

"Now comes the story-part. One day my brothers were all out in the woods setting traps. Mother had just run into Mrs. Newman's for a little call, grandma was spending the day in town, and Alice, my sister, was out working among the flowers.

"Suddenly I thought, 'How good those raisins in the porcupine box would taste!' I did not pause long to consider, but climbed the red shelves of the closet, took down the blue-and-yellow box, and helped myself. I set it back again hastily, for I heard Alice coming in at the back-door. That very night I missed my red coral beads.

" 'They are gone for good,' said my grandma, 'for I saw the child playing on the sand-bank before I went away.' — 'And she has been on the hay-mow,' chimed in my brothers. — 'And all over the pine-grove with me,' said Alice. — 'And down to the grist and saw mill with me,' observed father.

"I mourned greatly over my loss; for my beads were precious, and I prized them more highly than any thing else I possessed. A few nights after my loss, mother, who had gone up to bed with us as usual, said very gravely, 'Susan, I have found your beads; and where do you think they were?'

"I could not tell, of course.

" 'They were in the porcupine-box,' continued mother; 'and now how came they there?' I told her all about it. My little sin had found me out.

" 'Your necklace was a silent witness,' said my mother. I wanted to ask what a 'silent witness' was, but was too much ashamed. The



next day I was sent to the store for more raisins and citron. Alice went with me.

"As we left the store, I heard Mr. Dallas, the merchant, say to his clerk, 'Mrs. Chapin is a good customer. She bought two pounds of raisins and a pound of citron only last week, and to-day as much more. I guess they are expecting company. Shouldn't at all wonder if John's folks were coming.'

"My uncle John did come, and brought his pretty new wife, aunt Dorothy. Mother made lovely frosted pound-cake with plums in it, and mince-pies filled with fruit; but what I remember best of all is that she made for me a little plain cake, and left out all the raisins and currants."

"I think it was real mean for your mother to do so," said Fred, excited, and almost tearful.

"I think it was just right," I added. "It taught me a lesson I never forgot."

Since telling this story to my boys, I have observed that the lump-sugar that I keep in the blue china punch-bowl lasts much longer than it has for months before.

And this is the moral of my story, I suppose.

SARAH THAXTER THAYER.





HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

His Royal Highness is out of town.
The blinds are closed, and the shades are down,
And silence reigns in the house where he
Was wont to frolic with merry glee.
Lonely and drear as a desert-place
Is the home that misses his merry face;
And even the skies appear to frown
When His Royal Highness is out of town.

His Royal Highness will give command
As if he fancied he owned the land,
And all his vassals his laws fulfil
As if delighted to do his will.

So sweet and winning his royal sway
His slightest wishes they all obey ;
With smiling faces on errands go
When His Royal Highness says thus or so.

You'd hardly think that the rosy chap
Sitting up there in his mother's lap,
Sweet and smiling, dimpled and fat,
Was very much of an autocrat ;
Yet never a king on his throne could be
More determined to rule than he,
And a merry hubbub he's sure to make
When His Royal Highness is wide awake.

Some days he's merry ; some days he's sad ;
And none are troubled when he is glad ;
Sometimes he's cross, and they're sure to say
" His Royal Highness is sick to-day."
They strive to humor his every mood,
And now the noises are all subdued ;
On tip-toe lightly his vassals creep,
For His Royal Highness is fast asleep.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD





NURSERY SONG.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by HATTIE R. GILMOR.

1. Where do all the dai - sies go? I know, I know!

rit.

Un - der-neath the snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle heads and sleep;

In the spring-time out they peep; . . . That is where they go.

Yes! That is where they go.

2 Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow,
To the fair, warm South they go,
There they stay till daisies blow;
That is where they go.

3 Where do all the babies go?
I know, I know!
In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm;
That is where they go.



TELLING A STORY.

DEAR and cold is the winter outside; but within there is a bright fire on the hearth. Jane and Susie, and Charles and John, and their elder sister Ann, are all seated comfortably in front of it. And now

the children call on sister Ann to tell them a story; and this is what she tells them:—

“When I was a girl, and wanted to hear a story, and the grown-up people didn’t feel like telling me one, they would say,—

“ ‘I’ll tell you a story about Jack O’Nory;

And now my story’s begun.

I’ll tell you another about Jack and his brother;

And now my story’s done.’

“Now, every time this was said to me, I would think that I really should hear the story about Jack O’Nory, or the other one about Jack and his brother. But it was always the same; just as I thought the story was coming, I would hear, instead, ‘And *now* my story’s done.’

“One day, when I begged for one of the stories, my aunt told me that I couldn’t hear about Jack O’Nory or his brother, because Mother Goose never told the stories about them; that she just began, and then thought better of it. After that I didn’t ask any more; but I said to myself, ‘If ever I get big, I’ll find out those stories.’ And so, sure enough, I did. And I am going to tell one of them now,—the one about Jack O’Nory himself.



“ ‘It is a story that all came of his having a great liking for buns. Jack lived in the next house to Mother Goose, and every morning, if she peeped between the curtains, she was sure to see Jack waiting on the pavement for the bun-man. You see the bun-man went around very early, so that people could have their buns for breakfast.

“ ‘But one morning Jack slept too late, and, when he ran out, the bun-man had already gone by and was almost out of sight. Jack ran after him, but could not catch him.

“‘It didn’t seem to Jack a bit nice, not to have any bun with his milk that morning ; and so all day Jack kept saying to himself, “That bun-man won’t get by the house to-morrow morning without my knowing it, I guess !” And this was the last thing he thought of as he took off his shoes and stockings at night before the fire.

“‘But all his thinking did not seem to be of much use ; for, before he had slept half as long as he wanted to, he heard the jingle of the bun-man’s bell. Up he jumped, pulled on his clothes as fast as he could, and had got on all except one shoe, when the bell rang below the window. Down he ran, but the bun-man wasn’t there.

“‘Jack forgot that he had on only one shoe, and started to run after the man. He was soon only half a square behind him ; but just then the man turned a corner, and was out of sight. Jack turned the corner too ; but the man had walked fast and was just turning another corner.

“‘Poor Jack began to think he was not going to get his bun ; but he still ran on, and turned the next corner and the next, for the bun-man seemed to be always turning corners. Jack got very hot, and was just beginning to cry, when, as he was turning the ninth corner after the man, he saw him go into a house.

“‘“Ah !” thought Jack, “that’s the place where they make the buns. I’ll hurry in after him, and then I’ll surely get my bun, and he’ll tell me the way home besides.”

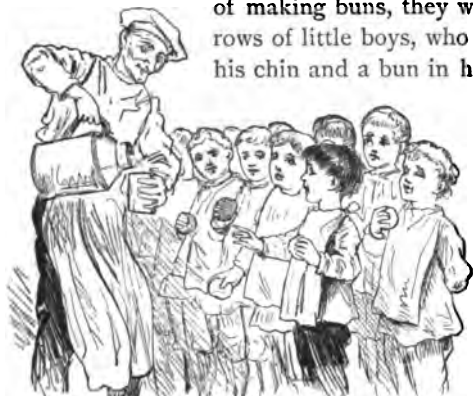
“‘So in went Jack. But the man was not to be seen. There was nothing to be seen except buns, all in great piles like walls, and all smoking hot. Jack was very warm already, you know, and the steam from so many hot buns made him warmer still ; but he tried not to mind it, and walked on, looking all the time for the bun-man.

“‘He could hear his bell every little while ; but the more he tried to



go where the bell was, the more he could not find it, Jack by this time, had gone through so many rooms, that he did not know how to get out: so he went down some stairs that he saw ahead of him, and found himself in the place where the buns were baked.

“ ‘There were plenty of men here, all in baker’s caps; but instead of making buns, they were pouring out milk for two rows of little boys, who stood, each with a bib under his chin and a bun in his hand. The strangest part



of it was that the boys did not seem to be a bit hot, while poor Jack was almost melting. Jack thought that if he could only drink some milk, he should feel better.

“ ‘But just as he was about to take his place with the rest of the boys, they disappeared, and instead of pouring out milk, the men were shovelling

buns out of ovens on all sides of the room. Now, Jack had heard his mamma tell about the great oven that buns were baked in, and he had always wanted to see one: so he ran up to the door to look in.

“ ‘The heat drove him back, and he turned quickly to run, just as one of the bakers was putting his shovel in for more buns. The baker did not notice him, and, the first thing Jack knew, the baker’s elbow drove him bump against the oven door. My! how he screamed!

“ ‘Then, all of a sudden, there was no oven to be seen, only a fire; and his mother was coming in at the door,—not the bun-man’s door, but his own nursery door,—saying, “Why, Jack, not undressed yet! I sent you to bed a half-hour ago!”



“ ‘But she stopped suddenly, and picked Jack up, hugging and kissing him, and calling his father to go for the doctor. Poor Jack! what with the hurt on his head, and his mother’s crying, and the thought of the strange bake-shop, he wondered whether he was Jack O’Nory at all.

“ ‘While he was wondering the doctor came, and his mother began to tell him about Jack’s hurt. “You see, doctor,” she said, “my little boy went to sleep as he was sitting very near the fire, and fell over and cut his head against the hot andiron.”

“ ‘Then Jack knew that the bun-man, the bake-shop, and the oven, were all a dream. He told his mamma the dream, and she promised him three buns every day till his head was well. Then she tucked him up in his bed, and told him not to dream of the bun-man again.’

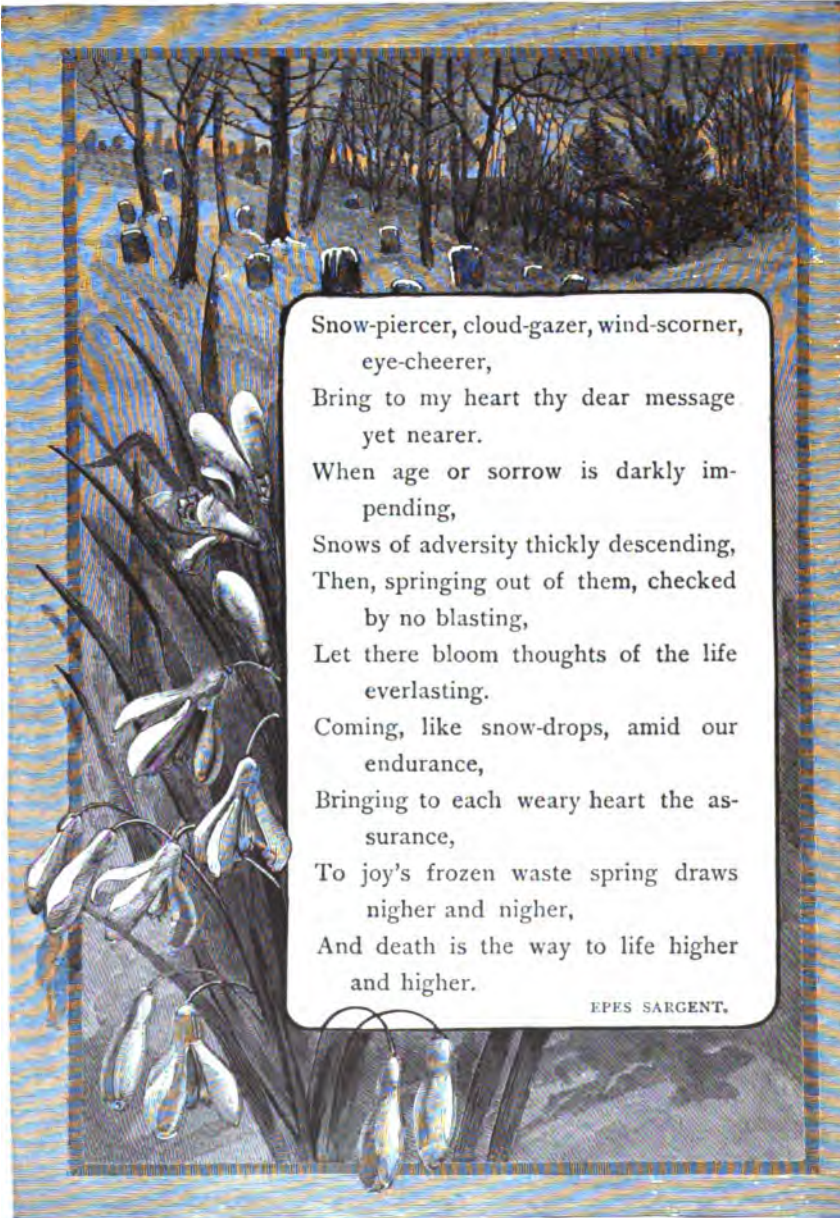
“So this is the story of Jack O’Nory. Some day ‘I’ll tell you another about Jack and his brother, and *now* my story is done!’ ”

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.



TO THE SNOW-DROP.

EMBLEM of purity, gracefully lifting
 Petals of beauty 'mid wintry snows drifting ;
 Brave little snow-drop, so fair and so hardy,
 First flower to welcome the spring chill and tardy, —
 Frost cannot wither thee, cold cannot frighten,
 Patiently tarrying till skies may brighten ;



Snow-piercer, cloud-gazer, wind-scorner,
eye-cheerer,
Bring to my heart thy dear message
yet nearer.

When age or sorrow is darkly im-
pending,

Snows of adversity thickly descending,
Then, springing out of them, checked
by no blasting,

Let there bloom thoughts of the life
everlasting.

Coming, like snow-drops, amid our
endurance,

Bringing to each weary heart the as-
surance,

To joy's frozen waste spring draws
nigher and nigher,

And death is the way to life higher
and higher.

EPES SARGENT.

TURTLES.



ALMOST every one thinks of turtles as exceedingly slow and stupid. Perhaps they may be rather slow, though you know who won the race in the fable of the turtle and the hare. As for their stupidity, I doubt whether they are so very stupid, for I once had one that seemed to me very bright.

When I put him on the floor or ground, he would stay quite still, and draw in his head and legs, until I turned away, or busied myself with something else; then he would make off as fast as his little legs would carry him.

I once lost one in that way: so, now that I know their tricks, I am more careful. But certainly that turtle must have had some sense to be able to tell when my back was turned, or even when I was not looking.

Their habits are quite peculiar. In summer they stay in the water most of the time, coming out only now and then to sun themselves on some log or branch. In the winter they bury themselves in the mud, or remain in a torpid state. When spring comes, they lay their eggs.

They live chiefly on bugs; but I have heard of one living a whole year without any thing to eat. They are very patient, and I have seen one try for hours to get over a wall that one would think he could never get over; and yet he would succeed.

I have a turtle now that will have a funny story to tell his friends, if he ever reaches his native home again. This is it: I once took him to school with me, and left him in a box, with the cover half open, on a table in the dressing-room. In about an hour I heard a suppressed laugh from one of the girls, and, looking up, I saw Mr. Turtle calmly walking into school. He wanted to learn something as well as the rest of us.

LITTLE CHICK.

RATHER BASHFUL!



UNDER this great sun-
bonnet
Is hid a pretty face,
Belonging to a little
girl
Whose name, they
say, is Grace.
She is a merry little
girl,
As good as good can
be;
But she is rather bash-
ful,
As any one may see.
w.

FEEDING THE SWANS IN WINTER.



T is a cold day in February. The icicles hang from the trees. The pond is partly frozen over. Mary and her dog Pug have come down to take a look at the swans,

The swans are often fed by girls and boys in the summer; but in winter they have few visitors: so they are glad to see Mary, and waddle up on the ice to meet her.

She feeds them with something that looks to me like a



banana, and they eat it greedily. Pug looks on fiercely, as though he did not quite approve of their doings, and had half a mind to interfere.

Take care, Pug: you had better keep in the background. A blow from a swan's wing would not be good fun to a small dog. Let the swans eat their luncheon in peace.

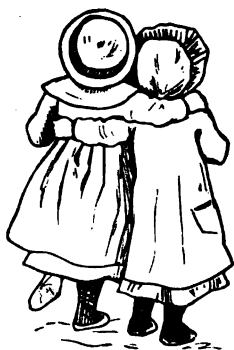
IDA FAY.

TWO FRIENDS.



JANE and Ann were good friends, but one morning they had a quarrel. They soon made it up. Jane put her arms round Ann's neck, and said, "I am sorry." Ann gave her a kiss, and they were friends again.

Here you see them taking a walk. They have on good warm coats, for it is a very cold day. Just see how lovingly they clasp each other. They are having a nice little chat. I wonder what they are saying.





THERE was a wee bird that would not sleep,
Though twilight was falling hushed and deep,
 And what did its mother do?
She sang it the song it loved the best,
She folded it softly in the nest,
 And then, ere that mother knew,
 Her birdie had gone to sleep.



There was a wee lamb that still would play,
Though others were resting, after day,
 And what did its mother do?
She called it so gently to her side,
She soothed it with loving care and pride,
 And then, ere that mother knew,
 Her lambkin had gone to sleep.

There was a wee babe that would not rest,
Though crimson and purple crowned the west,
And what did its mother do?
She made this wee song of lamb and bird,
She sang it so softly, every word,
And then, ere that mother knew,
Her darling had gone to sleep.

GEORGE COOPER.



THE SWALLOWS' NEST.

CHARLEY came from school one Friday afternoon. He was going home with his grandfather, at whose house he was to spend the next day. It was the month of May; and the drive of ten miles among the green trees and fields was very delightful.

There were no playmates for Charley at grandpa's; but with a calf at the barn, several broods of chickens, and four

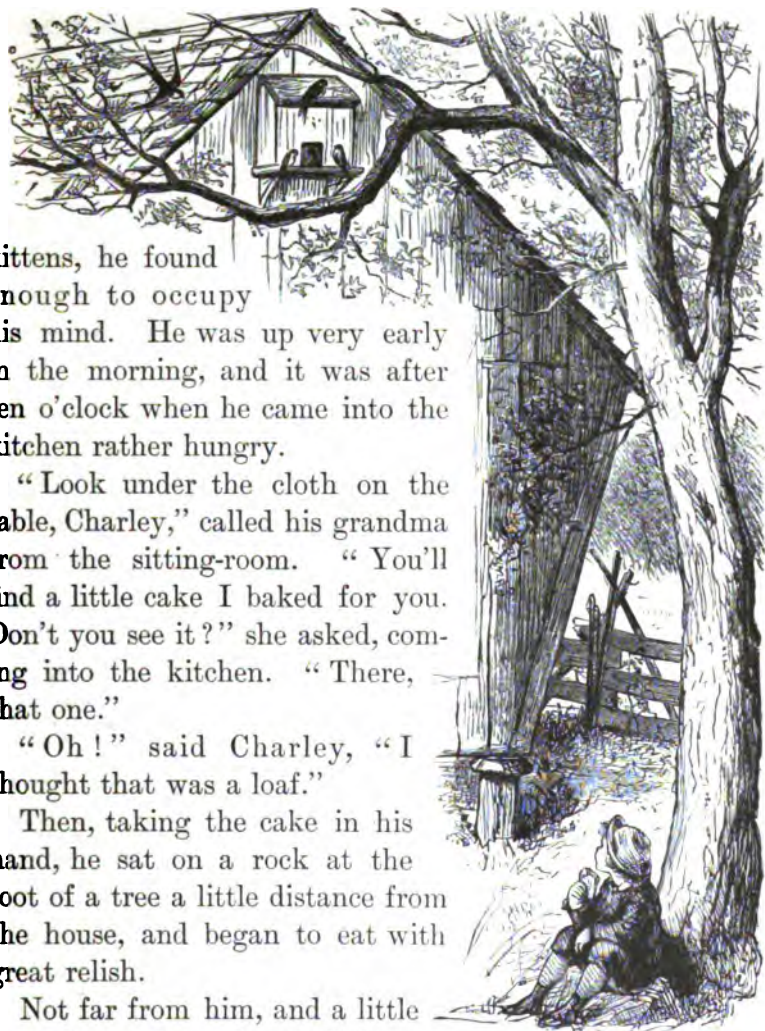
kittens, he found enough to occupy his mind. He was up very early in the morning, and it was after ten o'clock when he came into the kitchen rather hungry.

"Look under the cloth on the table, Charley," called his grandma from the sitting-room. "You'll find a little cake I baked for you. Don't you see it?" she asked, coming into the kitchen. "There, that one."

"Oh!" said Charley, "I thought that was a loaf."

Then, taking the cake in his hand, he sat on a rock at the foot of a tree a little distance from the house, and began to eat with great relish.

Not far from him, and a little way from the other buildings, was the corn-barn, and at one end of its roof was a bird-house, which had been taken by two little birds for their home. Charley saw one bird come out and fly away. While she was gone, her mate kept watch at a short distance to see that no harm came to the eggs that were within.



Charley noticed, that, in flying, these birds had different motions from the sparrows and robins which lived about his own home in the city, and, when he went nearer, he saw that they were swallows.

As he watched them pass in and out of their house, he observed that there was something inside that opened and shut like a door. It was pressed back when the birds went in, and sprang into place again as soon as they were inside. Charley could not make out what it was, and ran to the house to ask about it.

"Grandma," he said, "is there a real door to the swallows' house?"

"They make one for themselves," she answered: "there is no door to the box. You know their house stands where it is exposed to all the winds, and, on some days since they came, they must have felt the cold very much. But I saw one come flying home one day with a turkey's feather in his beak, and they worked away at it very busily until they had placed it as you see. It keeps out the wind, and makes the house much more comfortable."

Charley went back to look at the door again, and wished he could be small enough, for a few minutes, to go inside the bird-house, and see just how it was fastened. But he could not have his wish, and the swallows kept their secret.

SUSAN CHENERY.



THE GENTLEMAN IN GRAY.

HUSH, little May! Snuggle here by my side:
Do you see in that corner a door open wide?
That's the door of a house: if you watch it a minute,
The shy little owner will come and sit in it.

See! there he comes; in a gray velvet hat,
With his shining black eyes looking this way and that,
And his velvet-shod feet: if you stir but a lash,
They'll twinkle and vanish as quick as a flash.

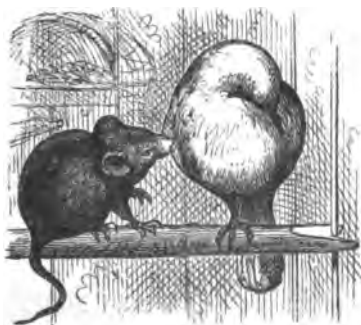
What do you fancy he does in the dark,
When the fire has gone down to the very last spark,
When the girls and the boys are in bed and asleep,
And there's never a cat on the carpet to creep?

Why, out of his doorway he walks at his ease,
And brings his relations and friends, if he please,
He picks up the crumbs of your candy and cake:
From the tiniest fragments a feast he can make.

He swings on the tassels, he climbs up the shelf;
He peeps in the mirror and winks at himself;
He drops from the table, and lands with a thump;
He slides down the sofa, and squeaks at the bump.

There, now he grows bolder; he's out on the floor;
He's eating an apple-seed there by the door;
He's under the table; he's—where did you say?
Oh, here he is! there he is! shoo! get away!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.





THE LITTLE SCHOLARS.

AT your books! A goodly sight!
Learn to cipher, read, and write;
What you do, do always well;
Let your aim be to excel.
If you fail, why, try again;
Mend your pencil or your pen,
Straighten and perfect the line;
Make the fine mark still more fine;
Make the curve a little better;
Let no flaw be in the letter;
So by trying you will gain
Till perfection you attain.



DRAWING-LESSON.

THE THREE DOLLS.

ROSY.

"Oh, let me see your dolly!"

KATE.

(Holding up a handsome doll.)

"Take care! you must not touch;

For she was bought in Paris,

And oh, she cost so much!

Her dress is richest satin,

'Tis trimmed with nicest lace.

I do not dare to kiss her,

For fear 'twould spoil her face.

Such dainty little slippers

I'm sure you never saw!

We keep her wrapped in paper

Within the bureau-drawer.

Just see her shining necklace!

I think 'tis truly gold.

Oh, mine's a splendid dolly,

But she's too fine to hold!"

ROSY.

"And do you have one, Lizzie?"



LIZZIE.

(Bringing slowly out an old doll which she has been holding in her hand behind her.)

Oh, mine's a perfect fright !

I tried to keep her hidden
She's such a sorry sight.

If you had been here Christmas,
I know you would have said

That she was very lovely,
With cheeks like roses red,

And hair that shone like sunbeams,
And pretty, tasteful gown ;

But I have been too heedless
Where I have laid her down.

I'd start up in a hurry,

And drop her here or there.

Her head — aunt Sally crushed it:
I left it in a chair.

Bad Jip, our naughty puppy,
Has dragged her all about.

She lost one arm; the sawdust
Has from her form come out.

Her head is cracking open,



Her clothes are soiled and old,
Yet this poor battered dolly
Is all I have to hold.

And I can have no other,
My mother says to me,
Until I learn more careful
And orderly to be."

JENNY.

"Well, you may take mine, Rosy,
And play with her: I know

You will be very gentle,
Because I love her so.
She's but a common dolly,
She has a simple dress;
But then to me she's pretty,
I love her none the less.
I have one place to keep her,—
The closet's lowest shelf:
With mother's help I'm learning
To make her clothes myself.
I kiss her and caress her,
And, when the daylight flies,
I tenderly undress her,
And sing her lullabies.
Kate's doll is fine to look at,
All decked with lace and gold;
But mine's the dearest dolly
In all this world to hold."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.



WHEN there is war, the safety of an army may depend on the quickness and courage of one sentinel. If he sleeps at his post, he is shot. The sentinel I am to tell you about never fell asleep on duty, never ran away from an enemy, carried no musket, and wore no uniform.

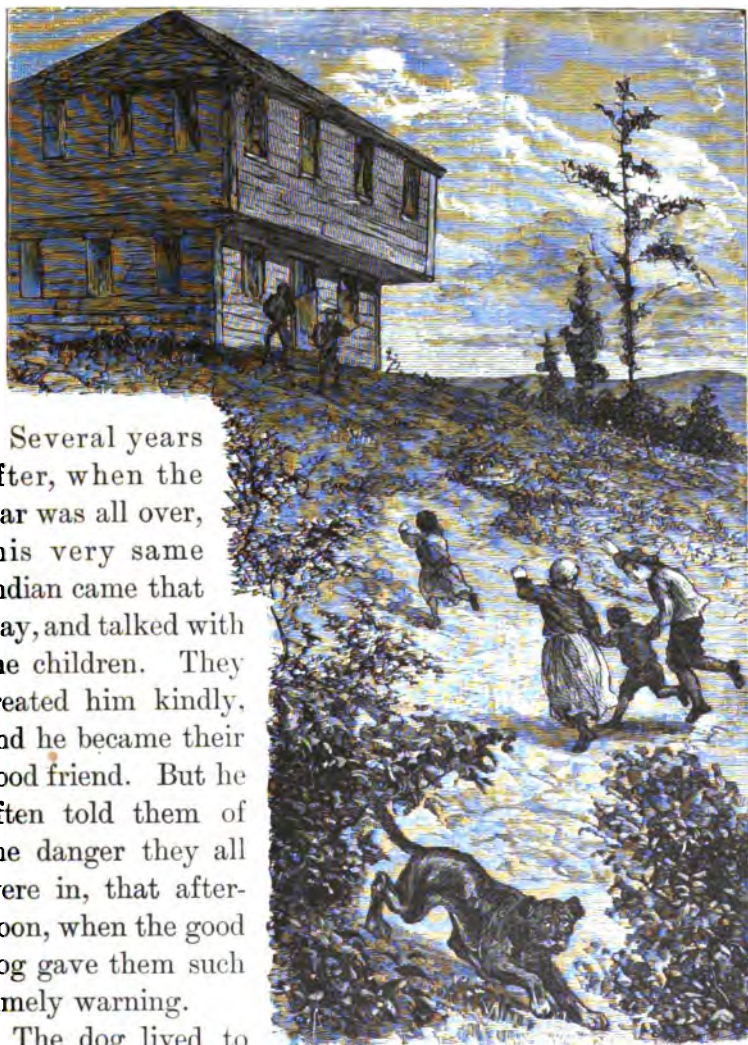
It was more than a hundred years ago that this trusted guard did duty; and when he died, not a drum was heard, and no soldiers fired a volley over his grave. You cannot find his name on the roll of enlisted men; and yet no soldier was ever more faithful.

There was war with the Indians at the time of which I write, and a family of settlers lived in what is now the State of Maine, on the bank of the River Androscoggin. One day the children of the family went down by the river to pick berries.

With the little party of boys and girls went the family dog. He was trained to follow the trail of Indians, and to give warning of their approach. The watchful dog took his place, like a sentinel, near the children, while they ran about from bush to bush, eating more berries than went into the pail.

Suddenly the dog gave a low growl, and looked angrily toward a heap of brush at the edge of the woods. The children knew what that meant, and, without waiting to see what the danger was, they ran at once towards the block-house.

The faithful dog did not run, but stood on guard to meet the Indian whom he had seen coming from the thicket. It was not far to the house; and the children were soon in a place of safety, while the Indian skulked back to the woods.



Several years after, when the war was all over, this very same Indian came that way, and talked with the children. They treated him kindly, and he became their good friend. But he often told them of the danger they all were in, that afternoon, when the good dog gave them such timely warning.

The dog lived to a good old age, and was loved and petted by the family as long as he lived; and to this day the descendants of Enoch and Esther, Martha and Samuel, the children saved by the dog, tell the story that I have related, and speak gratefully of the faithful sentinel.

BRUCE AND OLD SHEEPY.



ANY years ago, I spent a few weeks with some friends who lived upon a large milk-farm in the State of New York. They made a great many pounds of butter every day, and packed it in firkins for market. So much churning could not be done by hand, and, as working by steam was not common then, they were obliged to employ dogs, and sometimes sheep.

In the basement of the farm-house was a huge churn, the handle of which was attached to a large barrel made of slats, in such a way, that, when the barrel revolved, the churn was worked. When the dairy-maid was ready to churn, she would lock Bruce, their great dog, into this barrel, and say to him, "Go on, Bruce." If he went on, at every step he turned the barrel. The faster the barrel turned, the faster the churn-handle moved up and down, and the sooner the butter came.

Bruce did not like this kind of work; and who of us would? He often tried to shirk it by running away; but when John, the farmer's son, perceived this trick, he took care to secure the dog over night. The farmer and his son were very good to their animals: so, in order that Bruce might rest, they selected a sheep to perform a part of the labor. This sheep, though quite young, was never called by any other name than "Old Sheepy."

The dog and the sheep took turns in the churning thus: Bruce worked Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; Old Sheepy worked the other three days of the six. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, Old Sheepy could never be found without much hunting. The other three mornings she would leisurely wander near the house, nibbling the grass near the doorstep.

So John was obliged to drive her into an enclosure, and there confine her for the night, previous to her churning, as it took too much time to find her in the morning.

One Monday evening, Bruce, having done his day's work, was lying on a rug in the sitting-room, where the farmer's children and myself were having a quiet game of "Come, d'ye come?" At eight o'clock, Priscilla and John, as if with one thought, started up from the game with the words, "Has any one shut up Old Sheepy?"

No one knew. So off John ran to get the animal, but soon returned, not able to find her.

"No matter," said Priscilla, "Bruce has had an easy time to-day. We'll put him on to-morrow; for we never had more cream ready than now."

Bruce pricked up his ears, as if to say, "Catch me churning Old Sheepy's butter!"

When bed-time came, Priscilla said, "I will not let old Bruce out to-night. I will put him in the wash-room." Priscilla didn't quite know Bruce, if she thought he was simple enough to be caught napping after hearing that.

He got out, no one knew how; and there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently till morning.



Bruce had no idea of allowing Old Sheepy to get clear of her task. At midnight a terrible barking and bleating and growling and scampering, was heard some little distance from the house. John went out to see what the noise was about. He found that Bruce had spied Old Sheepy in her hiding-place, had routed her out, and driven her into the enclosure; but, as he could not bar the gate, he stood guard against the opening, and was barking loudly to awaken the household.

As soon as John appeared upon the scene, Bruce returned to his rug as if nothing had happened.

When Old Sheepy was marched into the barrel the next morning, you ought to have seen Bruce strutting about the basement! If Old Sheepy slackened her pace at all, Bruce would growl; if she didn't mind that, he would bark, and would not stop until he had succeeded in calling the dairy-maid to threaten Old Sheepy with the whip.

Priscilla and John thought these little acts of the dog very wise; but I think a sheep that could tell the days of the week, as this one was able to do, and knew enough to run away the night before her turn came, was just as wise as the dog.

The family were loud in their praise of Bruce, however, and, as a reward for his shrewdness, talked of relieving him from further work as soon as they could succeed in training another sheep.

I left the farm-house before this took place: so I cannot say how Bruce bore his laurels. But, if I had had my way, I would have rewarded Old Sheepy too.

AUNT ANNE.



“RIGHT OF WAY.”


“BAA, baa! there’s no road this way.”

“Pretty sheep, do let me pass, I say;
It’s too late to go back again to-day:
Nice little sheep, please to go away!”



“Baa, baa! we won’t let you by:
It’s no use for you to begin to cry.
You can’t come this road, it’s no use
to try;
So never mind asking the reason why.”

ELFRIDA'S PRESENT.

LFRIDA is a little German girl who lives in Bonn. She has a brother in New York. He sent her, not long ago, a bound copy of "The Nursery." She was greatly pleased. She spent much time looking at the pictures. Then she said, "Oh, how I wish I could read the stories!"

"You have been saving up your money for some time," said her mother. "For what have you been saving it?"

"To buy one of those beautiful dolls that can walk without being touched: I do so long to have one!" said the little girl. "But why do you ask, mamma?"

"It was only a passing thought," said mamma.

"But I want to know your passing thought," said Elfrida.

"Well, dear, I thought that one-quarter of the money you will have to pay for a doll would buy you a nice English-German dictionary, by help of which you could learn to read those stories in 'The Nursery.'"

"Let me buy it at once, mamma!" cried Elfrida. "Dolls are nice; but I would rather have a dictionary. May I not go to the bookstore, and buy the book now?"

"Yes, dear: your choice is a wise one. You may go."

Elfrida ran up stairs, put on her cape and bonnet, ran out to the bookstore, and bought the book.

It was hard at first to find out the meaning of some of the words. But the stories were simple, and some of the words were so like the same words in German, that she did not have to look them out.

One day she came running home from school, and said, "O mamma! a little American girl named Clara now comes to our school. She says she will teach me to read."

The little American girl kept her promise. First she



would give Elfrida a lesson in English, and then Elfrida would give her a lesson in German. And so they both grew to be nice little scholars. Elfrida would talk to Clara in English, and Clara would answer her in German. Soon they could each talk both languages quite well.

IDA FAY.

"PARLEY-VOO."

P"ARLEY-VOO" was the nickname of a little boy four years old, who was born in Paris. He did not come home until after he had learned to talk, and then he spoke French. So, when he went out to play with the other boys, they laughed at him, and called him "Parley-voo."

His aunt laughed at him too, sometimes. She was rather

a queer aunt, and not at all like the aunts we read of in story-books. But his father was just the best father that anybody ever heard of.

They lived in Sunland, a little town not many miles from Boston; and every morning Parley-voo would hurry down to give his father a kiss before he went away to his business in the city. Then, when the train went by, he would stand at the window, and wave his little white handkerchief, and then his father would wave back at him, as if to say, "Good-by, once more, my dear little Parley-voo, good-by!"

But one morning he was so very sleepy, that he could not open his eyes when his nurse told him it was time to get up. He called the nurse a *bonne*, as they do in Paris. He pushed her away, and went to sleep again, and the first thing he heard was the train going by with a "choo, choo, choo," and his father was gone without a kiss.

Then Parley-voo cried, and said it was his *bonne's* fault. He went to the window, and there he stood crying. He could not eat the nice breakfast that his nurse brought him, and would not let her dress him. So she went away, and shut the door, and left him to dress himself.

In his hurry he put on one red stocking and one blue one. His little kilt suit hung so high up in the closet, that he could not reach it: so he drew on an old faded dress a good deal too short, and it made him look just like a girl.

In this rig he went down stairs, and his aunt laughed so that she almost cried when she saw him. That made him feel worse than ever, and he grew worse than ever. I am sorry to tell it; but he flew at her, and kicked her. His mother could not stop him, and his aunt had to run away.

But before long Parley-voo began to be sorry; for he was not a bad child, only thoughtless and wilful. And when his mother whispered to him to go and tell his aunt how sorry

he was, the little red and blue legs flew across the room, and up the stairs to find his aunt.

She sat in her room at her small table, and was taking a cup of tea. She did not look up when she heard him coming, and he hardly dared to go in. But he had a brave little heart; and calling out, "Aunt, I'm sorry," he ran up to her, and clasping her neck with his little loving arms, "I am very sorry, aunty," he said again. And they made it all up.



His aunt told him that she thought it would be a good plan to write to his papa, and tell him how it happened that his little boy was too late to kiss him good-by. Then she took out of her desk a sheet of paper; and Parley-voo, with his aunt's help, printed this letter: —

Dear Papa, — I did not see you, and I cried. Did you wave to me? I said it was the *bonne's* fault, and I dressed myself. Aunt Tib laughed. I kicked her. I'm sorry. I sha'n't do it any more. Mamma sends love and three kisses. So do I. Aunt Tib sends her love too.

Your loving little PARLEY-VOO.

After this, Parley-voo and his aunt Tib were the best of friends. It was a long time before he was too late again to say good-by to his father, or had any trouble with his *bonne*.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



WINTER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Cheerfully.

1. 'Tis snow-ing fast, hur-rah! hur-rah! Come o'er the hills a-

way; A-way we'll run for healthy fun, And in the snowdrifts play.

Let me but pull my mit-tens on, I'll make the snowballs fly; If

you look out the win-dow, Nell, You'll see them whiz-zing by.

2

Papa thinks I'm not old enough
Just now to learn to skate;
And mother says another year
Will not be long to wait.
But famous forts I mean to build,
And on the ice I'll slide;
How swiftly o'er the glassy crust
I shall securely glide.

3

Oh, glad am I the frost has come!
What merry rides we'll take!
We soon shall hear the jingling bells
Their thrilling music make.
I know that lovely summer brings
Its many fruits and joys;
But then old frosty winter gives
Rare fun to lively boys.



LUCY.



LUCY is three years old. She is one of the happiest little girls that I know, and one of the sweetest too. That is saying a good deal; for I know a great many very charming little girls.

You would not suppose that such a little tot could be left to herself a great while. But often, when she is tired of running about, her mother seats her in the great arm-chair, and there, with her doll in her arms, she sits and amuses herself for hours.

Jip the dog is very fond of Lucy, and very jealous of the doll. If he comes in and sees Lucy and her doll in the arm-chair, he begins to whine.

Then Lucy says in her baby-way (for she cannot yet talk plain), "Come here, Jip!"

Jip jumps up into the chair. Lucy puts her arm round him and pats him fondly. Jip looks up in her face, as much as to say, "Don't you love me, Lucy? Am I not as good as the doll? Why don't you pat me?"

Lucy knows what he means just as well as if he said it in words. "Yes, Jip, you good little dog, I do love you," she says, "and Dolly loves you too. You will take good care of us; won't you, Jip?"

And Jip seems to know what Lucy says; for he answers by another loving look, "Yes, Lucy, I will take care of you. Nobody shall harm you while I am here. I will be your watch-dog. But don't forget to pet me as well as your doll. I like to be petted."

Then Lucy pats him, and says, "Good little Jip, I will never forget you!" That makes him happy; and so they are both happy together.

UNCLE CHARLES.





A MERRY GO-ROUND.

WHAT a merry go-round !
Not a ghost of a sound
As the snowflakes dance and spin :
Won't the wind play the flute,
Now the birds are all mute,
And the crickets have stopped their din ?


The brook would be glad
To tinkle like mad,
If the snowflakes would only wait

Till the season is June,
And its voice is in tune
For their service, early and late.

Then the brown bee would hum,
And the frogs beat the drum,
And robin would lead the band :
Such a merry go-round,
To such a sweet sound,
Was ne'er known in snowflake-land.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE SAVOYARD.



HIS boy, as you may see by his looks, is not one of our American boys. He is a native of Savoy, and is dressed in the costume of the peasants of that country.

Savoy is in the eastern part of France, just south of the Lake of Geneva. You will easily find it on the map. It is a fertile country, but there are many poor people there who live chiefly upon chestnuts and potatoes.

Though fond of their birthplace, many of them leave it during the winters, and go to Italy, Spain, and other parts of France in search of work.

Carl, the boy in the picture, is one of this class. His



parents are too poor to support him, and he is sent out to seek his own living; but he is not a beggar. He earns something by raising guinea-pigs, which he sells to boys and girls for pets. He carries them, as you see, in a box slung from his neck. But they are so tame that he takes them out and lets them run up on his shoulders.

The guinea-pig, when full-grown, is not much bigger than



a large rat. In shape it is a good deal like a fat pig. When hungry it grunts like a pig. In color it is white, spotted with orange and black. It is a native of Brazil.

Guinea-pigs serve very well for pets. Some children are very fond of them. But old folks like me prefer pets of another sort.

UNCLE SAM.

A BEAR'S STORY.



WAS born in the wild woods of Michigan, and my home was in a large hollow tree which stood near the Muskegon River. There I lived with my mother and sister.

I was a careless young cub, and one day, when at play on the river-side, I went too near the steep bank, fell over it, and went down splash into the water. It was very deep, and there was a strong current. I had never been taught to swim. I was in such a fright that I could not even cry for help.

The water was choking me, and I was nearly drowned,

when a kind log came floating by to my rescue. It seemed like a friend sent from home. I scrambled to the top of it, bade good-by to my sister, who stood crying on the bank, and went drifting down the river.

Before long two queer-looking objects came toward me, paddling along in a sort of hollow log. Seeing plainly that they were not bears, I felt much afraid of them. My mother had often talked to me about some fierce creatures called "men," and had told me always to keep out of their way.

I felt sure that these were men ; but how could I get out



of their way when I was adrift on a log ? They came right down upon me, and there I sat, whining and crying and trembling. "What were these dreadful men made for?" thought I. "Why can they not leave us poor bears in peace?"

I fully expected to be killed. But, instead of killing me, one of the men took me in his arms, and held me till we came to the shore. Then I wanted to go back to my mother, and I tried to get away. But he held me all the tighter, and after a while he tied my feet together. I could do nothing but cry, and at last I cried myself to sleep.

When I awoke I found myself in this town, called "Big Rapids," and here I have been ever since. It seemed to me very strange at first not to be in the woods, but in the midst of queer-looking white objects called "houses."

I started to take a walk, hoping to fall in with some bear of my acquaintance ; but a hard thing fastened to my neck



held me back. It is what men call a "chain," as I have since learned, and it compels me to stay in one place all the time.

I am no longer a cub, but am a full-grown bear. This kind of life does not suit me very well, but I have got used to it. One can get used to almost any thing. I have even got used to the society of men and women.

Their cubs (called boys and girls) often play with me, and sometimes they tease me. Once, when a boy was teasing me, I gave him a scare which will be apt to teach him better manners. I will tell you how it was.

The boy held out an apple, and, just as I was about to take it, he pulled it away. This mean trick he played three

times. He tried it once more, and then I gave such a spring that my chain broke.

The boy dropped his apple, and ran. You ought to have seen that boy run! He didn't dare even to look back. But, if he had looked back, he would have seen me munching his apple with great relish.

I didn't want to hurt a cub like him; but some bears that I know wouldn't have been so *for-bear-ing*.

BRUIN.



SECRETS.

"WHAT do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know!"

"Don't tell anybody!"

"Oh, no! oh, no!"

GOING TO SCHOOL.



TRUDGE, trudge, along in
the snow,
That keenly creaks, it is
frozen so :
What does he care if the
wind does blow?—
Sturdy lad, with his face
aglow,
He likes the sound of his
ringing heel,
And loves to feel, as he
tramps along,
He is conquering some-
thing : it makes him
strong, —
Robert, the miller's boy.

What does he conquer? Wind and frost.
Hands in mittens, and tippet crossed
Over his ears, and backward tossed
Like a crimson banner that leads a host,
Well indeed may the lad feel bold
To battle the cold, and fight his way
Early to school, and every day, —
Robert, the miller's boy.

He'll sing and whistle, he'll run and shout,
To keep him warm; but he'll never pout:
If the frost creeps in, he whips it out,
With his two hands thrashing his shoulders stout;
While on he goes, and the keen snow rings
To the song he sings, for his sturdy feet
The changing time of that music beat, —
Robert, the miller's boy.

You need not think to find him low
When the busy classes stand in row;
You need not think to find him slow
When play-time comes, and the trampled snow
Makes a path for his "lightning" sled:
The boy at the head is the conquering lad
Who makes his way if the road is bad, —
Robert, the miller's boy.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.



TAKE CARE.

YOUNG Tom mounts his old horse and takes a ride. He sits up like a bold dragoon. The horse is not a gay one. He will not shy. He will not run away. But he has one fault: he may take it into his head to roll. Tom must take care.



Young Bob climbs a rope hand over hand. He holds on tight, and climbs up quite high. He is a bold boy. It is a good plan to climb. But take care, or you may fall. Do not let go with one hand till you get hold with the other.





LETTER FROM CHINA.

NOT long ago I read in "The Nursery" a story about "Emperor Frank," and how he ruled a whole family. I know a family that is ruled by two emperors instead of one. They live in Peking in far-off North China.

There are four boys and three girls. The two youngest boys, Dwight and Louis, are twins. They are the emperors.

Their reign began nearly three years ago. Master Ted, the next elder brother, who was then emperor, had to give way to them, and very sweetly he did it. It was hard for him to see his dear old Chinese nurse transfer her love and care to any one else; and even now, when he hears her call one of the emperors her "little pet," he says to her, "But you know you have a big pet too."

Thus far the twin-emperors have had none but loyal sub-

jects; but, as they grow out of their babyhood, there are signs of rebellion. The three sisters rebel because Emperors Dwight and Louis will not let them practise their music-lessons in peace. Ted says, "Do find me a place where I can pound nails alone;" for the emperors will insist upon helping him.

The emperors have already learned to walk, though they talk only in a language of their own. When they begin to talk plainly in the language of their subjects, I fear that their reign will come to an end.

The picture shows you how ten-year-old brother Ned takes his three little brothers to ride on his donkey.

TUNG CHO, NORTH CHINA.

THE EMPERORS' MAMMA.



KINGS AND QUEENS.

TOMMY.

UPON the lilac-bush I heard
The earliest robin sing;
I wished, what never will come true,
That I could be a king;
For, if I only were a king,
I know what I would do:
I'd have plum-cake, instead of bread,
To eat the whole year through;
Great heaps of oranges would be
Upon my palace-floors,
And fountains full of lemonade
Spout up beside its doors.

FRED, GRACIE, HARRY, ISABEL

Oh, shame upon you, Tommy Brown!
You're such a greedy thing!
We're glad you are not over us:
You should not be our king.

JESSIE.

And, if I were a queen, I'd wear
A new dress every day;
No princess in a fairy-tale
Would have such fine array;
With golden lace and glittering gems
My robes my maids would deck,
And diamonds large as pigeons' eggs
Would hang about my neck.

FRED, GRACIE, HARRY, ISABEL

And, oh, how proud and vain you'd be!
How fond of being seen!
We're glad you are not over us:
You should not be our queen.

KARL.

And, if I were a king, I'd have
In every thing my way;
My servants would stand waiting round,
My wishes to obey;
And I would do just what I pleased,
And say just what I chose,

And not a soul in all the land
Would dare my will oppose.

FRED, GRACIE, HARRY, ISABEL

And you would be the worst of all :
What troubles you would bring !
We want no tyrant over us ;
You should not be our king.

LILIAN.

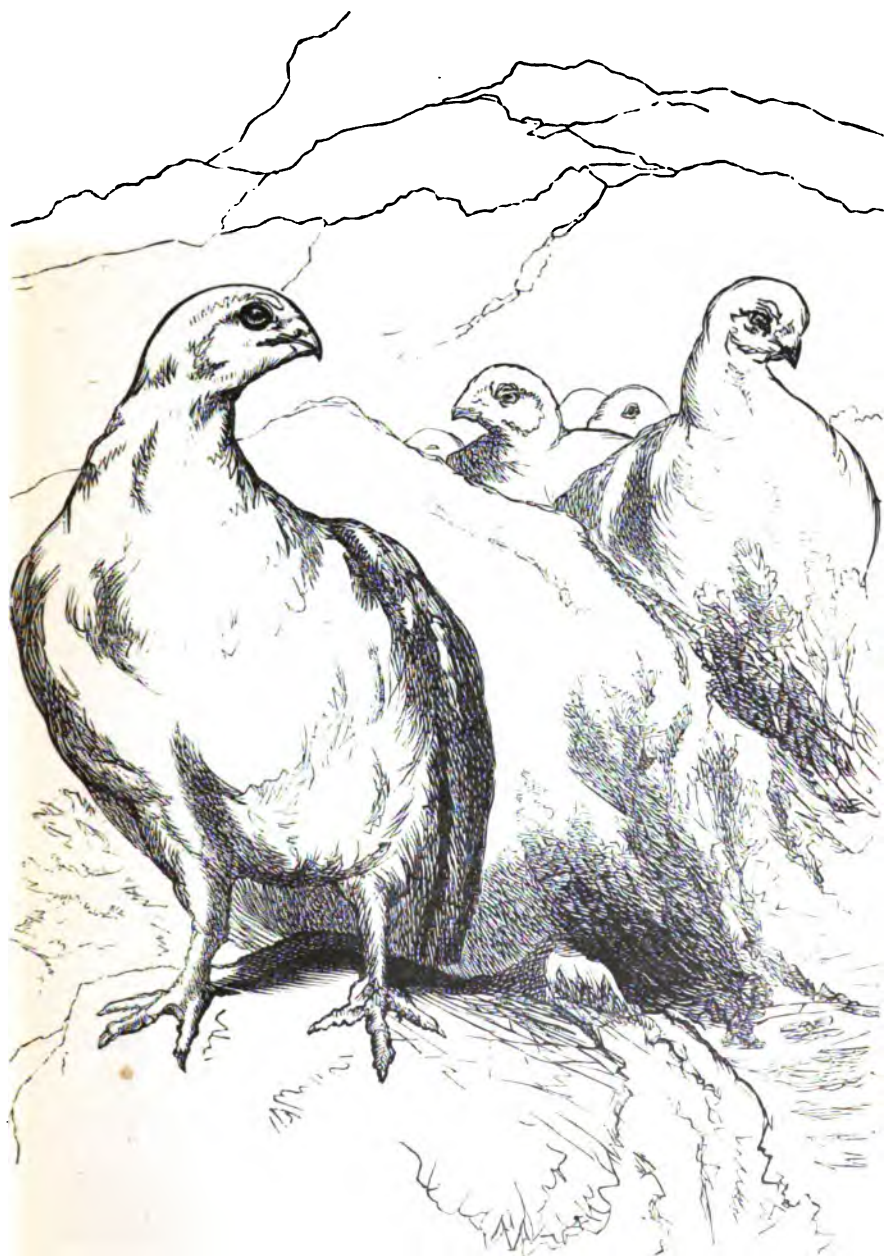
And, if I really were a queen,
I would put on my crown,
And through the country everywhere
Go walking up and down ;
And all the old folks, sick, and poor,
I would have warmed and fed,
And every houseless little child
Should home with me be led ;
And I would love them all, and try
To do the best I could
To make the sorry people glad,
The naughty people good.

FRED, GRACIE, HARRY, ISABEL

And you would have the happiest reign
That ever yet was seen ;
And, if we had a queen at all,
Then you should be our queen.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





DRAWING-LESSON.

THE BIRD WHO HAS NO NEST.



THIS is the cuckoo. She and her mate have no home of their own; but that does not seem to trouble them. They peep here and there among the leaves, until they find the nest of some other bird, — a lark, perhaps, or a thrush, or a yellow-hammer; and, if the owner of the nest is away, Mrs. Cuckoo leaves within it a small egg.

There are some birds that can take care of themselves almost as soon as they are born; but Mrs. Cuckoo never leaves her eggs in their nests. Oh, no! she chooses a nest in which the young birds are well cared for by their mothers, and fed with food on which the young cuckoos thrive best.

Why she is too idle to build her own nest, no one knows. Some people say it is because she stays so short a time in the same country, that her young ones would not get strong enough to fly away with her, if she waited to build her nest. Others think it is because she is such a great eater, that she cannot spend time to find food for her children.

But the kind foster-mothers, the larks and the thrushes, care for the egg that the cuckoo leaves in their houses, although, if any other bird leaves one, they will take no care of it at all, but roll it out upon the ground.

The Scotch word for cuckoo, *gowk*, means, also, a foolish person. But I think they ought rather to have named it a wicked person; for the young cuckoo is so ungrateful and selfish, that he often gets one of the other little birds on his back, and then, climbing to the top of the nest, throws it over the edge. These are the English cuckoos of which I have been telling you. I am glad to say that their American cousins take care of their own children.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.



A SHRINE.



N countries where the Roman-Catholic religion prevails, a shrine signifies a box or case containing an image of the Virgin Mary, or some relics regarded as sacred.

This box is attached to a stone pillar or other fixed monument, and thus marks a place at which the pious Catholics kneel to offer up their prayers.

In Italy and Spain shrines are very common, not only in the churches, but at the roadsides. The picture shows us

one with a little girl holding a bunch of flowers in front of the sacred image which she sees in it.

In this country they are to be seen only in churches; but we often speak of any hallowed place as a shrine.

IDA FAY.



LOOK at my night-cap so funny,
And see how I've tied up my curls!
Dolly and I are both going
To bed now, like wise little girls.

She sleeps on my pillow, the darling;
Not once does she wake in the night;
And, when the first sunbeam is peeping,
We both get up, rosy and bright.

How quiet she is, and how patient,
As she waits till the breakfast-bell rings!
She never is greedy or fussy,
Never pouts, never breaks my nice things.



And now shake your hand, little dolly,
For "good-night" to the folks, and "by-by!"
Ah! she's tired with playing, poor Dolly,
And so, my own mother, am I.

W. G.

SUSIE'S DANCING-LESSON.



WHEN Susie is fretful and peevish, — which, I am glad to say, is not often, — there is nobody who can put her in good humor so quickly as her grown-up sister Ann. She knows just how to deal with the little girl.

Thus Ann will say, "What is the matter, Susie? Are

you hungry? No. Are you sleepy? Not a bit of it. Do you want me to tell you a story? No. Are you tired? No. I have it: you want a good dose of exercise. That is the



very thing you need. Come here now, and I'll give you a dancing-lesson."

She takes Susie's hands, and whirls her out on the floor

before she has time to say a word. Then Ann begins to sing, —

“Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down-y;
Here we go this way and that,
And here we go round, round, round-y,”

dancing all the time, and whisking Susie about the room in such a lively way, that the child has to laugh in spite of herself. Susie soon gets in great glee, and always wants to have another dance.

“What!” says Ann. “Haven’t you had dancing enough? Well, then, how would you like a fancy dance? Mind your steps now. Do as you see me do. Keep time with the music.

“Up and down, fast and slow,
Hop and skip, and away we go;
Round and round, and jump Jim Crow:
Oh, won’t we dance the polka!”

So the little girl is danced about until she has to stop to take breath; and by that time she is so full of fun, that there is no room for a frown on her pretty face.

JANE OLIVER.



FIVE LITTLE SPARROWS.

Five little sparrows sitting in a row
Under a bench, in the darkness and the snow,
Homeless and cold in the lonesome city square:
What are the little birdies doing there?

Huddled up close in a wretched little heap,
Uttering only a soft and plaintive "cheep,"
Crowding together to keep each other warm, —
Poor little birdies hiding from the storm!



Up in the tree-boughs, high above their heads,
Are their pretty houses with straw and feather-beds:
Why do the birdies leave their shelter warm
To cuddle on a snow-bank, and shiver in the storm?

But, in the morning when the sun came out,
Then we could see how the trouble came about:
Several saucy squirrels, the very day before,
Had moved into their houses, and turned them out
of door!

DOBBIN'S COMPLAINT.

"My master, my master! why does he stay
So long at the tavern across the way?
I've waited and watched an hour and more,
And there he stands at the tavern-door.

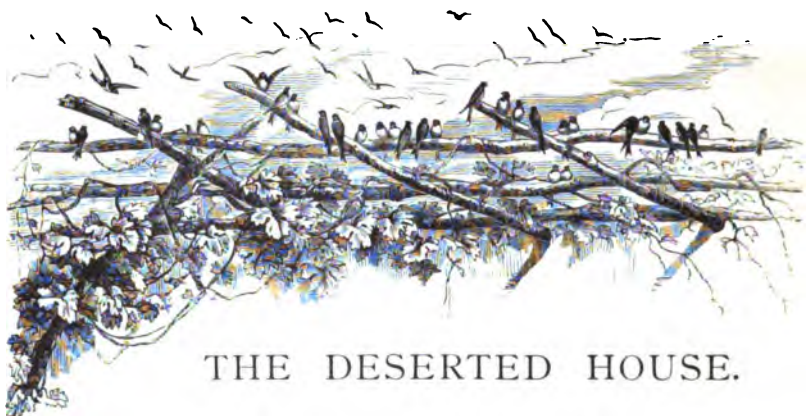
"I've stamped my foot, and champed my bit; -
And this musty post, I've gnawed at it;
I've pawed the ground, I've shaken my mane,
And neighed and snorted again and again.

"I'm tired and dusty and hungry too;
I want my dinner! I'm getting blue!
It's ten long miles we have yet to go,
And that my master must surely know.

"'Tis time for us to be on our way;
I want my oats and my clover-hay;
I want a roll on the smooth barn-floor.
Ah! here comes master, I'll say no more!"

HELEN M. WHITNEY





THE DESERTED HOUSE.



THIS house has no roof, no chimney, no windows, no front-door, no back-door. Yet it was once the home of a happy family; and, if you went near it, you would hear their sweet low voices from morning till night. Such was this little house when I visited it one fine day last summer.

To-day I called again. All was still. Not a voice did I hear. The roofless house was filled with snow. The walls looked dark and sad. The leaves that once cast lovely shadows about them were gone.

As I stood looking at the empty house, Ethel, who is very young but very wise, exclaimed, "The family have gone south for the winter, but are sure to come back in the spring. There will be gay times here pretty soon."

Just then a sharp gust of wind came, and the old house shook as if about to fall. Ethel stood ready to catch it.

What, a child catch a falling house, as if it were a baseball! What if the timbers should strike her? Ah! but this house was a very light building. Snow and all, it was not much heavier than a handful of roses.

Now you know what I mean. Vine Street runs from the floor to the top of the piazza. The swallow homestead is

just at the head of that street. The timbers are sticks and straw. The roof is the sky. And, as to the happy little family of Mr. and Mrs. Swallow, if you come here in the month of May, I will show them to you in their home.

GEORGE T. PACKARD.



TOMMY TUCKER.

THIS is Tommy Tucker,
Whose mouth was in a pucker,
Crying for his supper,
A little while ago.

But, now that Tommy Tucker
Has had a hearty supper,
He looks as bright and happy
As any boy I know.

W. G.

DAME TROTT AND HER SON.

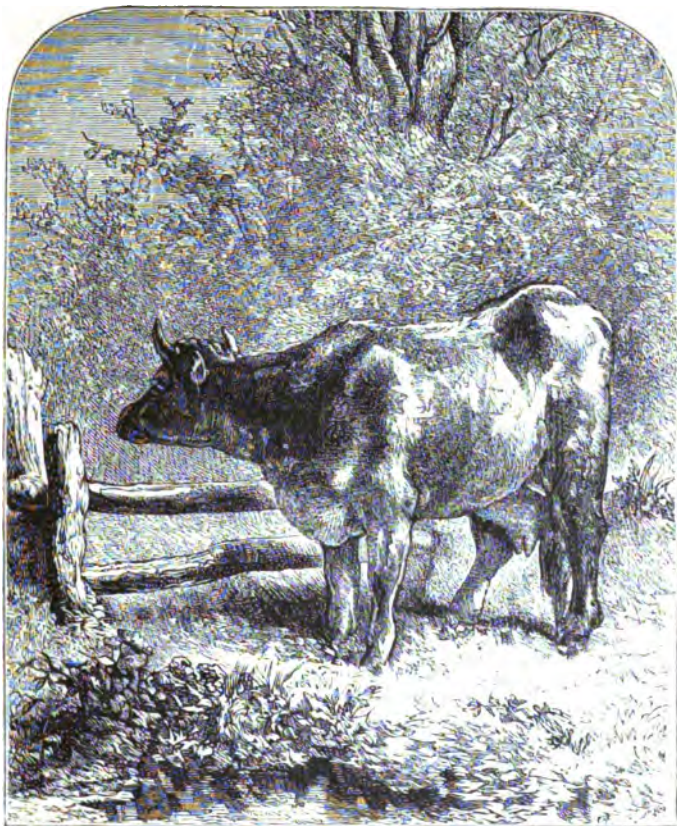
IN this little house lives good Dame Trott, who keeps eggs and milk for sale. She has two cows and a flock of hens. Her son John



helps her to take care of them. He is a very good boy.

John is just ten years old. He goes to school. When the school is done for the day, he goes out to the field to drive home the cows. Here you may see him on a fence at the end of the lane. He wears a queer sort of frock.





BOSSY'S FRIGHT.



LD Bossy had been on the farm many years. She was a very fine cow in her prime; but as she grew old she learned some bad tricks. Although gentle and kind in the stable, she would push down fences, and open every gate on the farm. She would get into the cornfields, make herself at home in the hay and oats, and do a great deal of mischief.

Some check had to be put upon her. So one day she

went to the pasture with her head tied down to her foot by a strong rope. In about three hours a man came running up to the house, to tell us that old Bossy had fallen over a log, and was lying on her back.

Now, if a cow gets down on her back, in this way, in a place where she cannot turn over, she is in great danger. It is called being "cast." This man said, "Come quickly, for old Bossy is cast." Every one ran to the pasture, and by much pulling and lifting got the cow up. She looked very happy to be on her feet once more; but as soon as the rope was cut she was at her old tricks again.

The very next day she was found quietly eating down a neighbor's corn. Something must be done. We did not like to tie her head down again: so we concluded to put a board over her eyes.

The board was brought, and fastened with cords to her horns. She stopped chewing her cud at once and stood still. The men left her in the lane that led to the pasture, and went to their work. She did not move. I don't think she even whisked her tail to drive away the flies.

When the men came home to dinner, they were surprised to see her still standing in the very place where they left her. They patted her kindly, took the board off, and saw on her forehead a spot as large as a man's hand, where the hair had turned grayish-white. There was not a bit of white on her forehead before the board was put on. The poor thing had begun to turn gray from sheer fright.

We all felt sorry for her; and the board was never again tied to her horns. After a time she began to chew her cud, and seemed all right; and she went on pushing down the fences, and opening the gates, just as often as before. This is a true story.

MRS. LUCY EASTMAN ERMINE.

A BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

THERE'S a glad merry voice, children,
calling to you,
A gay burst of song from a wee
bit of blue,
Poised daintily there on the maple-
twig now,
Like a bright little blossom upon
the bare bough, —
“Tu-ra-la, tu-ra-lee,
We're coming, you see :
I'm building my nest in the old
apple-tree.

“To you, little children, this mes-
sage I bring,
The birds, every one, will return
with the spring.
What care I if cold winds are blow-
ing around !
The flowers are already awake un-
der ground.
Tu-ra-la, tu-ra-lee :
If snowflakes I see,
I'll dream they are blooms shaken
off from the tree.

“Hark ! the shy little brooklet is
humming a song
As it breaks loose from winter, and
dances along.
How happy we'll be through the
blithe summer hours, —
The children, the sunbeams, the
birds, and the flowers !
Tu-ra-la, tu-ra-lee :
How busy we'll be,
My sweet mate and I, in the old
apple-tree !”

RUTH REVERE.



THE BIRD'S RETURN.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by D. B. MOODY.

Moderato.

1 "Where have you been, lit - tie birdie,

Where have you been so long ? " " Warbling in glee, Far o'er the sea, And learning for

rall

you a new song, My sweet, Learning for you a new song."

rall

2 " Why did you go, little birdie,
Why did you go from me ? "
" Winter was here,
Leafless and drear,
And so I flew over the sea,
My sweet,
And so I flew over the sea."

3 " What did you see, little birdie,
What did you see each day ? "
" Sunshine and flowers,
Blossoms and bowers,
And pretty white lambkins at play,
My sweet,
Pretty white lambkins at play."

4 " Who kept you safe, little birdie;
Who kept you safe from harm ? "
" The Father of all,
Of great and of small:
He sheltered me under his arm.
My sweet,
Under his dear, loving arm."



THE BOLD SOLDIER-BOYS.

FORWARD, my brave boys!" shouted Colonel Bob, rising in his stirrups, and waving his sword. "You see the enemy before you. Charge!"

There stood the enemy in stern defiance, — four chairs,

one table, and a sofa,—there they stood, with a plastered wall in their rear, and calmly awaited the attack.

The fiery steed of Colonel Bob reared and plunged, as if eager to dash upon the foe. The roll of the drum made a fearful sound. The standard-bearer waved his flag. The army came rushing on. Snap the dog barked furiously. But above all the din was heard the shout of Colonel Bob, "Forward, my brave boys!"

Not a picture started from its frame. Not a chair moved. But all of a sudden the door opened, and a face looked in. It was Colonel Bob's papa.

"What's all this noise about, Robert?" said he. "This is not the place for such games. Go out of doors if you want to play soldier. I can't have such a drumming and shouting in the house."

This was rather a damper on Colonel Bob's military zeal; but what came next was still worse.

"Do any of you boys know where to-day's 'Advertiser' is?" asked papa.

Colonel Bob came down from his high horse, threw aside his plume, took off his chapeau, and handed it to his papa.

There was the "Advertiser" of that very day, folded up as a soldier-cap.

"Well, that's pretty business," said his papa, laughing. "Please give me a chance to read the papers before you use them in this way." And he went out and shut the door.

Colonel Bob stood leaning on his horse as if in deep thought. At last he said, "Boys, this movement has failed. We must change our base. Follow me." And he led the army out into the back garden.

UNCLE SAM.



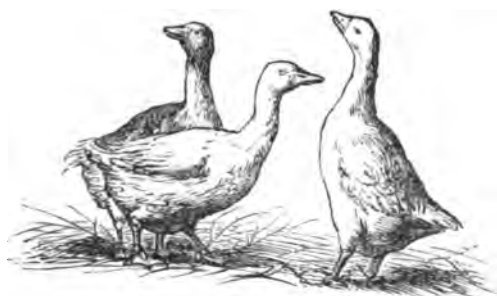


THE GEESE THAT CAME OVER THE LEA.

WE talked and we laughed
As we went to the sea,
When an army of geese
Came over the lea,
With a cack, cack, cackle,
And a pat, pat, patter;
And, oh, what a fright
We were in, all three!

Which were the greater geese,—
Just we three,
Or the army of geese
That came over the lea?

E. N. G.



PAPA ROBIN.

ONE summer morning Elizabeth sat on the doorstep, reading. But she looked up often to see the birds fly about, or to watch the butterflies go sailing past. By and by she heard a shrill chirping. "Poor little bird," she thought, "where can it be? Is it hurt?" She went out into the yard, and looked about her.

There, under a tree, was a baby-bird that had fallen out of its nest. Elizabeth took it up gently. As it lay in her hand, it looked like a soft ball. It chirped as loud as it could, and fluttered.

"Poor birdie," said Elizabeth, "I will try and take you home." And she looked up into the tree. She could see the nest the fledgling had tumbled out of; but she was not

tall enough to reach it : so she stood on a knot in the trunk of the tree, and put the nestling in its home.

She saw the father and the mother-bird in the tree, and said to herself that they would take care of the little one. Then she went back to her reading.

Pretty soon she heard the chirping again. This time she



knew where to look, and there was the baby-bird on the ground, crying and fluttering as before.

“Papa and mamma Robin ought to take care of you, birdling,” she said. But she stepped on the knotted tree-trunk, and put back the bird a second time.

Then she sat down on the doorstep, and watched to see

what the parent-birds would do. They flew here and there about the nest, and sang a few notes that Elizabeth knew must be bird-talk. She wondered if they were trying to find a better place for their baby.

But as she was thinking how much care they were taking of it, out tumbled the little one a third time. "You stupid old robin!" she cried. "Do you expect some one to be putting back your birdie for you all day? Why don't you keep it in the nest?"

She picked up the birdie, and was about to put it back a third time, when, as she held it, a strange thing happened; for down flew the robin, and gave her a sharp peck on the forehead.

Elizabeth stood still. She didn't know what to make of this. But soon she began to laugh; and then she put the baby-bird gently on the ground, and went away. She at last understood what papa Robin meant to say to her by his peck. This is it: "Don't interfere when I'm teaching my child to fly. You are very big, and perhaps you know a great deal; but you don't seem to know that it's not right to keep birds in the nest all summer. They would never find out what their wings are for."

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.





CARLO AND THE DUCKS.

TOP, Carlo! Come back, sir! Be still!" cried Jane, trying to hold the little dog by a string tied to his collar.

But Carlo was in chase of two ducklings, and did not mind Jane's call. Of course the ducklings took to the water. Carlo ran after them to the water's edge, but there he stopped.

What stopped him? Jane was tugging pretty hard at the string. That was one thing that held him back; but that

was not all. Carlo was not fond of the water ; but he would not have stopped for that.

I will tell you what stopped him. While the ducklings were swimming away for dear life, the old mother-duck came sailing boldly up, with her great yellow beak, and faced Master Carlo.

She looked like a sloop-of-war all ready for action. Carlo was a brave dog ; but he was afraid of her, for all that. So he stood still and barked.

Madam Duck did not mind his noise in the least. She quacked at him fiercely. This is what she meant to say : "Look here, my young friend, you are a dog, and I am a duck. You are at home on the land, but I am at home on the water. Bark as much as you please, but, if you know what is good for your health, keep out of this pond, and let my ducklings alone."

"Do you hear that, Carlo?" said Jane. "Now don't stop to answer, but come with me like a good dog, and we will have a run in the woods."

And then Carlo gave up his chase of the ducks, and went quietly where Jane led him.

JANE OLIVER.



THE NAUGHTY CAT.

LITTLE JACK.

'Tis such a naughty, naughty cat!
Old Tab, that's owned by aunty Gray:
She growls, and spits, and shows her claws,
As sharp as needles in her paws;

And, if I try with her to play,
She always seems so full of spite,



She's sure to scratch me, or to bite.
My hands,—they were a frightful sight
When I came home last Saturday;

I'm sure that she would be no loss,
If she were killed, she is so cross ;
Now, when I see her, "Scat, scat, scat!"
I mean to say, "you naughty cat!"

LITTLE JANE.

What, call my poor old Tabby cross!
I'm sure she's very good with *me* ;
For, when *I* go to aunty Gray's,
She always close beside me stays.
If I sit down, she climbs my knee,
And rubs her head against my cheek,
And acts as though she'd like to speak,
And say she wants my friend to be.
I'd rather have her for my own
Than all the cats I've ever known :
Black, yellow, Maltese, large and small,
Old Tab's the nicest of them all.

JAMES.

Yes, Tabby *is* a knowing cat.
When you have been at aunty Gray's,
She's proved you both, and learned your ways :
She finds that Jack would never fail
To try and swing her by the tail,
While Jane will softly stroke her fur ;
So she will answer by a purr,

To show Jane's gentle touch she likes,
But Jack, with her sharp claws, she strikes.
My mother says we ought to treat
With love each living thing we meet,
And even pussy-cats can tell
Who are the ones that use them well.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

PICKING ORANGES.



WILLY and Ben are two little boys who live in the old city of Saint Augustine. They do not have sleigh-rides and coasts; for Saint Augustine is way down South, in Florida, where snow never falls.

But, while the boys and girls in the North are wearing mittens and tippets and thick coats when they go out to play, Willy and Ben are running about bare-headed in the orange-groves, or plucking roses from the garden.

All around the house are orange-trees, and in among the glossy green leaves hang the great yellow juicy oranges. The fruit is ripe early in December, and ready to be picked.

Miles, the colored man, takes his big clippers and goes up the high step-ladder which he has placed near the tree. He cuts each orange from the branch, taking care not to get hurt by the long, sharp thorns.

Willy stands at the foot of the ladder, ready to catch the oranges as Miles tosses them down. Sometimes they pick five or six baskets in an afternoon. Miles says Willy is a "bery good catch." He sometimes tires of catching them; but he never tires of eating them.

I looked into the packing-room this morning, and there

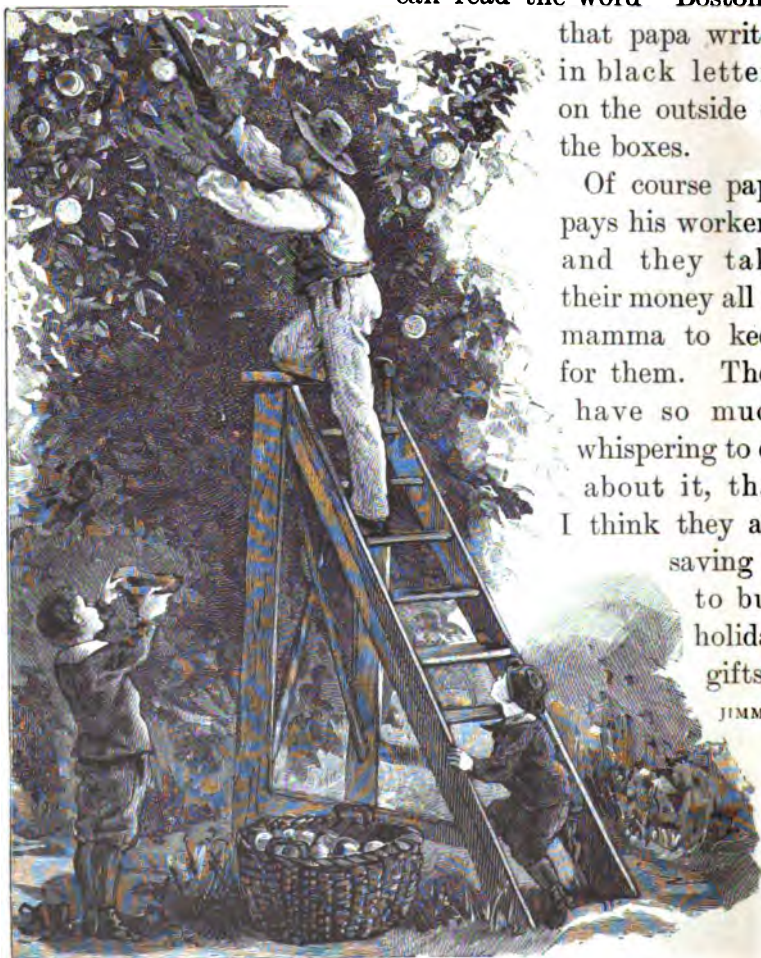
lay seventeen hundred yellow balls. Papa lets both his little boys help wrap the oranges. Each orange is wrapped in a piece of tissue-paper that is cut just the right size. Willy always says as he begins, "Now let's see who'll beat!" Do you know what he means?

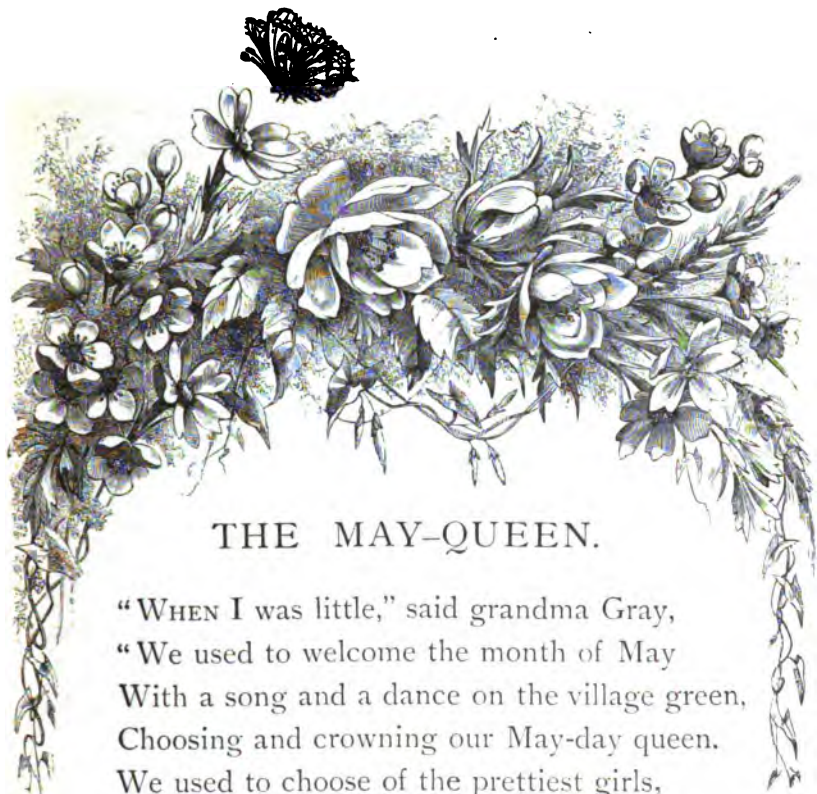
Ben cannot wrap oranges as fast as Willy; but, as they are wrapped, he hands them to papa to pack in boxes. He can read the word "Boston"

that papa writes in black letters on the outside of the boxes.

Of course papa pays his workers, and they take their money all to mamma to keep for them. They have so much whispering to do about it, that I think they are saving it to buy holiday gifts.

JIMMIE.





THE MAY-QUEEN.

"WHEN I was little," said grandma Gray,
"We used to welcome the month of May
With a song and a dance on the village green,
Choosing and crowning our May-day queen.
We used to choose of the prettiest girls,
The one who had the sunniest curls,
The one who had the merriest eyes,
As clear and bright as the May-day skies.

"We made her throne of the daisies white,
And of yellow buttercups, golden bright,
And we twined gay blossoms about the hair
Of our dear little queen so sweet and fair."
So grandma said, and the children heard,
And a loving thought in each heart was stirred;
And they whispered together, and laughed in glee,
"Dear grandmamma shall our May-queen be!"



Then they brought the chair with the cushioned seat,
And the cushioned footstool for grandma's feet,
And led her merrily to the throne,
And crowned her queen of their hearts alone.
They twined the daisies and buttercups bright
In the queen's soft hair so silvery white,
And better than jewels or necklace rare,
Were the clasping arms of those children fair.

And the bees and butterflies hovered around;
And the sunbeams danced all over the ground;

And the birds sang merrily in the trees ;
And the breath of summer was in the breeze ;
And the delicate hue of the azure skies
Seemed to lend new light to the loving eyes
Of happy, dear old grandmamma Gray,
Crowned by the children their "Queen of May."

MARY D. BRINE.



SING, PRETTY BIRDS.

SING, pretty birds, and build your nests,
The fields are green, the skies are clear ;
Sing, pretty birds, and build your nests,
The world is glad to have you here.

Among the orchards and the groves,
While summer days are fair and long,
You brighten every tree and bush,
You fill the air with loving song.

At early dawn your notes are heard
In happy greeting to the day,
Your twilight voices softly tell
When sunshine hours have passed away.

Sing, pretty birds, and build your nests,
The fields are green, the skies are clear ;
Sing, pretty birds, and build your nests,
The world is glad to have you here.



M. F. N. HATHAWAY.

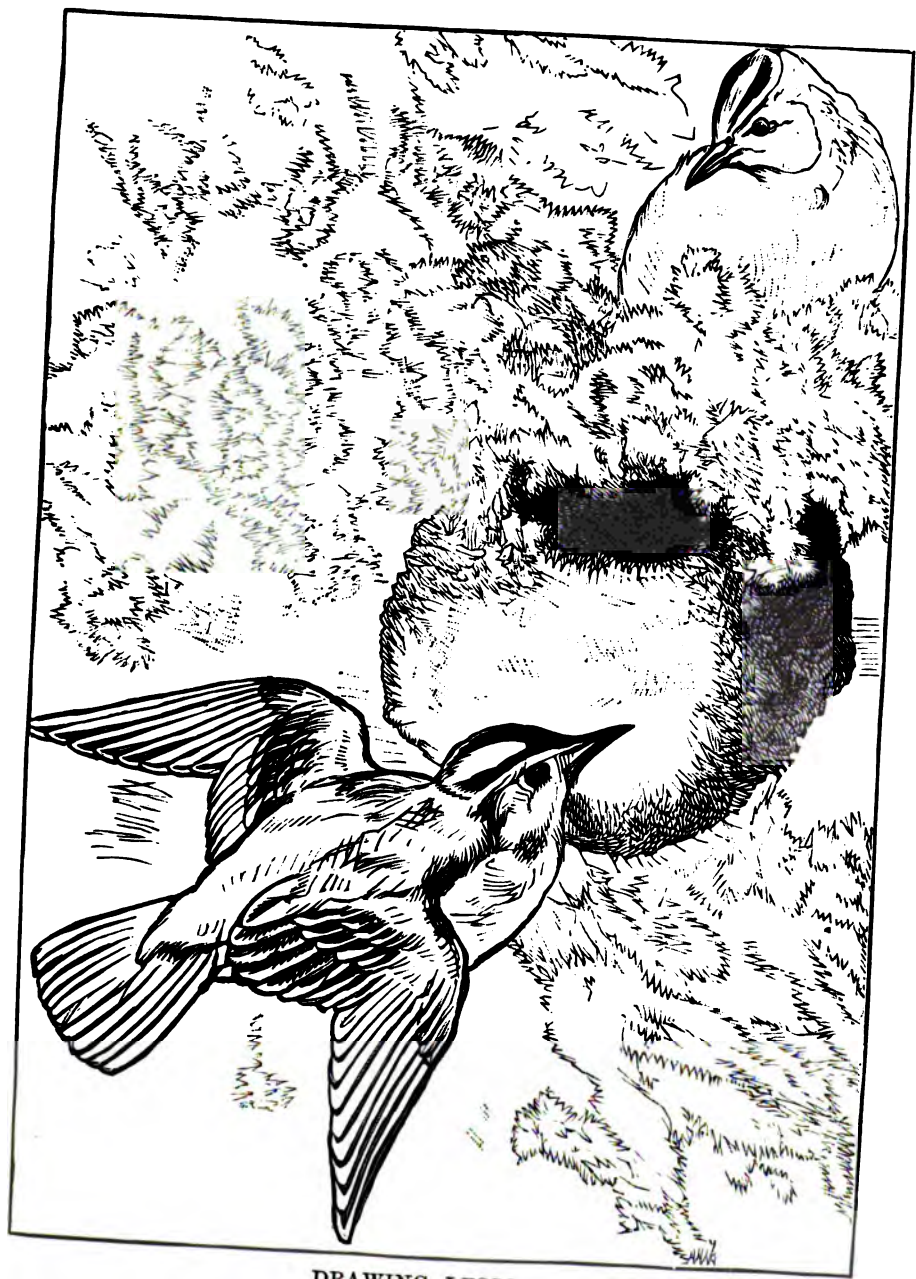
MARY AND JENNY.

MARY strikes the shuttle-cock a hard blow with the battle-door. Up it goes into the air, and down it falls into the grass. There it is; but the next thing to be done is to find it. Who will pick it up?



Jenny stands with her hands behind her. She has a roguish look. What has she in her hands? Is it an apple? No. Is it an orange? No. Is it a ball? No. Guess again. Ah! I know what it is. It is the shuttle-cock.





DRAWING-LESSON.

PIGGY'S SPOON.



PIGGY had a little house close by the barn. There were two rooms in his house. In one room he had his bed; in the other he had a trough.

On one side of his house there was a door that opened into a pen. The pen was in the orchard where the sweet apples grew. Sometimes in summer the apples would fall down from the trees into the pen; then piggy would pick them up and eat them. Sometimes they would strike him on his back when they fell; but he did not mind that; he was always glad to get them.

He had his bed of warm straw to sleep in at night, and every day he had as much as he wanted to eat. He had all a pig could wish for: so he was contented. One morning farmer Jackson brought a pailful of milk for piggy's breakfast. He poured the milk into the trough, and piggy made haste to come and eat it.

While he was eating, something hard and cold came into his mouth. He bit it, but found that it was not good: so he left it. He ate up all the milk. When it was gone, he saw a bright silver spoon in the bottom of the trough.

"Oh!" said piggy, "I see how it is. They would like to have me eat with a spoon; but they would never make me fat in that way. I should be hungry all the time. Now I can eat fast and grow fast, and I like my own way best."

So piggy turned up his nose at the spoon. Then he went out into the pen, and began to root in the dirt to find bits of apple. "Fine work I should make using a spoon," said piggy, and he laughed whenever he thought of it.

At night farmer Jackson came to bring his supper. He saw the spoon in the trough, took it out and carried it into the house. When his wife saw it, she said somebody had been very careless, and dropped the spoon into piggy's pail.

She could not find out who had done it, though she asked everybody. Then she thought that perhaps she had done it herself. She was glad to get her spoon back again, and piggy was glad to have it taken from the trough.

He had left the print of his teeth on it: so it was afterwards called "Piggy's spoon."

MARY E. N. HATHAWAY.



THE TRAVELLER.

SOMETIMES he travels in a boat;
 (A bench turned upside down,)
Sometimes his mother's rocking-chair
 Takes him from town to town.



For journeying, by sea or land,
He always has a plan,
He'll be a famous traveller
When he grows to be a man.

W. G.

BOUNCER.



RANDMA, grandma, may we have it? may we have it?" cried three excited little voices, as three little boys came running into the room.

"Have what?" said grandma smiling, as she looked up from her book. "The measles?"

"Why, grandma, of course it isn't the measles," said Ned, the eldest. "It is a dog,—a real puppy. Mrs. James told Arthur she would give it to him, if you were willing."

Grandma thought of her nice flower-beds and her well-kept driveway. She did not want to have a dog running



about in them. But then she saw the three wistful faces waiting for her answer, and so she said "Yes."

Mrs. James had promised that she would bring it to Arthur by Saturday. All the boys were in haste for the

day to come, and Arthur said, "Now, mamma, there will be three days more and then 'dog-day.' "

Saturday came at last. Arthur sat by the front-door watching. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he came to me and said, very sadly, "Do you really think she will come to-day, mamma?" — "Yes," said I.

He took his seat on the steps, and in a few minutes I heard a joyful cry: "Here's my dog! here's my dog!" The other boys joined in the shout. Was there ever such joy!

Bouncer, — for that was the puppy's name, — was a fine water-spaniel. He grew very fast, and proved very kind and playful. The three boys became very fond of him. The first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night, they would all rush out of doors for a romp with Bouncer.

He was always ready for a frolic. Nothing pleased him so much as a dash into the lake. Then he was in his glory. He would spring into the water after any thing that the boys would throw.

Once he saved a man's hat that had blown overboard; and if the man had gone over with his hat, I have no doubt that Bouncer would have saved him too. But, as the man was safe on shore all the time, Bouncer had no chance to prove himself a hero. That wasn't Bouncer's fault, you know.

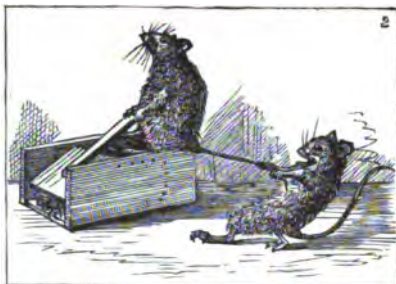
M. C. W.



THE MOUSE-TRAP.



THE cheese smelt tempting in
its little house :
"I'll get it, never fear!" cried
Master Mouse.



Caught in the trap, with all their
might and main,
His parents try to get him out
again.



Alas! alas! exertions well ap-
plied
Bring but a swift collapse un-
dignified.



A happy thought: "We'll roll the
box about,
And thus, perchance, get valiant
Brownie out!"



Still happier thought: a wall its aid
extends ;
And Brownie, thankful for such
clever friends,



Darts out in triumph, bearing high
the cheese,
Then shares the well-won spoil, and
feasts at ease.



ONE CAT AND TWO PIGS.

A poor little kitty turned out by its mother,
Without any sister, without any brother,
Was very unhappy,
Was very unhappy;
Oh, very unhappy indeed!

She couldn't find any companions to stay with;
She couldn't find any companions to play with;
And so she was lonely,
Oh! ever so lonely;
Oh, yes! she was lonely indeed.

One morning she noticed two little pigs running
Along by the house; they were pretty and cunning,
And it made little kitty
Feel bad — what a pity! —
A very great pity indeed.

She made their acquaintance, and then in clear weather
The three funny playmates would frolic together,
And kitty was happy,
No doubt she was happy;
Oh, yes! very happy indeed.

The piggies would drink up the milk that was given
To kitty, who oft from the basin was driven;
For they were quite greedy,
Yes, rather too greedy;
Oh, yes! very greedy indeed.



And, when they had corn, how the piggies would chew it!
While kitty looked on, wondering how they could do it:
'Twas queer that she couldn't,
Quite strange that she couldn't;
She'd tried — but she couldn't indeed!

At night, when the piggies in slumber were dozing,
Miss Kitty curled up on their backs was reposing,
And all were quite happy,
Remarkably happy;
Oh, yes! very happy indeed.

HARRY AND JOHN.

HARRY waves his flag to stop a train of cars. He has seen a man do it at the railroad station. But the train rushes by, and does not mind him in the least. This makes him look sad.



John stands and looks on. He is dressed in a new sailor-suit. He feels so grand that he does not care whether the train stops or not. There is a very broad grin on his face. We should see it if we could make him turn round and look at us.



“INCHES.”



IS real name was Miles ; but one of his papa's friends said that such a little chap was too small to be called Miles, and it would be better to begin with “Inches” and go up gradually : so we nicknamed him “Inches.”

His papa and mamma were Americans ; but their little boy was born in Assam, and until he was four years old he had never seen any other country.

Now, you will want to know where Assam is. I will tell you. It is a kingdom in India, lying west of China, and south of the great Himalaya Mountains. Some peaks of these mountains can be seen on a clear day from the house where Inches lived.

One morning early, our little friend woke, and called out in the Assamese language (for he could not speak English), “Tezzan, take me.”

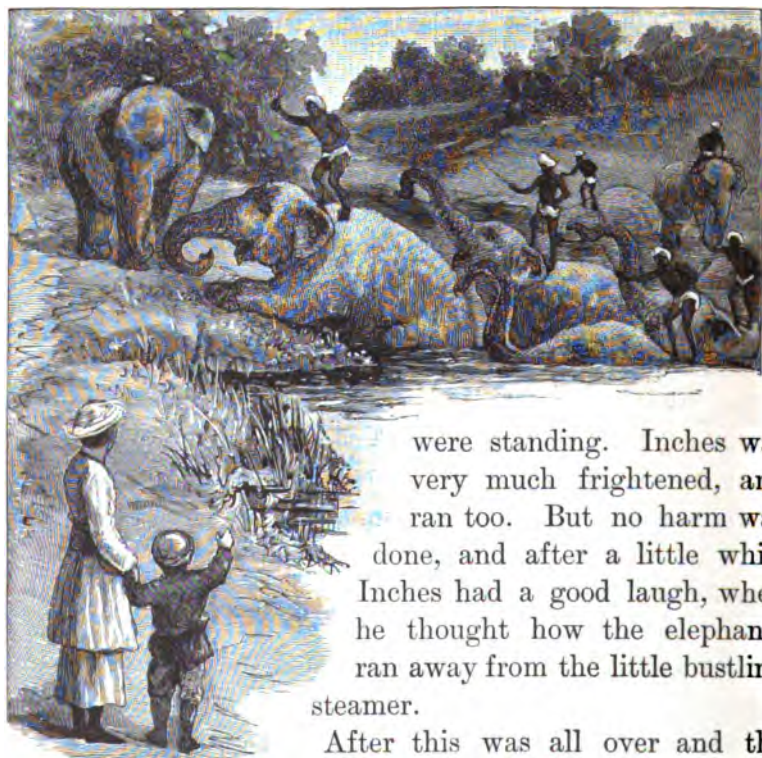
Tezzan his “bearer” — so a man-nurse is called in Assam — came quickly, and dressed his little charge. Then, after giving him a slice of dry toast and a nice plantain for his breakfast, he took the little boy by the hand, and started out with him for their regular morning-walk.

They went down along the bank of the Brahmaputra River, and saw many sights that would look very strange to Americans. A little below the house, Inches called on Tezzan to stop, and let him watch some elephants that were swimming across the river. He called the elephant a *hatee*, giving the “a” in the word the same sound we give it when we say father.

All they could see of the elephants was the tops of their heads, and occasionally their trunks when they threw them out of the water for a fresh breath of air. The drivers stood on the necks of the elephants, with only a rope, tied round the great creatures' necks, to hold on by.

By and by they came struggling up the bank, one after another, — eight of them, — and stood panting and dripping to rest a little. Scarcely had they set their feet on dry land when a little ferry-boat came steaming along, and just as she got close to the bank she blew a long, loud whistle.

The elephants were frightened, and ran snorting and trumpeting right up the road where Inches and his bearer



were standing. Inches was very much frightened, and ran too. But no harm was done, and after a little while Inches had a good laugh, when he thought how the elephants ran away from the little bustling steamer.

After this was all over and the elephants were slowly jogging along, Inches and his bearer started on again. They met many people; but very few of them were white. There were only fifteen white children to be found for many miles: so they, of course, knew each other well.

Down the road, further on, they came to a sweetmeat-vender's shop. His candies and sweets were put on flat bamboo or cane plates, and all arranged outside the shop itself, on a platform made of bamboo.

Inches wished Tezzan to buy some sweets for him ; but they had brought no *pice*, so could not. (*Pice* are small copper coins used in India, worth about three-fourths of one cent each.)

The little boy was on the point of crying, when he heard his mamma calling ; and, sure enough, there she was, and papa, too, waiting for him in the pony-carriage. He ran quickly, and climbed into his mamma's lap, and was soon home again.

M. R. B.



SMALL BEGINNING.

WHEN the first little crocus
 peeped out of the ground,
And slyly looked round,
Not a flower was awake, not a
 bit of new green



Was anywhere seen ;
And it seemed, with a shiver the little one said,
 “ Oh, I am afraid,

The trees are so naked, the earth is so black !
 Please let me go back !

You have called me too early, my dear Mother Spring,
 I am such a wee thing ! ”



Then a bluebird whistled, "Oh, no! my dear,
It is good you are here ;
For now we are sure that spring is near."
Then a sober old robin came bustling by
With the sleep in his eye ;
"Ah, me! how stupid I was to wait ;
And now I am late !
The bluebird has piped, and the crocus has come ;
And you know by the hum
The hot little bee is beating his drum."

Then sweet Mother Spring, with a sunshine kiss,
Said something like this :
"Thanks, brave little crocus, so slender and small,
For heeding my call

While orchards were leafless, and snow-drifts staid
 In the all-day shade :
 You are telling us sweetly that soonest begun
 The soonest is done ;
 That little by little makes up the great,
 And early obeying is better than late."

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

JENNY WREN.

JENNY WREN's a lady,
 Very quiet she :
 That's her pretty man-
 sion
 In the hollow tree.
 Peep into her parlor,
 Carpeted with down ;
 There you'll see her sit-
 ting
 In her modest gown.



Jenny Wren is busy,
 Summer days are near,
 And she has a houseful :
 Listen, and you'll hear.
 Little mouths are open
 From the hour she wakes,
 And to feed her darlings
 All her time it takes.

Jenny Wren is moving :
 Breezes hurry by ;
 Purple leaves are falling ;
 Chilly grows the sky.
 Long before the snowflakes
 Through the orchard roam,
 Should you call on Jenny,
 Nobody's at home.

GEORGE COOPER.

DADDY FROG.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato. mf

1. Old Daddy Frog lives in a bog, And his coat is bot-tle - green; . . .

Yel-low his vest; handsomely drest, His pretty shape is seen.

Puffing with pride, there at his side His dame is sure to be.

Smiling, he says, "No one could raise A fi - ner fam - i - ly;". .

Chorus. f

Singing "Cou, cou, cou, Ker-chunk!"

2 Old Daddy Frog leaps on a log,
In a spry and jaunty way;
Calling his boys—
Oh, what a noise!
He joins them in their play.
Hipperty-hop!
Under they pop,
And Daddy Frog, says he,
"Isn't it fine!
How they will shine,
This polished family."

3 Old Daddy Frog lives in the bog
Till the summer days are done;
Little frogs grow,
Dressed like a beau
Now is each model son;
Daddy Frog's eyes
Wink with surprise,
Quite filled with delight is he;
Dame at his side
Chuckles with pride,
"There's no such family!"



THE CARELESS NURSE.

THE rights of man do not give me much concern ;
neither do I trouble myself much about the rights
of woman. My mission is to look after the rights of
children. I never forget this wherever I may be.

Some people may think that the rights of children are safe enough in the care of the fathers and mothers.

Are they indeed! How many children are sent out, day after day, in charge of nurses? Who protects the children against careless and cruel nurses? Anxious mother, answer me that.

Many cases of gross neglect have come under my eye. I will mention one case that took place last summer at the seaside.

I was out in my yacht at the time. Scanning the shore with my spy-glass, this is what I saw:—

A good-looking young woman was pushing a baby-carriage before her. In the carriage was a little child. The young woman seemed to be singing, and all went well until a young man came up and walked by her side.

From his dress I should say that he was a sailor. Perhaps he had just landed from a man-of-war. His trousers had the man-of-war cut.

The young man and the young woman talked and laughed together as they went along. They seemed to be very good friends. But what became of the infant in the carriage?

Poor child! She fell off the seat. Her head hung over the side of the carriage, just in front of the wheel, and there she lay shrieking for help.

I could not hear her shrieks, for I was a mile away; but the sight was enough for me. I seized my trumpet. "Ship-mate, ahoy!" I shouted to the sailor-chap.

No answer. It was plain that the sailor-chap did not care in the slightest degree for that poor suffering child. Nobody offered to help her.

"Steer for the shore!" I said to my helmsman. "Bear down to the rescue!" We landed as soon as we could, but not without some delay, and when we reached the place

it was too late. Nurse, carriage, sailor-chap, and all were gone.

What was the fate of that poor infant is a mystery to me to this day. But I tell the story as a warning to all mothers against trusting their children to a careless nurse.

JACK TAR.



FEEDING THE FOWLS.

PECKING away, and looking so knowing,
Feathers and tails in the breezes blowing,
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" come the hens to be fed,
And Edith is scattering crumbs of bread.

The peacock comes also, strutting so grandly,
His long tail behind him trailing so blandly,
Doesn't he look as proud as a king,
With his crown, and his tail, and his brilliant
wing!

S. T. U.



A POLITE DANDELION.

By GEORGE COOPER.

"OH, what shall I do, Dandelion?
My white satin gown will be spoiled:
The rain has begun;
I've nowhere to run;
And my bonnet and all will be soiled."

"Don't be in a flutter, Miss Miller,
And where are you going so fast?
My sunshade of gold
Above you I'll hold
Till this very hard shower has passed."



MASTER BABY.

MASTER BABY has been playing in the park all the morning. He has been chasing a butterfly. He did not catch the butterfly. But he has come home with two rosy cheeks and a good appetite.

Now he must have his dinner. Tie his bib around his neck. Seat him at the table. Give him some soup. Now cut him up some meat and potato, and let him feed himself.

He is a little awkward ; but a hungry boy will soon learn how to handle a fork. Let him alone for that. It will not take long to teach him how to use a knife too.

Boys need a good deal of food to make them strong and hearty. Give them plenty of fresh air. Let the sun shine on them. Then they will be sure to eat with a relish.

TWO SMALL BOYS.

THIS is our Sam. He is the boy who goes to sea in a bowl.



He throws out a line, and catches a fish. What does the fish look like?

Where would Sam be if the bowl should tip over? Would he get wet?

This is Billy with his whip. He thinks he would like to drive a coach. But where will he get his team? He will find it, I dare say, without going out of the room.



An arm-chair will do for a coach, and a pair of boots will make a fine span of horses.



KITTY DIDN'T MEAN TO.

JOANNA scolds my kitty every day:

I'm filled with grief.

Just now to Mary Ann I heard her say,

"That cat's a thief!"

Poor kit! you did not wish for milk to-day,

But wanted meat.

You took a little bit from off the tray,

And, with your feet,

A glass of water, standing in the way,
You tumbled down;
And just for this you had to bear, all day,
Joanna's frown.
I think that Miss Joanna must be seen to ;
For, kitty, I am sure you didn't mean to.

AMANDA SHAW ELSEFFER.



A SAUCY VISITOR.



NCE upon a time a mother-sparrow and her three children lived in a great big maple-tree, which stood before a great big house, which had a broad piazza in front of it. The mother-bird often used to talk to her children about the people who lived in the house, and their pets.

"See, Polly Dolly Adeline," she said to her oldest child one day, "see those lazy yellow canaries down there on the piazza. They have every thing they want. See how they are coddled while we are left to shift for ourselves."

"Boo-hoo!" said Polly Dolly. "I don't think it is a bit fair."

"I don't either," said the youngest of all. He was a pert little fellow. His name was Flop. He was so called, because, when he first began to fly, he would flop over on one side.

But he could fly well enough now, and so he said boldly, "I mean to go down to one of those cages, and eat some of that nice seed myself. I'll let young Canary know that I am as good as he."

At these words Mrs. Sparrow was so frightened that she fell off the branch ; but she soon flew back, and said, " Flop, you naughty boy, don't you go ! you may get killed."

" Cats, you know, Flop ! " said Polly Dolly Adeline. " Cats with green eyes ! "

" Pooh ! " said Flop. " Who cares ? I'm not afraid."



Flop flew gaily down to the piazza railing. Here he stopped, and looked around ; while his mother and sisters watched him in fear and trembling. Nobody was on the piazza : so Flop flew straight to one of the cages.

" How do you do, my young friend ? " he said, saucily

helping himself to the seed that had been scattered. "I've come to take dinner with you."

Mr. Canary did not like this at all. "You've not been invited," he squeaked out, ruffling up his feathers, and flying at Flop with all his might. But the bars were between them; and Flop went on eating his dinner as calmly as possible.

Then the canary became so angry that he danced back and forth on his perch, and screamed. Flop made another very polite bow. "Oh, how good that hemp-seed tastes!" said he. "The rape-seed, too, is very nice, — nice as the fattest canker-worm I ever ate."

So he went on eating, looking up now and then to wink at his angry host. When he had eaten all he could find, he made his best bow and said saucily, "Thank you, sir, thank you. Don't urge me to stay longer now. I'll come again some other day," and he flew back to his anxious mother and sisters.

B. W.





HOW GEORGIE FED HIS FAWN.

GEORGIE stood at the kitchen-door with a piece of bread in his hand to feed his pet fawn. There was the fawn chained to a post in the grass-plot. Between them was a long gravel walk. How was Georgie to get the bread to the fawn?

Easily enough, one would think, — by carrying it straight to the fawn. But Georgie didn't find this such an easy thing to do. He met with difficulties.

In the first place there was Rover, the big brown pup. Georgie had not taken three steps, when Rover spied the bread, and, thinking it was for him, began jumping after it. Georgie thought he would have to run back to the house; but, seeing a stick on the ground, he picked it up, and shook it at Rover. Rover was afraid of the stick, and ran meekly away.

Nothing else happened to trouble Georgie until he had gone halfway up the walk. Then he met another difficulty. Two big turkey-gobblers, looking very red about the head, and with feathers all ruffled up, rushed towards him for the bread, crying, "Gobble, gobble!" in a frightful manner.

Georgie hesitated. Dare he go past them? "Gobble, gobble!" screeched the turkeys. Down went the bread on the ground, and back to the house, as fast as his legs could carry him, ran Georgie.

His mother saw two big tears in the little fellow's eyes and felt sorry for him. She cut another piece of bread, turned his apron up over it so the turkeys could not see it, and told him to run bravely past them. He hoped they were still eating the other piece, and would not notice him;

but they had swallowed every crumb and ran toward him for more.

He screwed up his courage, and tried to run by them. Alas! he stumbled and fell. Away rolled the bread, and, before he could get it again, the gobblers had it and were quarrelling noisily, each trying to pull it away from the other one.

This second loss was more than little Georgie could bear. He went crying into the house. Then his sister Jennie said she would go with him, and keep off the turkeys. She took some bread in one hand, and held Georgie's hand with the other, and this time the turkeys were passed safely.



Georgie fed the pretty fawn, who took the bread from his hand, and capered about with delight, for he likes to have Georgie pet him, and pines for his company. Georgie is going to ask the gardener to buy two chains and fasten the two old gobblers in some other part of the yard. Then he can visit the fawn often:



THE ROSE.

ANNIE.

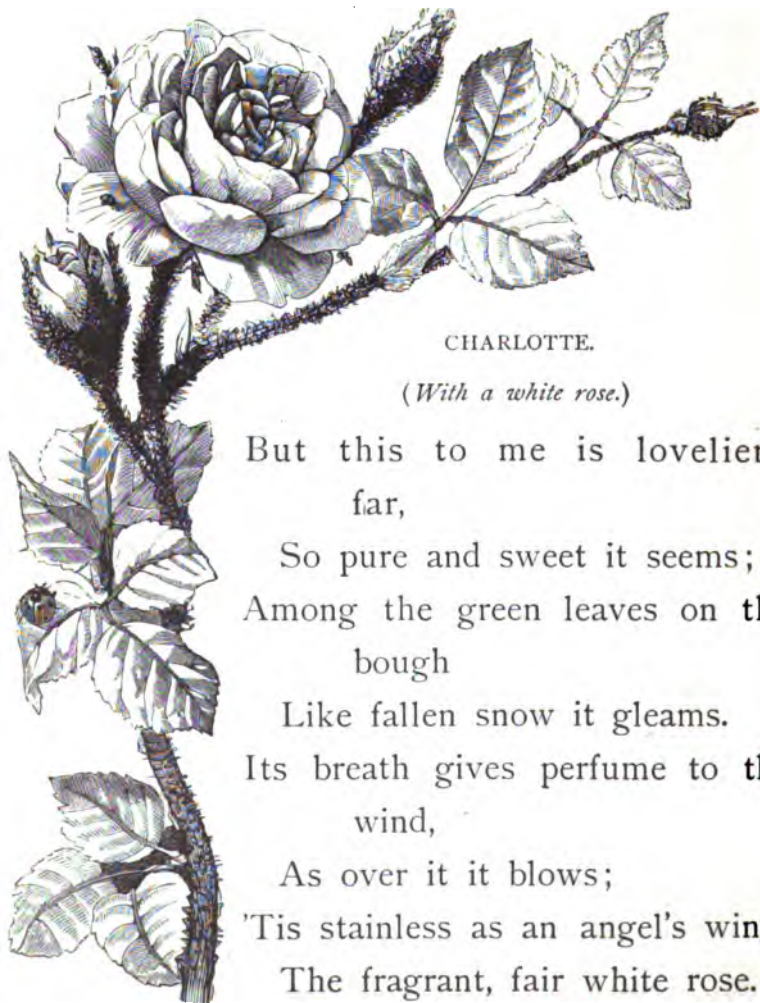
THE sweetest and the brightest days
Of all the happy year!
The green leaves dance, the gay birds sing,
The merry June is here!
We will of roses weave her crown,
The fairest that uncloze;
Each one of different form and hue,
Yet each a perfect rose.

BESSIE.

(With a red rose.)

And this one will outshine them all;
Amid the garden's rare
And splendid flowers, it raised its head,
The brightest blossom there.

All decked with dew like gems, its robe
Of royal crimson glows—
The matchless queen of summer-time,
The beautiful red rose!



CHARLOTTE.

(With a white rose.)

But this to me is lovelier
far,
So pure and sweet it seems;
Among the green leaves on the
bough
Like fallen snow it gleams.
Its breath gives perfume to the
wind,
As over it it blows;
'Tis stainless as an angel's wings,
The fragrant, fair white rose.

DELIA.

(With a yellow rose.)

And this, to greet the early morn,
In yellow mantle shone,
Bright as is China's emperor
Upon his dazzling throne.
It opens wide its golden leaves,
Its gleaming heart it shows,—
A sunshine-loving, cheery thing,
The winsome yellow rose!

EVA.

(With a brier rose.)

Among the brambles and the
brake
Beside the dusty way,
This dainty little blossom
sheds
Its sweetness all the day.
It makes the rough hill pas-
tures fair;
Amid the rocks it grows;
It clammers o'er the gray stone wall,—
The simple brier rose!



THE ROSE.

FRANCES.

(With a blush rose.)

This blushes like a morning cloud.

GERTRUDE.

(With a moss rose.)

And this is veiled in moss.

HELENA.

(With a cluster of climbing roses.)

This, with the honeysuckle-vines,
My lattice twines across.

ANNIE.

(To whom all the roses are given.)

And which one is the fairest flower
I'm sure cannot be told:
We'll twine them all in one long wreath,
The white and red and gold.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





A PICNIC IN A STRANGE GARDEN.



F I should ask you children to tell me what a garden is, I think you would all say, "A place where trees, flowers, and grass grow." That would be a good answer.

But the garden where this picnic took place is of a very different kind. Instead of bright leaves and flowers, there are hundreds of rocks of many sizes and shapes. Its name is the "Garden of the Gods," and it lies at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in Colorado.

The color of most of the rocks is red ; but some are silvery gray, and some nearly white. Seen together they make a fine contrast. Many have strange shapes, and look like nuns and priests, animals, birds, and fishes turned into stone.

On one high rock may be seen the image of a man and a bear ; on another, the outline of a lion's head, and part of its body, so perfect in shape, that it seems as though some one must have drawn it.

Some of the rocks are very high. One reaches up three hundred and thirty feet. Near the top of it is a hole, which looks from the ground to be about the size of a dinner-plate, but is really large enough for a horse and buggy to pass through.

A few trees manage to live high up on the rocks, and the prickly cactus grows in the soil around them.

To this garden went, one bright summer day, a wagon-load of people — six happy little girls and boys, with their mothers and fathers — on a picnic.

The children were dressed in big shade hats, and clothes that they might tear and tumble all they wished. Such fun as they had ! The older ones climbed the smaller rocks, and made speeches to the little ones on the ground below. Then

they all played "hide-and-seek," and never were there such grand hiding-places.

At noon they had lunch. Their table was a large flat rock. Mountain air and play give good appetites. How



they did enjoy eating the nice things, chatting and laughing all the while!

After lunch away they ran in search of "specimens," by which they meant pretty stones. They chipped pieces off the rocks with hammers, playing they were miners finding gold and silver. They filled their baskets, and pretended to have made great fortunes.

They kept up the sport until five o'clock, when their mammas said it was time to start for home, and counted

the children to see if all were there. Only five could be found. There should have been six. Who was missing?

It was four-year-old Willie. "Willie, Willie!" shouted every one, and from the great red rock came a faint reply. Then began "hide-and-seek" in earnest, and soon they spied the little fellow sitting on the side of the rock full five yards up.

"Why, Willie!" called his mamma. "What are you doing up there?"

"Going to climb through the little hole, mamma; but I'm tired."

His uncle climbed after him, and soon brought him down.

Six tired little children went early to bed that night, and dreamed of stony men and women, lions and bears.

AUNT SADIE.

MARGIE'S TRIAL.

My beautiful Evelina,

Come listen to me, my dear;

I want to tell you a secret

That nobody else must hear:

We're going away to the country,—

Mamma and baby and I,

And grandmamma doesn't like dollies,

Now please, my darling, don't cry.

Oh, don't you remember last winter

She called you an image, my pet!

Just think, like those ugly old idols:

I'm sure I shall never forget.

She's the loveliest grandma, my precious;
But some things are not to be borne:
I'm sure that my heart would be broken
If she should treat you with scorn.



I'll put on your very best bonnet,
Your pretty pink shoes on your feet;
And you shall sit up by the window,
And look at the folks in the street.
Oh, dear! but I never can leave you
A whole summer long on the shelf;
If you are an "image," my baby,
I'll just be a heathen myself.

TWO SMALL GIRLS.

ANN is not yet five years old. But she knows how to read, and is very fond of her book. She does not care to sit down, but reads her book as she walks. This is not a good plan. It hurts the eyes.



Grace, who is nine years old, often has a book in her hand. But she does not read and walk at the same time. She sits down on the floor. It would be quite as well for her to take a chair and sit up straight.





THE CAREFUL NURSE.

THIS is little Grace taking Dolly out for an airing. It is a bright June day. The birds are singing. The flowers are in bloom. It is so warm that Grace goes without a hat.

Dolly is snugly seated in her carriage; and Snip the dog, who barks, but never bites, has a place in it too.

He is one of the breed known as the *toy* dog. He does not bark unless you squeeze him. He is never cross.

Grace rolls them down the broad path through the garden. She gives Dolly a nice ride, and then takes her home, and puts her to sleep in her little bed. She never lets Dolly miss her nap. Grace is a careful nurse.

JANE OLIVER.



WHY THE CHICK CAME OUT.

BENNY BRIGHT-EYES, climbing over
Heaps of crisp and fragrant clover,
Spies the dearest, cutest thing,
Hiding under Biddy's wing.

What sees Benny next? A wonder!
Rudely pushed quite out from under
Biddy's breast, an egg comes sliding,
In its shell a chicken hiding.

"Ah!" says Benny as he gazes,
And his merry blue eyes raises,
"I know why his house he's spoiled:
He's afraid of being boiled."

M. J. TAYLOR.



RALPH'S GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

MISS EASTMAN, the pretty drawing-teacher at the academy, boards in our family. Some time ago she chanced to take up an old, faded daguerrotype-likeness of my grandmother. She proposed copying it; and a lovely picture in crayon, of Ralph's great-grandmother, is the result.

My grandmother was ninety years old when the likeness was taken; yet she appears in it erect and vigorous, sitting in her high-backed chair, with her knitting-work in her hand. She wears a snug cap, and a plain Quaker kerchief folded smoothly over her black silk dress.

Naturally we have talked much about her; and my boys, Ralph and Fred, who have a happy faculty for drawing me out, have well-nigh exhausted all my memories of their great-grandmother.

"Can't you think of something else about her?" Fred pleaded, a few nights ago when, tired of his books and games, he had seated himself comfortably before the fire.

"Yes," I replied, "I have been thinking of another story as I sit here knitting. It is about going to Southampton on a canal-boat."

"Oh, that's splendid, I know!" said both boys in a breath. "Hurry up, and count your stitches quick, mamma."

I paused a moment to knit to the seam-needle, and then began:—

"My father and mother lived in Westfield, on the banks of the New-Haven and Northampton Canal. My grandmother lived in Southampton, the town next north of ours. She, too, lived near the canal. We children used to think that the trip we often took from our house to hers was like a journey through fairy-land.

"The first time I ever went out from under my mother's wing was with my grandmother, who took me from home with her one bright June day. I was a little sober on parting with my mother; but the negro cook, on board the boat a fat, jolly-looking woman, took me under her special care.

"I went down in her cabin, and she gave me cookies and great puffy doughnuts, and a pink stick of candy, and I watched her while she cleaned the lamps."

"Is that all?" said Ralph, as I paused a moment to secure a dropped stitch in the red stocking.

"Oh, no indeed!" I say as I go on,—

"By and by my grandmother's family were all scattered. My grandfather died, and left her sad and lonely; but she still lived in the old homestead.

"I can see her room now. There were four windows in it,—two looking east, towards Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and two south, over a lovely old-fashioned garden filled with tulips, hollyhocks, southernwood, thyme, cinnamon-roses, spice-pinks, lavender, white-lilies, and violets.

"There was an open Franklin stove in the room; and a little, chubby

black teapot always stood on its top. One sunny south window was filled with flowers. Grandmother always carried a bunch of flowers to church with her, and she had a black velvet bag, in which she carried sugar-plums, to give to us drowsy children on Sunday afternoon, when the minister preached one of his long sermons."

"Just one story more," said Ralph, as I again paused to observe what progress I was making in my knitting.

"Will you promise not to ask for another one to-night?"

"We promise certain sure," said Fred.

"Only tell a long one for the last."

"Very well," said I.

"Once my grandmother made a party for a circle of cousins. We counted nine cousins in all when we took our seats at the supper-table."

"What did you have for supper?" observed Fred.

"We had nice seed-cookies cut into hearts, diamonds, leaves, and rounds; frosted cup-cakes powdered with pink sugar sand; little sweet biscuits, currant-tarts, dried beef, plum preserves, honey in a great glass dish, and jelly from a blue mug. We poured milk from a great green pitcher into pink china cups, and used grandma's tiny silver tea-spoons for our preserves,"



"Wasn't that splendid!" said Ralph. "I wish some one would invite me to such a supper."

"In the evening we drew up before the open fire, and each had a great plateful of nuts, raisins, figs, and candy. Then grandma told us all about when she was a little girl,— what funny dresses she wore, what strange houses people lived in, and how they were furnished; and

she remembered a little about the Revolutionary war, and the dark day, and Gen. Washington, and the Indians.

"When grandma grew very old, she came to live with my mother. My uncle in Florida used to send her oranges and other nice fruit; and my pretty aunt Eleanor in New York gave her all her caps and fine muslin neckerchiefs. All her sons and daughters were very thoughtful for her happiness.

"By and by she fell asleep, and there was a funeral at our house one lovely day in early autumn. It did not seem sad or gloomy. We returned from the quiet country graveyard in the twilight of the beautiful day, and gathered in grandma's pleasant room, and talked with tears and smiles of her long and useful life."

"What a good grandmother!" said Ralph, almost tearfully. "I wish I could have seen her just once."

We have had the picture framed, and it hangs in my boys' room now; and often in the early morning, as I linger on the stairs, I hear them tell in a very familiar way all they have learned of Ralph's great-grandmother.

SARAH THAXTER THAYER.



JUNE.

My sister May
Has gone away
With April and his showers.
I come apace
To take her place.
Accept my gift of flowers!



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HIDE AND SEEK.

HIDE-AND-SEEK.



HERE is Charley? Where can the boy have gone? Just now he was here by my side. Now he is out of my sight. I will call him. 'Charley, Charley, my boy! where are you?'

"No answer. Hark! I hear a noise up in that tree. Can that be Charley? Oh, no! It is a bird. 'Little bird, have you seen a small boy with curly hair? Tell me where to look for him.'

"The bird will not tell me. I must ask the squirrel. 'Squirrel, have you seen a boy with rosy cheeks?' Away goes the squirrel into a hole without saying a word.

"Ah! there goes a butterfly. I will ask him. 'Butterfly, have you seen a boy, with black eyes, rosy cheeks, and curly hair?' The butterfly lights on a bush. Now he flies again. Now he is off without making any reply.

"Dear me! what shall I do? Is my little boy lost in the woods? Must I go home without him? Oh, how can I live without my boy!"

Out pops a laughing face from the bushes.

"Here I am, mamma!" says Charley. "Don't cry. Here I am close by you."

"Why, so you are. Come out here, you little rogue, and tell me where you have been all this time."

"I have been right behind this tree, and I heard every word you said," says Charley.

"What a joke that was! Why, Charley, you must have kept still for as much as three minutes. I never knew you to do that before."



FLOWERS FOR MAMMA.

OUR readers will remember a picture of this same little girl as she was taking her doll to ride. While Dolly was taking her nap, Grace ran into the garden again. She flitted about among the flowers, as busy as a bee, for a few minutes. Then she came running into the house. The picture shows what she brought back to her mamma.



HAMMOCK SONG.

HEIGH-HO, to and fro!
How the merry breezes blow!

Blue skies, blue eyes,
Baby, bees, and butterflies,

Daisies growing everywhere,
Breath of roses in the air!

Dollie Dimple, swing away,
Baby darling, at your play.

OUTWITTED.

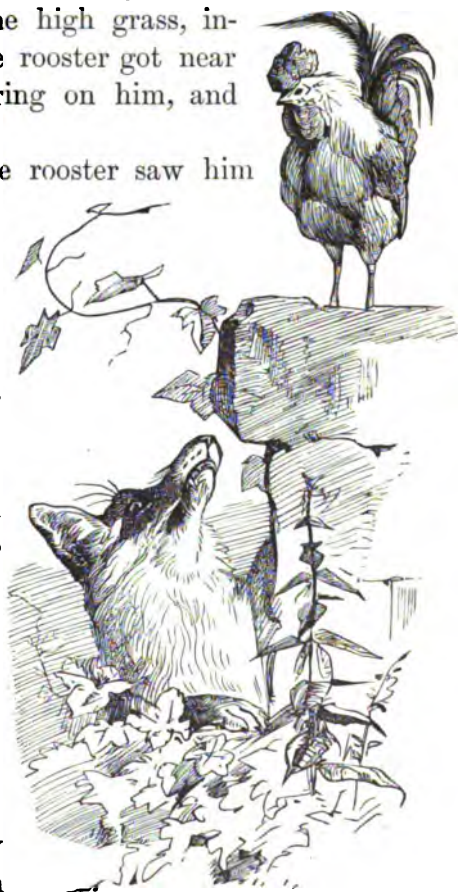


ONE fine summer day a very hungry fox sallied out in search of his dinner. After a while his eye rested on a young rooster, which he thought would make a very good meal: so he lay down under a wall and hid himself in the high grass, intending to wait until the rooster got near enough, and then to spring on him, and carry him off.

Suddenly, however, the rooster saw him and flew, in a great fright, to the top of the wall.

The fox could not get him there, and he knew it: so he came out from his hiding-place, and addressed the rooster thus: "Dear me!" he cried, "how handsomely you are dressed! I came to invite your magnificence to a grand christening feast. The duck and the goose have promised to come, and the turkey, though slightly ill, will try to come also.

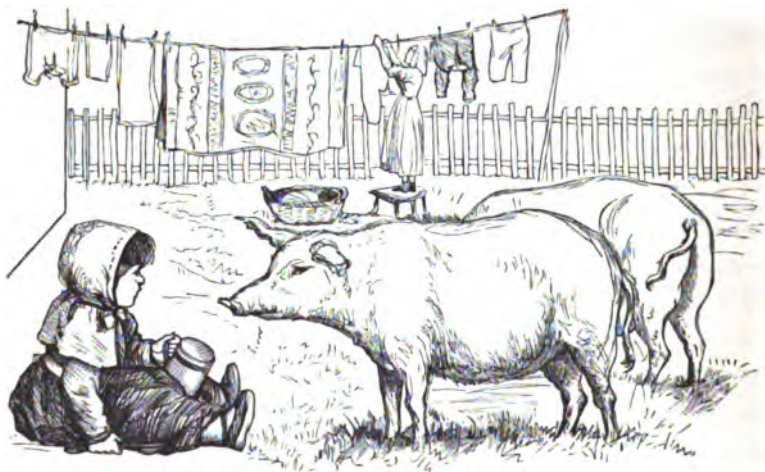
"You see that only those of rank are bidden to this feast, and we beg you to adorn it with your splendid talent for music. We are to have the most delicate little cock-chafers served up on toast, a delicious salad of earth-



worms, in fact all manner of good things. Will you not return then with me to my house?"

"Oh ho!" said the rooster, "how kind you are! What fine stories you tell! Still I think it safest to decline your kind invitation. I am sorry not to go to that splendid feast; but I cannot leave my wife, for she is sitting on seven new eggs. Good-by! I hope you will relish those earth-worms. Don't come too near me, or I will crow for the dogs. Good-by!"

LEONORA, from the German.



ROSIE AND THE PIGS.

Rosie was breakfasting out on the grass
When two pigs, on a walking tour, happened to pass.
One pig, with rude manners, came boldly in front,
And first gave a stare, and then gave a grunt,
As much as to say, "What is that you have got?
Just give us a taste, my dear, out of your pot!"

T.



ZIP COON.

ID you ever see a raccoon? I am going to tell you about one that was sent from the South as a present to a lady whose name was Isabella. He was called Zip Coon, and a very wise coon he was.

Zip had a long, low body, covered with stiff yellowish hair. His nose was pointed, and his eyes were bright as buttons. His paws were regular little hands, and he used them just like hands.

He was very tame. He would climb up on Isabella's chair, and scramble to her shoulder. Then he would comb her hair with his fingers, pick at her ear-rings, and feel of her collar and pin and buttons.

Isabella's mother was quite ill, but sometimes was able to sit in her chair and eat her dinner from a tray on her lap. She liked to have Zip in her room; but, if left alone with

her, Zip would jump up in the chair behind her, and try to crowd her off. He would reach around, too, under her arm, and steal things from her tray.

Once the cook in the kitchen heard a brisk rattling of tin pans in the pantry. She opened the door, and there, on a shelf, was Zip. There were two pans standing side by side. One had Indian-meal in it, and the other nice sweet milk. In front of the pans stood Zippy.

He had scooped the meal from one pan into the milk in the other pan, and was stirring up a pudding with all his might. He looked over his shoulder when he heard the cook coming up behind him, and worked away all the faster, as if to get the pudding done before he was snatched up, and put out of the pantry.

Zip was very neat and clean. He loved to have a bowl of water and piece of soap set down for his own use. He would take the soap in his hands, dip it into the water, and rub it between his palms; then he would reach all around his body, and wash himself. It was very funny to see him reach way around, and wash his back.

One day, Isabella, not feeling well, was lying on her bed. Zippy was playing around her in his usual way. Pretty soon he ran under the bed, and was busy a long while reaching up, and pulling and picking at the slats over his head. By and by he crawled out; and what do you think he had between his teeth? A pretty little red coral earring that Isabella had lost several weeks before. Zip's bright eyes had spied it as he was playing around under the bed. So you see Zip Coon did some good that time.

When Zip grew older, he became so cross and snappish, that he had to be chained up in the woodshed in front of his little house. On the door of his house was printed in red letters, "Zip Coon: he bites."



THE FUSS IN THE POULTRY-YARD.

THERE is no sign of a fuss to be seen in the picture. Little Ellen is feeding a quiet old hen, and two or three younger ones are slowly coming up to see what is going on. All is calm and serene.

But if we could look round a corner, and take a view of

the other side of the barnyard, we should see something quite exciting.

The trouble was made by three hens of foreign breed. They felt so proud because they had big tufts on their heads, that they looked down on the native barn-yard fowls. One old white hen they never cease to pick upon.

Now, the old white hen, although plain, was very smart. If there was a good fat worm to be found anywhere, she was sure to scratch it up. This was what caused the fuss.

Old Whitey scratched up a worm. Three tufted hens at once tried to take it away from her. There was a chase all around the barnyard. Old Whitey, with the worm in her mouth, kept the lead.

Out she dashed through an opening in the fence. Down she went, down the hill back of the barn. The three tufted hens, like three highwaymen, were close upon her.

Well, what was the end of it? They didn't get the worm; I can tell you that. But there was a fight, and I can't say that poor Whitey got off without being badly pecked.

UNCLE CHARLES.



WHAT'S UP?

WHY does Miss Prim,
So stylish and slim,
Hold up her head so
high?

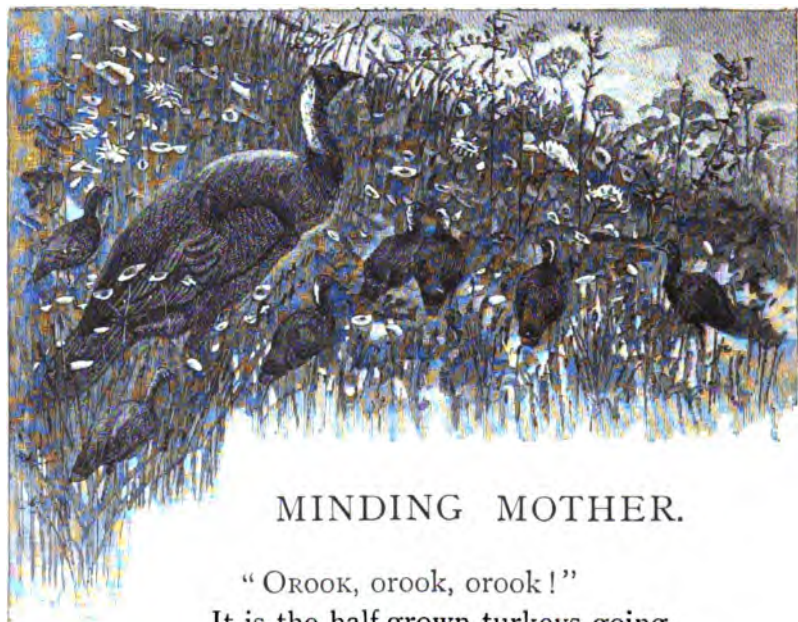
What does she see?
A bird in the tree?
Or is it a star in the
sky?



And here is young Jane
In bonnet so plain:
And why is she looking
up too?
Do they seek at high
noon

For the man in the moon?
Now, really, I wish that I
knew?

V. W.



MINDING MOTHER.

“OROOK, orook, orook!”

It is the half-grown turkeys going,
In the hot sunshine, through the fields;
Their black feet trampling down the mowing.
Across the clover rosy red,
Through the tall brake-leaves in the hollow,
The old hen-turkey, calling, goes;
And close behind the others follow.
“Old birds know best,” the young ones say,
“And we let mother choose the way.”

The dancing oats, all tasselled green,
Are full of grasshoppers and crickets;
The raspberry-bushes, red with fruit,
Grow round the rocks in thorny thickets;
The partridge-plants beside the wall
Lift up their clustered purple berries;

And from the wind-stirred branches fall
Upon the grass the small wild cherries :
Just where they are the old hen knows,
And all her noisy brood she shows.

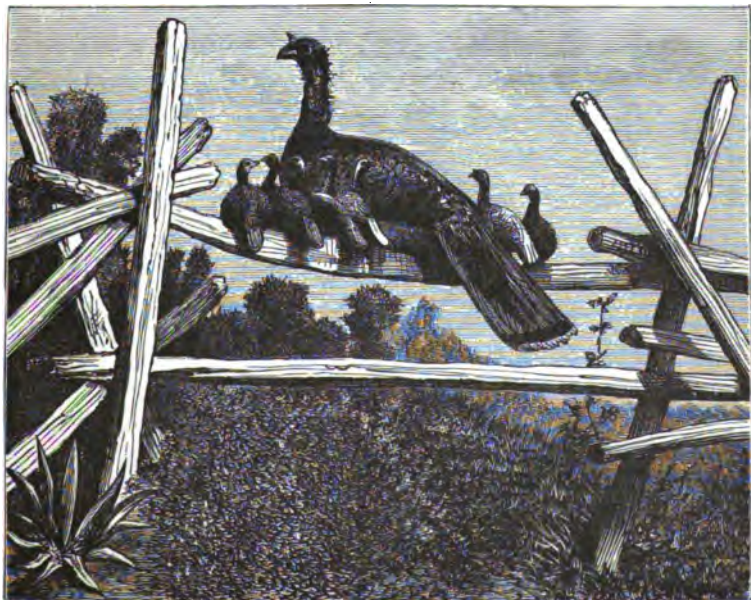
Why feast all day? — the trodden oats
Will scarce be worth the mowing ; —
“ ’Tis time,” the old bird says, “ at last
We home again were going.”

Back through the clover-bloom she strides,
Down through the braky hollow :

She flies up on the fence to roost,
And all the others follow.

“ We always have,” the young ones say,
“ When mother leads, a pleasant day.”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



OUR CHARLEY.



CHARLEY was our horse, and a more gentle and kind horse never drew a carriage. He would carry four boys on his back, and walk off from the watering-trough to the barn as carefully as if he knew that small boys could not hold on very well. He seemed to feel that the boys were in his charge.

What I am going to tell happened one spring day. It was warm and beautiful out, and the doors and windows of the house were left open for the fresh air to circulate freely. Charley was turned into the front-yard to nibble the green grass for a while. It must have seemed good to him after eating straw and hay all winter.

He ate and ate until he had eaten all he wanted, and probably felt as boys and girls sometimes do when they have room for nothing more, except pie, or pudding, or whatever the dessert may be.

In the house dinner was over, and the table was waiting for Katy to come from the kitchen to clear it off. The family had gone into the sitting-room, and were busy talking about a ramble in the woods for flowers, which had been promised us children for that afternoon.

All at once we heard the tramp of heavy feet passing through the hall into the dining-room. "Run, Willy," said mother, "and see what is making such a noise."

Willy ran out, and came back laughing so he could hardly speak. "It's old Charley," said he. "He's in the dining-room." We all rushed to the door, and, sure enough, there stood Charley by the table, eating what he could find on the platters and children's plates.

Oh, how we all laughed to see him standing there, as sober as if it were his own stall and manger! We were

willing that Charley should have what we had left ; but it seemed hardly right that a horse should be in the house ; besides, we feared that he might push the dishes off.

So Willy took him by the mane, and led him out of the house. He went off chewing what he had in his mouth, and nodding his head, as much as to say, "That pie-crust and salt are pretty good. If you please, I'll call again."

N. T. B.



PEET-WEET.*

SIR PEET-WEET and his little wife

Live, yonder by the water's edge,

A merry life, a busy life,

A life of love, and not of strife,

Close nestled in the sandy sedge,

Where the great hungry billows gnaw :

A fairy creature is Sir Peet ;

Such slender legs you never saw,

Not larger than a barley-straw ;

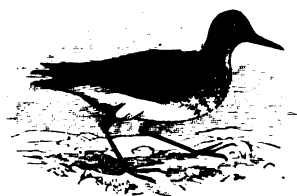
Yet wind and wave are not so fleet.

* Peet-weet is the common name of the spotted Sandpiper, derived from its note.

While madam sits upon her eggs,—
Four spotted eggs, a pair for each,—
He loves to match his nimble legs
Against the breaker as it drags
The sand-drift up and down the beach.
So fast behind the wave he trips,
You hardly see his little feet;
Below him, in the wet sand, slips
His picture, and their toes touch tips,
And their pink bills in kissing meet.

To see them chasing, you would say
The giant Ocean and his pet
Were let out for a holiday,
Playing at "tag" as children play,
And laughing at the fun they get.
'Tis more than fun; the big bluff sea
To his small friend brings savory meat:
Peet dines, and hurries, full of glee,
To set his faithful lady free,
That she may run and dance and eat.


GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.





DRAWING—LESSON.

MORE ABOUT "PARLEY-VOO."

OW a little boy came to be called by such a queer nickname as "Parley-voo" was told in the March number of "The Nursery." This is a story about the same boy.

"Where's Parley-voo?" asked aunt Tib one afternoon. "I haven't seen him for a long time."

"Where can he be?" said mamma, looking concerned.

"Where *can* he be?" echoed the French nurse, throwing down her sewing, and going in search of him. "Where can he be? *Le méchant!*" (She meant "The naughty little boy.") Then she ran down the walk, calling out, "Parley-voo, Parley-voo, Parley-voo!" But not a sound came back.

She went down the lane to the house of the tailoress, where Parley-voo had sometimes been known to go. "Have you seen our little boy to-day?" she asked anxiously of the tailoress, who sat at the window, making a vest.

The tailoress looked up over her glasses, and laughed. "Why, yes: he's here," said she; "and I don't know what his mother will say when she sees him."

The nurse went up to the window, and looked in. There sat Parley-voo on a little wooden cricket, and ever so much of his bright, pretty hair—as much as he could get at—lay on the floor beside him.

When Parley-voo saw the nurse, he ran into a corner, and hid his face. The poor nurse was so amazed, that she could hardly speak. How came the child in such a plight?

The tailoress told the story as follows. She had gone out to pick some peas in the garden, leaving her husband, a blind man, in the room with Parley-voo. He heard the little boy about the room, and, fearing that he might be in some mischief, told him that he "must not meddle."

But pretty soon the blind man heard the sound of shears going across the table. Parley-voo was certainly doing something with the shears.

"Little boy, you must not meddle," said the blind man



again. The noise stopped. "Ah! the boy does not dare to disobey me," thought the blind man.

All of a sudden the noise began again; but it was a very different noise. It was not on the table. The shears went together every little while with a sharp click.

The blind man felt very uneasy. "I do wish," he thought,

"my wife would come in and see what the little chap is up to."

To console himself, the blind man opened his snuff-box and took a pinch of snuff. What do you think the little chap did? He slyly put in his finger and thumb, and took a pinch too. And then how he did sneeze!

The tailoress heard him sneeze, and came in. She saw at once what had been going on. Parley-voo had been cutting his hair.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed mamma, when the nurse brought him home.

"Dear, dear!" cried aunt Tib, "what a looking child!"

Then the *bonne* told where she found him, and they looked at his hair, and talked so much about it, that Parley-voo wished he could sink through the floor out of sight. And he thought to himself that he would never again touch any thing he had been told not to.

The nurse took him up to the nursery, and dressed him all fresh and nice before his father came home. But the pretty yellow hair was two or three months growing out.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

BABY'S RIDE.

CLEAR the way all, move the playthings aside,
Baby is having a glorious ride :
See! from the hall he comes galloping in,
Dimpled hands folded beneath papa's chin.

Golden curls flying, fat cheeks all aglow,
Three pearly teeth peeping out in a row :

Hark! how he crows, and laughs out in his glee!
Never was baby more happy than he.



Now he goes trotting along to the town,
Far away, far away, up hill and down;
Back to mamma then as quick as he can,
There's a good ride for papa's little man!

THE OLD PUMP.

THIS is the pump that stands in the field near our house.



The well is very deep, and the water is pure and cold. There is a trough at which the cows and horses often

come to drink.

Bridget goes to the pump two or three times a day to get a pail of water. It is quite a task to bring it so far. But Bridget's arms are quite strong. She takes all the care of the hens and cows and pigs.





WINTER ON LAKE CONSTANCE.

THE Lake of Constance, which lies between Switzerland and Germany, is seldom frozen over. The last time it was frozen was in December, 1879. Before that, it had not been frozen over since 1829.

People came from far and near to see it and to skate on it. The lake was black with skaters who were gliding over its surface.

Men, women, and children alike shared the fun. There had not been such skating before for fifty years, and it is no wonder that they made the most of it while it lasted.

In January a warm wind blew for two days: the huge

masses of snow melted, and the little brooks were once more set running down the mountain-sides. But winter was soon back again with redoubled severity, bringing fresh snow and severer frost, and thus keeping the lake frozen.

On Candlemas Day (the second day of February) there was a grand festival on the ice. The peasants came from far and near. There were thousands of them there. In the evening there was a grand illumination, and after that there were fireworks, and then a dance on the ice.

In summer the water of Lake Constance is of a dark green color. The River Rhine enters it at the western end, and flows out at the eastern end. The lake is about forty-four miles long and nine miles wide.

The view of the frozen lake from the mountains is said to have been very fine. As you looked down on its smooth glittering surface, the skaters moving over it appeared like mere specks, while the houses in the village were like doll-houses.

LEONORA, from the German.



SWAN-UPPING.



HERE we have a picture that tells its own story. It reminds me of some swans in my native island, England, and of a curious custom called "swan-upping."

Some miles from London, on one of the most beautiful parts of the River Thames, a great number of swans are kept, which are owned by the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies.

The owners value them so highly, and take such care of them, that they have about as nice a time as any birds could wish to have. I fancy that these Thames swans hold their



heads higher, and feel prouder, than any other swans in England.

They build their nests in the osier-beds, by the side of the river, but out of the reach of the water. These nests are compact, handsome structures, formed of osiers, or reeds.

Every pair of swans has its own walk, or district, within

which no other swans are permitted to build. Every pair has a keeper appointed to take the entire charge of them.

The keeper receives a small sum for every cygnet that is reared; and it is his duty to see that the nest is not disturbed. Sometimes he helps these lordly birds by building the foundation of the nest for them.

Once a year, in August, the swans are counted and



marked. This is called "swan-upping," and a good time it used to be. In gayly decorated barges, with flags flying, and music playing, the city authorities came up the river to take up the swans and mark them.

The "upping" began on the first Monday after St. Peter's Day. But, before the swans could be taken up, they had to be caught. This was no easy matter; for the swans are strong; and often they would lead the uppers a hard chase among the crooks of the river.

The mark of the Vintners' Company is two nicks: hence came the well-known sign on so many inns in England, "The Swan with Two Necks," a corruption from "two nicks."

These "Thames swans" are very beautiful birds, and well worth a trip up the river to see: so I hope, that, if ever the little readers of "The Nursery" take a trip to England, they will visit Hurley in Bucks, and there they will find "The Swans with Two Nicks."

B. P.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.



KNOW two children, — a little girl named Helen, and a little boy named Lewis. Sometimes in the evening, after tea, they come to me, and say, "Papa, will you be the man in the moon and take us all a-sailing?"

Then I get into the rocking-chair, take Helen on one knee and Lewis on the other, and as they lean on my breast, with their eyes shut, I rock and talk to them thus: —

"Here we are up in the sky on the moon. Oh, how high we are! Below us see the clouds blown about like feathers. Here we are safe and sound in the moon. Look down, and see the trees on the earth. There's where the birds are going to bed. Do you see that streak that looks like a silver ribbon? That is a river flowing to the sea. Now we are over the ocean. You can see our moonlight like great plates of silver all over it. See! there comes a ship all white. It looks as if it had its nightdress on.

"Here we are over a town. How beautiful the streets look with gas-lamps burning! And see all the pretty things in the shop-windows. I know what Helen is looking at.

It is the big doll dressed in silk and satin. I know what Lewis is looking at. He is looking at the ginger-bread.

"Oh! now we are just over a little white house. I can see through the window a man with two children in his lap. Oh, dear! he's going to do something dreadful with them."

"What's that?" asks Helen. "Put them to bed," I say. But Lewis says nothing. He is fast asleep.

HIKRONIMUS.

THE BOY AND THE CAT.



SEE this small boy on the kitchen-table. How did he ever get up there with such little short legs? And what is he looking at?

He is looking out of the window. He sees a cat on the sill outside. It is an old strange cat.

The little boy is fond of kittens; but he does not like cats. He is not polite to the strange cat.

"What do you want here?" he says. "Why do you stare at me so? Do you want to eat me? I'm not a mouse. Go away!"

The cat answers with one word, "Mew!"

"What do you say?" asks the boy. "Are you cold? Do you want to come in? Do you want some milk?"



And all that the cat says is, "Mew !"

"Go away !" says the boy again. "My mother does not like strange cats. I do not like strange cats. If you are hungry, go and catch a rat. You can't come in here."



The cat does not budge an inch. But still she answers with a pitiful "Mew !"

Cats cannot talk ; but they can think. This cat looks in at the window and sees the boy. This is what she thinks.

"That boy looks like a boy that I knew when I was a kitten. I was a pet then. Now I am a cat without any home. Nobody cares for me. I go from house to house ;

but nobody takes me in. I wonder if I can't make that little boy take pity on me. I will try.

"Ah! he treats me like everybody else. He tells me to go away. Pretty soon he will say, 'Scat!' and throw water on me. No: he will not do that. He is so much like the little boy who used to pet me when I was a kitten, that I will not run away from him. I will beg to be let in."

So the cat sat still and said, "Mew!"



And the cat did not make a mistake. The little boy did take pity on her at last. He toddled off to his mother as fast as his legs would carry

him, and got a pan of milk, which he set on the floor.

His mother opened the window for him, and the strange cat came in. How eagerly she lapped up the milk! She was really a very nice cat. The little boy soon began to make a pet of her.

And the cat was happy, and the boy was happy; and I don't know which was the happier of the two. UNCLE SAM.

BABY-BROTHER.

THIS is my baby-brother,
Just one year old to-day:
He cannot talk, he cannot walk;
But he can laugh and play!



Step out now, baby-brother,
And use your feet so small;
Oh, never fear! while I am
here,
You shall not have a fall.

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

Words by IDA FAY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Lively.

mf

1. The birdies are mer-ri-ly sing-ing; And Minnie is mer-ri-ly swinging; And

Min-nie is mer-ri-ly swing-ing; Safe from the for-est tree, . . .

Hangs the swing you may see; And the breeze a sweet o-dor is bringing,

Under green leaves so free.

2 Hold tight to the ropes, little lady,
|| All round us is pleasant and shady; ||
And now we will not go,
Where the sun scorches so,
But will stay in the grove, little lady,
Where the cool streamlets flow.

3 You sit the swing well I am thinking,
|| Your eyes, as you rise, never blinking; ||
You're brave, you little girl,
But your hair's out of curl;
Very soon at the glass you'll be prinking;
Smoothing each glossy curl.



THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.



WHEN Charley was eight years old, his father gave him, for a birthday present, a nice fishing-line.

The little boy was greatly pleased. He had fished often in a tub of water with a pin-hook ; but now, for the first time, he had a real fishing-line and pole, and was able to go a-fishing in earnest.

The very first pleasant day, he got leave from his father to go to the pond and try his luck.

"Be sure to bring home a good mess of fish, Charley," said his father.

"Oh, yes! papa," said Charley, and with his fishing-pole on his shoulder out he went.

What fun it was! First he dug some worms for bait; then he baited his hook nicely; then he took his stand on a little platform, made on purpose for the use of fishermen, and threw out his hook.

There he stood, in the shade of the old willow-tree, and waited for the fish to bite. As he looked down into the calm, clear water, he saw a boy, just about his own size, looking up at him. He had no other company.

He kept close watch of the pretty painted cork, expecting every moment to see it go under water. But for a long, long time it floated almost without motion.

Charley's patience began to give out. "I don't believe there are any fish here," thought he. Just then the cork dipped a little on one side. Then it stopped. Then it dipped again.

"Hurrah!" said Charley, and he pulled up the line with a jerk. Was there a fish on it? Not a bit of one. But the bait was all gone.

"Never mind!" said Charley, "I'll catch him next time." He baited the hook, and threw it out again. The sport was getting exciting.

Pretty soon the cork bobbed under, as before. "Now I have him!" said Charley. He pulled up once more, and this time with such a jerk that he tossed the hook right over his head, and it caught in the weeds behind him. But there was no fish on it.

"The third time never fails," said Charley, as he threw

out his line again. He waited now until the cork was pulled clear under water ; then he lifted it out, without too much haste, and, sure enough, he had caught a fish.

How long do you suppose it had taken him to do it? Pretty nearly all the forenoon. No matter ! he had one fish to carry home, and he had had a real good time besides.

Charley has caught many a mess of fish since then ; but I doubt if he has ever enjoyed the sport more than he did in catching that one fish.

UNCLE SAM.



A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A DONKEY walking with a lion, fancied himself a lion also, and pretended not to know his own brother.



THE HEN-YARD DOOR.

WHEN careless Tommy fed the fowls,
He did not shut the door;
Out came the rooster and the hens;
Out came the pullets four;
Out came old Speckle-wings, with six
Bewitching little Bantam chicks.

At once the hens began to cluck,
The cock began to crow,
And here and there, and everywhere,
They seemed possessed to go;

They pecked the turnips; in a patch
Of spinach they began to scratch :
And when to drive them in we tried
They straightway to our neighbors hied.



Upon our right, a new-made lawn
Was just with grass-seed sown ;
Upon our left, a garden-plot
With pinks and lilies shone.
In rushed our right-hand neighbor's son,
With flaming face, and said,
“ ‘Shut up your hens,’ my father says,
Or he will shoot them dead.”
Our left-hand neighbor wrote a note, —
“I all the spring have toiled
To rear the lovely flowers I find
Your roving fowls have spoiled.”

To get them home, the livelong day
We tried, till evening gathered gray:
Then back to roost returned the cock,
But some were missing from his flock.
Four hens were with him; where were two?
Perhaps our right-hand neighbor knew!
Back came the pullets, having fed
On dainty pinks, and roses red;
Back came old Speckle; of her six
The cat had caught three little chicks.

We shut the door, and made it fast;
We all were glad the day was past:
We'd lost our hens, and lost our friends;
Our neighbors smile no more;
And all because our careless Tom
Forgot to shut the door!

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



TWO GAMES.

HERE is a boy, full ten years old, playing with a peg-top. What a sight! He might find some better game, I should think. Why is he not out of doors playing baseball? He is big enough to use his arms and legs?



This girl could teach him a much better game than peg-top. She is out on the lawn, all ready to play croquet. She will have fun and fresh air at the same time. Those are two things that all girls and boys need.



MORE ABOUT "ZIP COON."



ZIP COON: he bites!" This is what I told you was printed in large red letters on the door of Zip's house, after he had grown so cross and snappish that he had to be chained up in the wood-shed.

A big countryman came one day with a load of potatoes. Zippy was inside his house, pretending to take a nap. The man saw the printed letters on the little door, and said to himself, "Zip Coon! where is he? I'd like to see him." So he stooped down, and thrust his hand into the house.

You know you can never catch a coon asleep any more than you can a weasel. Zippy's bright little eyes were wide open: so, when the countryman's big hand came bouncing in at the door, Zip, quick as lightning, seized it in his teeth, and gave it a terribly hard bite.

"Goodness, gracious sakes!" cried the man, pulling out his bleeding hand. "What surprisin' chaps them coons be!" He hadn't seen Zippy; but he felt enough of him: so he hurried down cellar with his potatoes, and when he came back had the empty bag wound about his smarting hand.

Zip Coon was very fond of raw eggs. He would take one up in both his hands, and pound it down hard on the wood-house floor. This would crack the shell. Then he would turn the egg around, hold it to his mouth, and suck the inside out, just as you would suck an orange. After he had sucked the shell clean, he would put one little hand inside, scrape the empty shell, and then lick his fingers so as to eat every bit of the egg-meat.

One day, Isabella's sister Ellen gave Zippy a nice, large, fresh egg. He was very glad to get it, you may be sure, and ate it as I have told you. Then he wanted another,

just as you sometimes want another orange. So he took hold of Ellen's hand with one of his hands, and with the other felt way up her sleeve and peeped up with his sharp eyes.

When he found no egg in the sleeve he was angry. He



looked up in Ellen's face in a very wicked way, then stooped down and buried his teeth in her wrist. Then he turned and ran into the house, clanking his chain after him.

Zippy was not always so wicked as this, even after he had to be chained up; but he was very mischievous. Once, the

servants in the kitchen heard a terrible racket in the wood-house. They went out there and found Zippy on a high shelf where the blacking-brushes were kept. He was throwing the blacking-boxes and brushes down, as fast as he could, and there they lay scattered about the floor. His chain was so long, that he had climbed up on the shelf and was having a good time.

But, after a while, Zip Coon became so fierce that Isabella didn't know what to do with him. She was afraid he would do something terrible to somebody: so she gave him to a man who carried him way off where Isabella and her sisters never saw him any more. And this is all I have to tell you about Zip Coon.

HELEN MARR.



SAM AND HIS GOATS.



SAM was a boy about five years old. He lived in the country, and had a nice little black-and-tan dog, Jack, to play with him. Sam wanted a goat. He thought that if he could only have a goat, he would be perfectly happy.

One day, when Sam was playing in the yard, his papa came driving home from town, with something tied in the bottom of the wagon. When he saw Sam, he stopped the horse and called, "Sam, come here, I have something for you."

Sam ran there as fast as he could, and—what do you think?—papa lifted two little goats out of the wagon, and put them down on the ground. One goat was black and one was white. Sam was so glad he did not know what to do. He just jumped up and down with delight.

Then the dog Jack came running out to see the goats

too ; but he did not like them much. He barked at them as hard as he could ; but the goats did not mind him at all.

Pretty soon mamma came to see what Sam had. When she saw the goats, she said, " Why, papa, what will become of us if we have two goats on the place ? " But she was glad because Sam was glad ; and Sam gave his papa about a hundred kisses to thank him for the goats.

For some weeks, the goats ran about the yard, and ate the grass ; and Sam gave them water to drink, out of his little pail, and salt to eat, out of his hand. He liked to feel their



soft tongues on his hand as they ate the salt. The goats would jump and run and play, and Sam thought it was fine fun to run and play with them. Jack would run too, and bark all the time.

But by and by Sam began to get tired of his goats, and his mamma was more tired of them than Sam was. They ate the tops off of her nice rose-bushes ; they ran over her flower-beds ; and one day, when the door was open, one of them ran into the parlor and jumped up on the best sofa.

Mamma said this would never do : so the next day papa found a man who said he would give Sam fifty cents for the

white goat. As Sam wanted to buy a drum, he was glad to sell the goat ; and with fifty cents in his pocket he felt very rich.

Then the other goat was put in the orchard, and he liked it there very much. He liked to have Sam come and play with him. As soon as he saw Sam coming, he would run to meet him, and push him with his head, in play, and try to jump on him.

The goat grew very fast, — much faster than Sam did ; so that soon he was quite a big goat, while Sam was still a very small boy. He got to be so much stronger than Sam, that Sam was a little afraid of him.

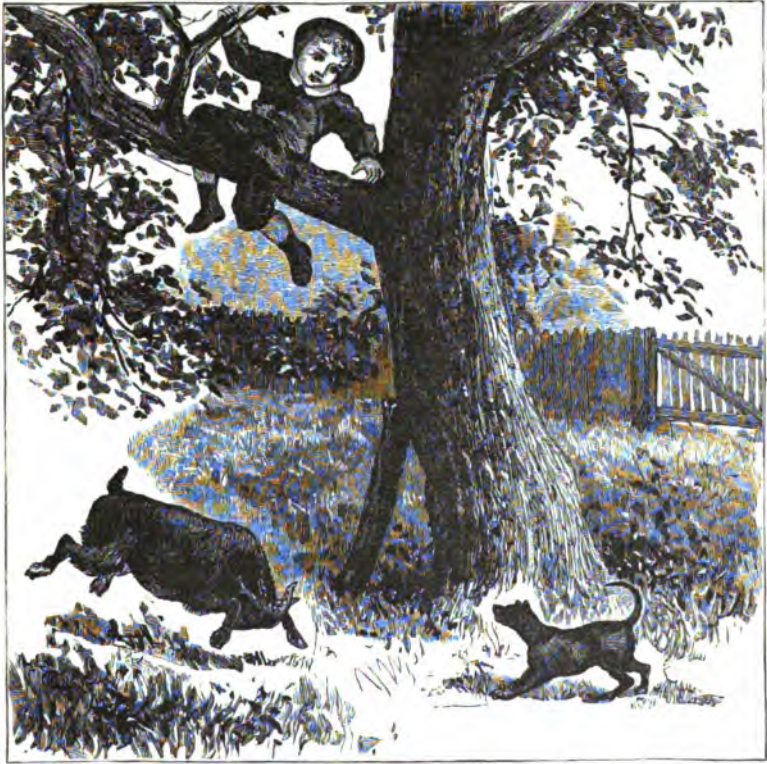


One day, when they were playing, the goat hit Sam with his head, and knocked him down. Sam was scared. He got up, as fast as he could, and tried to run to the gate ; but the goat ran after him, and

Sam had to climb into a tree. It was a nice apple-tree. Sam had often sat up there before, and liked it ; but, now that he was forced to sit there, he did not like it at all.

The goat staid at the foot of the tree, and, when Sam tried to come down, he would shake his head at him, as if to say, "Come down if you dare." Sam did not dare. "Oh, dear !" said he, "what shall I do ?"

There were some green apples on the tree ; and Sam thought, that, if he threw them at the goat, he could drive him away : so he began to pick the apples, and throw them at the goat.



The first one hit the goat right on his head ; but it did not hurt him at all. He just went to where the apple lay, and ate it up ; and every time that Sam threw an apple at him the goat would eat it, and then look at Sam, as if to say, "That is good. Give me some more."

At last Sam said, "Oh, you bad, bad goat ! I wish you would go away. If you don't go away, I'm afraid I shall cry." Then he thought of Jack, and called, "Here, Jack ! Here, Jack !" Jack came running up to see what Sam wanted. Sam said, "At him, Jack ! At him, Jack !"

Jack ran at the goat, and barked at him and tried to bite him ; but the goat kept turning his head to Jack, so that

Jack could not get a chance to bite him. At last the goat got tired of hearing Jack bark, and thought he would give him one hard knock, and drive him away.

So he took a step or two back, and then ran forward, as hard as he could, to hit Jack. But, when his head got to where Jack had been, Jack was not there: he had jumped away. The goat was going so fast, that he could not stop himself, but tumbled over his head, and came down on his back with his legs sticking up in the air.

Sam laughed so hard that he almost fell out of the tree, and Jack was so glad, that he jumped and barked, and tried to bite the goat's legs. At last the goat got up and walked over to the other side of the orchard as far as he could go. Then Sam jumped down out of the tree, and ran to tell his mamma all about it.

MARY DEY.

TOY-LAND.

AND how do you get to Toy-land?

To all little people the joy-land.

Just follow your nose,

And go on tip-toes:

It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And oh! but it's gay in Toy-land, —

This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land;

And woolly dogs white

That never will bite

You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land;
The dollies all think it a joy-land;
 And folks in the ark
 Stay out after dark;
 And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land:
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
 And steamboats are run,
 And steam-cars, for fun:
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
 And bright are the dreams,
 And sunny the beams,
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do we live in Toy-land?—
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land;
 A few days, at best,
 We stay as a guest,
Then good-by forever to Toy-land!

GEORGE COOPER.





MARY'S SQUIRREL.



I WANT to tell you about the little squirrel we have. His name is Frisky. He came from New Jersey, and was quite tame when we got him. We thought it would be better to let him out in the fresh air among the trees ; so we let him out.

I was away at aunt Lizzie's ; but I came home early. Just as Henry and I were going to bed, — Henry is my brother, — the cook called me, and, of course, Henry came after me to see what was the matter.

I could not understand what it was at first ; but pretty soon I saw it was Frisky up in one of the trees on our place. Frisky never bites : so it was not much trouble to catch him.

All the servants were there ; but they could not catch him, because he did not know them : so I made them stand back, and held out a peanut to him. He came down and ate it ; then he trusted me, and came down and ate another. As soon as I got him within reach, I seized him and gave him to William, the gardener, who, while I held the door open, popped him into his cage. I am eight years old, and my name is

MARY WINSOR.





DRAWING-LESSON.

A TURTLE SHOW.

Down in the pond, where willows grow
Along the shore in a golden row,
Is a single rock with its mossy ridge,
And a log as mossy, resting there
Half in the water, and half in the air,
From shore to islet a beautiful bridge;
And the lily-pads on either side
Might tempt the little green frogs to ride;
And the lily-blooms, so purely made,
Do tempt the little white feet to wade.

What do you think I saw one day
In the month of June, as I passed that way?
Five little turtles, all in a row,
On the top of the log, — a funny show, —
For they carried their houses on their backs,
And tucked their toes out through the cracks
Under the eaves! while their heads and tails
Played hide-and-seek behind the scales.

They had golden dots on every shell;
And they stood so still, and “dressed” so well,
You might think they were called up to spell;
And a “master” turtle, big and brown,
On the top of the rock sat looking down

In a learned way, as you might say
To "put out words," — and perhaps 'twas so,
Though I heard no word, — but this, I know,
The five little heads looked so very wise
With their little bead eyes, they must have heard
If ever the master pronounced a word.



In school or not, it was getting hot ;
And by and by, as the sun rose high,
With the June-like drowsiness it sheds,
They could not keep from going to sleep ;
And what do you think they did with their heads ?
Swallowed them ! Oh, then, laugh, if you will ;
But true it is, still :

Into their necks, as a sailor would slide
His spy-glass into its leathern hide,
They slid their five little heads away
From the sight of man and the light of day.

While I stood watching them, still as a mouse,
Pleased at their comical way to keep house,
I heard a terrible splash and croak,
As a great bull-frog leapt up on the log,
In a way to frighten such simple folk.
Five little turtles, quick as a wink,
Into the water slip and sink ;
And one big turtle, just as quick,
Off from the log goes down like a brick.

Ah, well! my turtles are not like boys,
They can live in the pond, and they do hate
noise!

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.



LITTLE Mary in the picture is afraid of Jacob, the chimney-sweep. He does look black and ugly; but he is a good boy, for all that, and Mary ought not to be afraid of him.

His parents died when he was very small, and he was bound out to a master, who taught him how to clean chimneys. Jacob did not like the work at first, and was



afraid to go up the chimney ; but now that he has got used to it, he likes it quite well. He sometimes sings a merry song while he is at work.

Mary's mother has sent for him to come and clean out her chimney ; for it is choked up with soot, and she cannot make her fire burn.

LEONORA, from the German.



BILLY AND BRUISER.

BILLY is a small boy : Bruiser is a big dog. They are great friends. Billy gets on Bruiser's back, and treats him as if he were a horse.

Bruiser takes this as a good joke. He likes to have Billy play with him in this way. But it would not be safe for anybody else to do it.

Bruiser is a grand watch-dog. One day the old dog gave a fierce growl to keep off a butterfly.

He thought the butterfly was going to attack Billy. Billy had a good laugh at this ; for, small as he is, he thinks he is a match for a butterfly.

UNCLE CHARLES.

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS.

THIS little maiden is out for a
walk,

A fair little maiden
is she;

And I really believe she
is having a talk

With a bird flying down
from a tree.



She asks him to tell of his home
in the woods;

He sings of the summer so
gay;

While a very tall maiden
sits by on the
grass,

And hears every
word that they say.





“IF I WERE ONLY A KING.”



NE fine, warm, summer day, four children were playing together in the garden.

“Oh!” said one of them, “if I were only a king, I would live in a beautiful castle that should reach up to the clouds.”

“And I,” said another, “would wear nothing but gold and silver clothes.”

“If I were one,” cried a little boy, “I would do nothing but eat cake and pudding all day long.”

“And I,” said a little girl, blushing, “would give money to all the poor children I saw, so that they might buy food and clothes.”

Which of these children do you think would have made the best ruler?

LEONORA, from the German.

USE BEFORE BEAUTY.

THE hens and turkeys were scratching for their breakfast in front of the barn-door; while the dog lay lazily looking on. The proud peacock stood on the fence near by, and spread his tail out, that the morning sun might shine on it, and make it still more beautiful.

"Ah!" said the peacock to one of the hens, "do you not wish that you were as handsome as I am? Then you would never have to scratch for your food, but would be fed and taken care of and admired."

"I wish nothing of the kind," said the hen. "There is something which men prize more than beauty, and that is usefulness. If I were as fine and gay as you are, men would miss the eggs I lay."

"That is just my view of the case," said a goose. "If I were not a goose, I should like to be a hen. I would not be a lazy peacock."

"She is quite right," said the dog. "You are very beautiful to look at, Master Peacock, but that is all you are good for. Take comfort in your fine feathers, but don't boast."






SUMMER RAMBLES.

BRING the children to the fields,
Where the sheep are straying;
With the birds and butterflies
Let them now be playing,—
In the hollow on the hill,
All the green lawn over,
Through the yellow buttercups,
Down among the clover.

With the sunshine in their hearts,
In their cheeks the roses,
Let them breathe the balmy air,
Let them gather posies.
In the merry month of June,
Summer's fairest weather,
Let the children and the flowers
Bud and bloom together.

TEN MINUTES WITH JOHNNY.

O grandpa's cows chew gum, like Mr. Connor's cows, mamma?" asked Johnny, a few days ago, as he stood emptying his pockets of hay-seed on the dining-room carpet, after a visit to the barn.

"Cuds you mean, don't you, dear?" asked mamma.

"No, gum. Mr. Connor says it's gum; and they're his cows: so he knows."

"No, grandpa's cows chew cud, like all good grass-eating cows. Perhaps Mr. Connor's cows do not eat grass or hay."

"Yes, they do," said Johnny. "I've seen 'em."

"Well, then," said mamma, "they must chew cud."

"What are cud, mamma?"

"Why, after the cow has chewed the fresh green grass or the dry hay in her mouth, she sends it down into a large stomach, to be soaked; then she sends it into another stomach, to be rolled into balls; then up it goes into her mouth again, to be chewed over; and each little ball is a cud."

"Doesn't she have any other stomach for it to go into then, mamma?"

"Yes, two more. Do you have four stomachs, like a cow?"

"No, of course I don't. I don't chew cud."

"Well, you may get a brush and dust-pan, and brush up that hay-seed from the carpet; then come with me, and I'll show you a picture of a giant kangaroo with her baby in a fur bag."

"Oh! where does she live, mamma?"

"Brush up that hay-seed, then I'll tell you all about her," said mamma. With this promise in view, Johnny hastened

to brush up the litter he had made, talking to himself the while, somewhat after this wise, —

“Chew away, old cow! You’ll have to keep your big teeth going all night to keep all those stomachs at work. One stomach, two stomachs, three-e-e, four-r-r. All ready, mamma!”

MRS. G. I. HOPKINS.

A CAT STORY.

DID you ever see a cat laugh? Look at the cat in the picture, and see if she is not laughing. It is plain to me that she is.

What is she laughing at? Why, that is plain enough too. She is amused at the talk of those two little girls about her kittens.

There are four kittens, — just two for each; but little Jenny wants to take them all up in her arms, though she can hardly hold more than one. This is what pleases the old cat.

Now I am going to tell you a cat story.

Once, when I taught school in the country, I boarded at farmer Clark’s house, where there were sixteen cats, — Yes, sixteen cats! There was a big yellow cat, and a big gray cat, and a big black-and-white cat, and lots of little kittens.

The big gray cat was named Gussy. She was the grandmother of them all. She lived in the house. The rest staid around the barn. Farmer Clark was a good man, and did not believe in killing any thing that was not dangerous to life or property. So no little kittens were drowned, if he knew it.

Mrs. Clark taught me how to make butter; and I was told to feed the skimmed milk to the cats. There were two



large dish-pans that I used for this purpose. They were shallow and leaky ; but precious little time there was for the milk to leak.

As soon as I appeared at the door, and called, "Tom, Tom!" the cats came tumbling, pell-mell, mewing, and rubbing against me. It was a sight to see.

First, there would be a thick row of cats around the pans,

—so thick that only sixteen tails and thirty-two hind-legs could be seen. The next minute the heads would go lower, and the fore-paws would go up on the edge of the pans.

Then a kitten would jump in. Then they would all fight, and push, and spit, and snarl to get to the lower side of the pan, where the milk was the deepest.

And then it was all gone. And the pans would be licked clean. And then sixteen tongues licked sixteen jaws, and thirty-two eyes appealed for more. But it was no use to beg. Then sixty-four legs trotted off, and only old Gussy went into the house; while the others went to the barn.

There were no rats or mice around those premises, I tell you. I often wonder how many cats there are at farmer Clark's now. And sometimes I dream about them. This is a true story.

AUNT FAN.

TOM'S APPLE.



AH! ugh! oh!" cried little Tom. "There's a worm in my red apple, mamma."

"Is he a pretty worm?" asked his mamma, looking up from her sewing.

"Pretty, mamma! Who ever heard of a worm being pretty? No, no! he's a horrid crawling thing. I sha'n't eat any more of the apple. I couldn't, now I've seen him in it."

"Let me see him," said mamma: so Tommy brought the apple to his mother.

"Why, yes, he's a beauty," said she. "Just look at that

little red cap he wears, and see how soft and white his skin is. If nobody had picked that apple, he would have spun a little rope from out his body, and let himself down from the high tree, down, down, to the earth.

"Then he would have crawled into a little hole in the ground. When he had covered himself all over with a gray sheet, he would sleep, sleep, sleep. But by and by he would awaken.

"He would come out of the tight shroud, and find that he had airy, gauzy wings with which he could fly: so he would go flitting and fluttering up into the warm sunshine to find an apple-blossom."

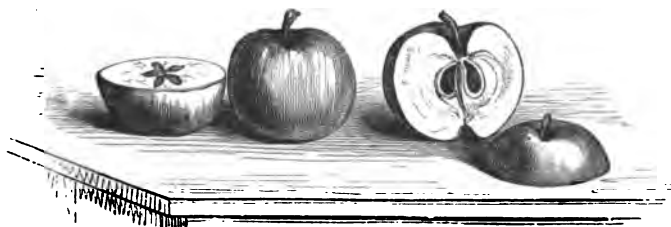
"What would he want of an apple-blossom?" asked Tommy, much interested now in his apple-worm.

"Oh, to lay an egg in," said mamma. "And, when the apple-blossoms grew, the egg would be softly wrapped within its pink heart. And when the blossom turned into an apple there would be a tiny baby-worm to feed upon the white pulp. Then some day, perhaps, some other little boy would exclaim, 'Bah! ugh! oh!' about him, as my little boy did just now about the mam'ma-worm."

"Oh!" said Tom thoughtfully. "I'm glad nobody will have that chance: here goes."

And he tossed the apple, worm and all, out of the window.

MRS. G. I. HOPKINS.



SEE-SAW.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Swingly.

1. See - - saw! high and low, That's the way we

The first system of musical notation for 'See-Saw'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. See - - saw! high and low, That's the way we' are written below the treble staff.

love to go. With a bound, Up we fly, From the

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'love to go. With a bound, Up we fly, From the' are written below the treble staff.

ground To the sky; From the ground To the sky. All a-board for

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'ground To the sky; From the ground To the sky. All a-board for' are written below the treble staff.

Fun-land, oh! See - saw! high and low.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Fun-land, oh! See - saw! high and low.' are written below the treble staff.

2. See-saw! birdies play
On the tree-tops, just this way;
And the bees
Rock the rose,
When they please
With their toes!
And the winds the wavelets blow,
See-saw! high and low.

3. See-saw! oh, what sport!
Wish the days were not so short!
Girls and boys,
Everywhere,
Rosy joys,
Earth so fair!
Gayer playmates do you know?
See-saw! high and low.



“HOME IN SIGHT.”



COME on deck, all hands, old and young, great and small, sick and well! Here is a sight that will do you good.”

So said the bluff old captain to his passengers. Up they came, one after another, at the summons. The lady who was so worn down with sea-sickness sat with her head resting languidly on her husband's shoulder. The rest stood in groups, looking out upon the water.

The voyage had been a long one, and, though they were

not all sea-sick, all were heartily sick of the sea,—all except two little children, a girl and a boy, whose faces were always bright and merry.

"What is there to be seen, captain?" said the children's mother, after trying in vain to make out any thing except sea and sky.

"Don't you know?" said the old man. "Let me point it out then to this little sailor."

So, taking little Willie in his arms while the vessel leaned before the breeze, he pointed with his forefinger, and said, "Do you see that dark-blue cloud right on the edge of the water, just where it meets the sky?"

"Yes, I see it," said the bright-eyed youngster.

"Well, do you know what it is, my lad? It isn't a cloud at all. That's land. Now do you know what land it is?"

"No, sir," said Willie.

"Then I'll tell you. It is old Cape Cod.—We are in sight of home, ladies and gentlemen," said the captain addressing his passengers. "We shall make Boston Light to-night, if this wind holds good."

This speech brought great applause. Then the captain sang out, —

"Cheer up, my lively lads, spite of wind and weather!
Cheer up, my lively lads, and we'll go home together!"

"Hold me up," said little Ellen, "and let me see."

Then the captain held her up too; and when the children's mother, who had a fine voice, started the song, —

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,"

all the passengers, not even excepting the sick lady, took part in the chorus.



NELLIE AND KITTY.

NEE little Nellie playing with her kitten. She had waked up early ; but nurse was not ready to dress her.

She was just going to cry, when the kitten jumped up on the bed, and stood there with such a comical look, that, instead of crying, Nellie could not help laughing.

Then she got a string and began to play with kitty ; so that when the nurse came in she found them both quite happy.

One day, Nellie was playing with her Joll, and put it down

in her lap. Kitty, who had been watching her all the time, jumped up in Nellie's lap, pushed the doll out, and lay down, looking at her mistress, as if to say, —

“What did you take her up for? I am the only one that has any right here.”

L. E. H.



THE PRISONER.

THE old hawk has been caught at last, and has been put in a cage, from which he cannot escape to do any more mischief. The fowls all come from the barnyard to see him. They dare go near him now, for they know he cannot harm them.

The sparrow looks saucily at him, saying, “Ah, ha, Sir Hawk! You have scared me many a time with your sharp

claws and hooked beak ; but now I am a match for you. It was fine fun for you to kill little chickens. Now you see what comes of it."

"Yes indeed," cries the turkey, "he killed seven dear little chickens. How glad I am that he is caught at last ! I'll give him a piece of my mind now, but he can't have any more chickens."

"Ah !" says the hawk, "you talk very bravely ; but, if I were let out of this cage, you would not stare at me much longer."

The fowls walk slowly away without saying more. But the pert young sparrow bristles up, and dares the hawk to come out and fight him. It is very easy to be brave when there is no danger.

LEONORA, from the German.

CONTENTMENT.

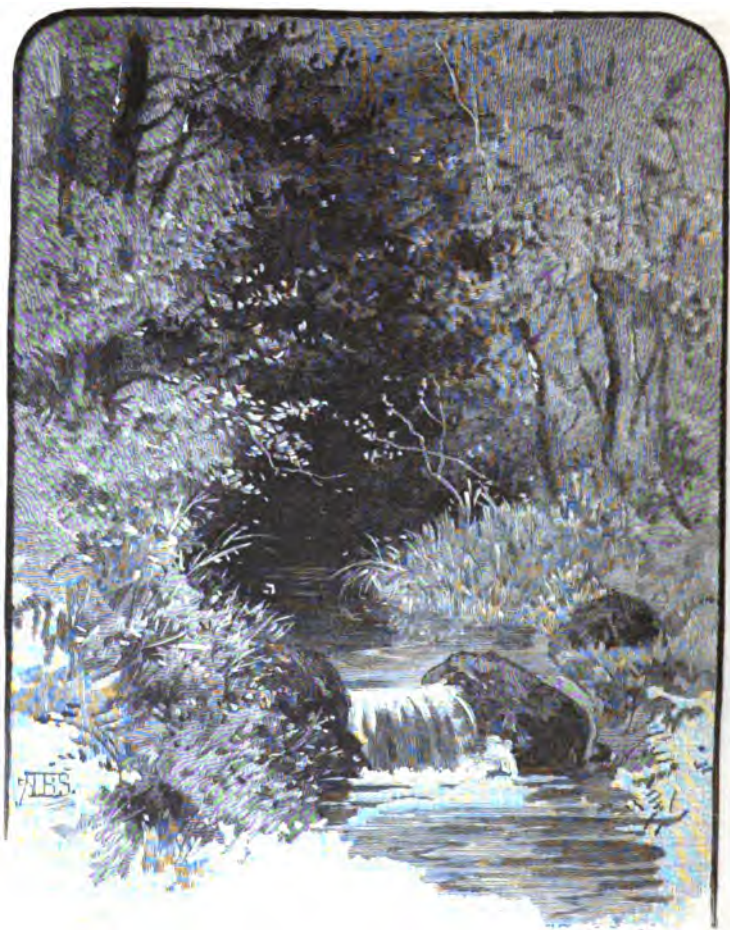
WHEN the roses bloom sweet and red,
And the daisy has lifted her shining head ;
When birds are still in the brooding nest, —
Of all the seasons summer is best.

When the golden-rod's torches shine, —
And the purple grapes drop ripe from the vine ;
When the reddening maples light up the way,
There is nothing so good as an autumn day.

When the hills are white with snow,
And only the frostflowers dare to blow ;
When sleigh-bells chime from far and near, —
Winter's the best time of all the year.

When the wild brooks begin to leap,
And out of the earth the mosses creep ;
When swallows twitter, and robins call, —
Spring is the very best time of all.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



THE BROOK.

FROM a fountain
In a mountain,
Drops of water ran,
Trickling through the grasses :
So our brook began.

Slow it started ;
Soon it darted,
Cool and clear and free,
Rippling over pebbles,
Hurrying to the sea.

Children straying
 Came a-playing
 On its pretty banks:
 Glad, our little brooklet
 Sparkled up its thanks.



Blossoms floating,
 Mimic boating,
 Fishes darting past,—
 Swift and strong and happy,
 Widening very fast,

Bubbling, singing,
 Rushing, ringing,
 Flecked with shade and sun,
 Soon our pretty brooklet
 To the sea has run.

ELLEN SOULE CARHART.



TWO PETS.

ANN has a large black cat, of which she is very fond. See how she clasps it in her arms! She pets it and hugs it from morning till night. I think the cat loves Ann too; for it does not even try to scratch her.



But here is a better pet than a cat. It is a dear little babe in its nurse's arms. The nurse is taking it out for a walk. She loves it dearly, and see how lovingly it clings to her! Love wins love, you know.



I. H. G.



BLUEBERRYING.

THE grass is scorching in the sun ;
 'Tis summer's hottest weather ;
But Dick and Tom start bravely forth
 For blueberries together.
Their tin pails glitter in the light,
 The dippers in them rattle,
As up the long green lane they go,
 Among the browsing cattle.

Close underneath the pasture fence
They find some scattered bushes:
"There is some better place beyond,"
Says Dick, and on he pushes,
Through tangled brake, o'er stumbling stones,
And up some steep black ledges,
Where thick the blueberry-bushes grow
Along the rocky edges.

"But these are very dry and small,"
Says Tommy: "I would rather
Look round and find some better place,
And larger berries gather."
Down the sharp rocks, across the brook,
And through a bog, they ramble:
They find some berries, big and blue,
Outpeering from a bramble.

"These dreadful running blackberry-vines!"
Says Dick: "they are so prickly!
I will not stop; some better place
We surely shall find quickly."
Through the long field they wandering stray,
In the hot sunshine going:
"Beneath the wood-lot trees," says Tom,
"There must be nice ones growing."

And so they find them thick and ripe ;
But, from among them darting,
A hissing adder lifts its head,
And, suddenly upstarting,
The frightened boys drop both their pails,
The berries from them spilling.
“Let’s hurry home,” says Tom. Says Dick,
“I’m sure that I am willing.”

So back they come with tattered clothes,
Scratched, sunburnt, soiled, and tired ;
“To go again,” says pouting Tom,
“I never could be hired.”
“Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!” cries Dick,
A doleful little fretter,
“We’ve lost each good place we have had,
By looking for a better!”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE WOUNDED LAMB.

EARLY one bright morning, three little girls who were spending the summer on their uncle's farm went out to gather wild flowers in the woods not far from the house. Just as they came to the edge of the wood, they heard the faint bleating of a lamb.

They listened, keeping very still, but could not make out where the sound came from. Then Mary, the eldest of the three, said, "Let us each go a different way, and hunt till we find the poor little thing."

They did so; and in a few minutes, Lulu the youngest called to the others, "I've found it! I've found it! Come, Mollie and Bessie, come quick and help me; for the dear little lamb is hurt, and I'm afraid it will die."

You may be sure that they all ran quickly, and it was well that they did; for the lamb had broken its leg, and could not have lived much longer if some one had not taken care of it. They found Lulu trying to help the poor creature; but she could do little except to soothe it.

Just then Bessie looked up, and saw the farmer not far off. She called loudly to him. He came at once, took the lamb tenderly in his arms, carried it home, laid it on a soft bed, and gave it some warm milk.

Very soon the lamb began to revive, much to the delight of the children; and little Lulu would hardly leave its side all that day.

With such kind care the lamb got well fast. It soon became a great pet with all the little girls, though their uncle said, that, as Lulu had found it, she should give it a name, and call it hers.

For some time she was quite puzzled to know what to call it; but one day, when Bessie was stroking it, she said, "Why lambie, your fleece is as fine and soft as floss!"



“ Oh, now I know what to call this pet,” said Lulu, “ I’ll call it Flossy,” and it went by that name all summer.


The next winter, when their uncle came to see them in the city, the children inquired for their little pet, Flossy.

“ Flossy is a big sheep now,” he said ; “ but I think she

remembers you, for when I go among the flock, she always comes and rubs her nose against me, and looks up, as much as to say, 'Where are those three girls that used to play with me last summer?' "

EMILY CARTER.

LISA.

ISA was a little German girl who lived in a village on the seacoast. Her father was a fisherman, and sometimes he would take her with him on pleasant days when he went in his boat.

They would start in the morning, and after sailing about, and catching a good load of fish, would come home at noon to the nice dinner which Lisa's elder sister had prepared for them.

One day Lisa was alone in the house. Her sister had gone away to spend the day, and her father was out fishing. A heavy storm came up. It rocked the house, and blew the shutters to and fro; but Lisa never heeded it, for she was thinking of her father.

After the storm had ceased, she went to the door and looked out. An old fisherman was passing with his son. She asked him about her father. He pointed out the place where he had seen him before the storm, and said, "I fear that your father's boat has been driven upon the rocks, for it is no longer to be seen."

Without a moment's delay, Lisa tied on her hat, and hastened down to the shore. She got into a boat, and was pushing off, when an old sailor stopped her, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going in search of my father," said she.

"I will go with you, my good girl," said the sailor; and he sprang into the boat, and took the oars.

They rowed out to the rocks, for the sea had gone down. Poor Lisa's heart sank within her as she gazed upon that angry coast; for the first thing that caught her eyes was a fragment of a boat.

Yes, her father's boat had surely been wrecked. "Oh,



my dear, dear father!" said Lisa, bursting into tears, "I shall never see him again."

But hark! There comes a shout, "Boat ahoy!" Lisa's heart beats wildly, for it is her father's voice. Quick as thought, the sailor pulls to the place where the sound came from. And there Lisa found her father clinging to a rock. What a joyful meeting there was! And how happy Lisa felt to think that she had gone so promptly to the rescue!

There were thankful hearts in the fisherman's cottage that night; and Lisa never forgot the good old sailor who had proved such a true friend in time of need.

THE SOLDIERS.

FIVE gallant soldiers standing in a row,
Five nimble soldiers marching to and fro.

First General Spry,
Next Colonel Try,
Then Major Tall,
And Sergeant Dapper,
And Corporal Small.

FIVE gallant soldiers all in fine array,
Five dashing soldiers meet them on the way.

First General Stout,
Next Colonel Look-out,
Then Major Trim,
And Sergeant Taper,
And Corporal Slim.

TEN gallant soldiers waiting our command,
Look, and you will see them, — five upon
each hand.



DRAWING—LESSON.

JENNY AND BENNY.

Was ever child so lovely!

Was ever child so
fair!



Had ever child such
bright blue eyes,
Such lips, such
golden hair!

Say, is there any baby

With this one to compare?

Oh, yes! there is one other

That's just as good as
she:

It is my baby-brother,

Whose picture here

you see.

N. M. O.





THE PET FAWN.



NE day, Albert, who lived in a city, received a letter from his papa, who was absent in the country, which I think my little readers will enjoy also, and so I have got Albert's permission to give it to them. This is the letter:—

My dear little Boy, — In a lonely place, just at the edge of a wood, where I was detained, week before last, I came across a most delightful

little pet. You could not guess in twenty guesses what it was, and so I will tell you at once.

It was a fawn about eight months old. I am sure if you could have seen him you would never have given papa a moment's rest till you had him as your own pet; and perhaps I shall have something to say to you about that by and by.

Well, this charming little pet was of a light yellowish-brown color, and over his whole body were white spots about the size of a dime.

Some boys had surprised him asleep, when he was about a week old, and had carefully taken him home with them. There he had been tended and made much of by the whole family, and so he had grown to have a genuine affection for his captors.

He was allowed full freedom to go about the woods as he chose, and never failed to return at night; and when called by name — for the boys had named him Dick — he would come bounding up as if he dearly loved to be petted.

It was amusing to see him eat milk. When the saucer was set before him and he commenced to lap the milk, he would beat a tattoo with one of his front feet. He never lapped his saucer of milk without, in this manner, beating the floor with his hoof.

Now, my little boy, I do wish that these boys might be induced to sell this fawn. If I could get him, don't you think a little boy that I could name would have a beautiful pet? But we will not expect too much, will we?

Your loving PAPA.

I want to tell my little readers that Albert has a fawn which he calls his own and pets and caresses. It has a blue ribbon around its neck with a little bell attached, and we all laugh to see it beat a tattoo with its little foot while it laps milk from a saucer. Albert says, "It's ten times more beautiful, and a hundred times dearer than papa wrote about."

CHARLES T. JEROME.





HOW THE SHEEP FOUND BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep awoke from her sleep;
Her eyes opened wide and wider;
For she found herself seated on the grass
With an old sheep standing beside her.


"Little Bo-peep," said the good old sheep,
"How glad I am that we've found you!
Here we are — rams and sheep and lambs —
All flocking up around you."

"You blessed sheep," said little Bo-peep,
"I've been worried to death about you."
"We've been searching for you," said the good
old sheep:
"We wouldn't go home without you."

DORA BURNSIDE.



THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

ELEN GRAHAM was spending the winter with her mother in Nice. This is a charming place in the south of France, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, and their home there was in a pretty villa.

One morning, as Helen was watering and trimming her plants at the open window, — for the air is warm and pleasant in Nice, even in winter, — she heard a soft voice calling just underneath, "*Mademoiselle, achetez mes fleurs, s'il vous plait ?*" In English this means, "Please buy my flowers, miss?"

Helen looked down, and there stood a little barefooted,

dark-eyed girl, a good deal smaller than herself, holding up a bunch of roses and violets. Her face was so sweet and smiling, that Helen could not refuse her: so she said in French, "How much are they, little girl?"

"*Dix centimes seulement*" ("only two cents"), she replied.



"Come round to the door, and I will buy them," said Helen.

The girl ran quickly to the door. When Helen learned from her that her mother was very poor, she gave her more than the price of her flowers; and the little girl's face fairly beamed with delight when she went away.

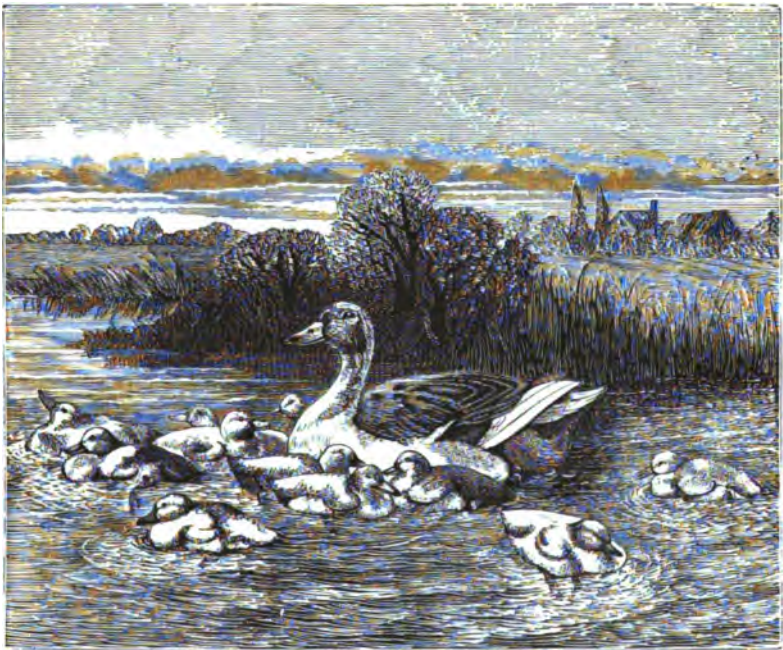
IDA FAY.

MABEL AND THE BUST.

UPON the floor our little Mabel sits,
Gazing, with wonder and delight,
Upon a marble bust. She cons it o'er,
With visage keen and bright,
Till cautiously upon the stone she lays
Her dimpled fingers white.



A tiny frown drives all the smiles away.
She scans the image with a rueful stare,
Then turning from it with a quivering lip,
The fickle baby wails in deep despair.
“What is it that disturbs my little pet?”
She cannot pull his hair!



FEEDING THE DUCKS.



PEAK for it if you want it," said little Johnny, holding out a piece of bread to the old duck.

She had just come in with her large family from a swim in the pond.

"Quack, quack!" said the duck, waddling up, and opening her great bill.

"Don't let the old duck swallow your finger, Johnny!" said Ellen.

Johnny dropped the bread. The greedy duck snatched it, and in less than half a minute she opened her great bill again, and quacked for more.

Meanwhile grandma had been throwing out meal to the ducklings. But one pert little duckling was not satisfied with that.



He lifted up his head, and fluttered his little bits of wings, and opened his mouth, and tried to quack, as much as to say, —

“I don’t like meal and water. I want to have what ma has. Give me some too.”

This made Ellen laugh: it was so like some children that she had seen!

"TIT FOR TAT."

LITTLE Tommy Tompkins sitting on a log
Holds a conversation with a consequential frog.

"Little Tommy Tompkins," says that frog, says he,
"Yesterday I saw you fling a stone at me.

"I had my new green coat on: you nearly ruined that!
Little Tommy Tompkins, I believe in 'tit for tat,'"

"Please, I didn't mean to," cries Tommy in affright,
"I know — boo-hoo — 'twas wrong. I know it wasn't right."

"Little Tommy Tompkins," the dreadful frog replies,
"Dry your tears, and stop your noise, and from that log arise.

"The sport of being stoned you shall have a chance to see;
I hope it will be fun for you; 'twill be jolly fun for me."

Then on a sudden Tommy goes tumbling with a splash
Down to the muddy water, while froggie makes a dash,

And, sitting on the log, oh many a stone throws he,
Hitting wretched little Tommy with considerable glee.

"Hold on!" cries Tommy, vainly. "You're nothing but a frog!"
Comes the answer, as the stones fly faster from the log.

Was ever boy so wretched! was ever frog so glad!
I really don't know what would have happened to the lad.

But by chance a wandering bee stung young Tommy on the nose,
And, waking from a fearful dream, up from that log he rose.

LONELY JACK.



HO do you suppose Jack was? Not a boy, nor a dog, nor a horse, nor a parrot. He was a fat little donkey, who lived on a large farm with thirteen other donkeys, all fat too, and they had nothing to do all day long but eat and be happy.

Jack thought there never before had been such fortunate creatures as they were, and did not dream of separation from his dear friends. But one day a man came up with a rope, and, before the donkeys knew what he was doing, threw it over poor little Jack's neck, and tried to lead him away.

But Jack hadn't the least intention of going. Oh, dear, no! He planted his feet firmly on the ground, while the man pulled, and pulled, and pulled, but could not make him stir a step. At last the man gave up and went away; but he came back the next day with two more men.

Then, spite of Jack's firmness, his legs were bound, and he was laid in a wagon, and carried miles and miles away from all his dear companions.

His new home was a small farm where there were no friends for him at all. Jack soon grew so lonely, that he even felt anxious to scrape acquaintance with the hens and chickens. But they all rushed wildly away as soon he approached; and one old hen cackled out, "Good gracious, my children, my children! do keep out of the way of that ugly beast."

Jack was so grieved that he did not dare to make any more attempts at sociability that day; and, indeed there was no one else he could speak to, except Growler, the big bull-dog.

"A fine day, sir," said Jack, carelessly sauntering by the kennel.

“Bow-wow-wow!” barked Growler, making a frantic rush for Jack’s legs.

Now donkeys don’t often run ; but Jack ran then as fast



as he could go, straight across to the other end of the field, and right into a lot of the most delicious nettles.

But what pleasure can one find in dainty fare when one is alone ? Jack stood looking around till he happened to spy a goat who seemed to be about as sad as himself.

“Are you homesick ?” asked Jack.

"No," said the goat mournfully.

"Some other kind of sick?" suggested Jack, glad to find some one who would give him a civil answer.

"No," answered the goat; "but my mouth waters to taste those little tender twigs on that tree just out of my reach. If I only had a box," he added, shaking his head, "or something to stand on, I could get them easily."

"Jump up on my back, and eat as many as you want," said Jack, ever ready to do a favor.

The goat hesitated. "I am afraid I might hurt you," he said.

"Nothing ever hurts me," responded Jack. "Jump up." So the goat took courage, made a leap, and landed safely on the donkey's back.

Jack stood there patiently while his new friend made a dainty feast.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Delicious! Oh, so nice! But" — and the goat broke off in a frightened manner. "Don't you see?" he began again after a moment. "There's the farmer looking at us. Oh, dear me, what will he do?"

"Nothing," said Jack. "Go on eating, and let him look if he wants to."

"No, no! I had better get down," said the goat.

"Don't be afraid," the donkey insisted. "Stay there, and eat as much as you want."

The goat was not willing to be thought a coward: so, with one eye still on the farmer, he began to eat again. His master, after staring at the strange couple for a moment, burst into a loud laugh, and went away.

"There, I've had enough," the goat said with a sigh of pleasure, as he jumped off Jack's back. "Thank you very much. Let's be friends."

Jack was so delighted with this suggestion, that he brayed until the hills re-echoed with the sound of his voice. And from that day to this the donkey and goat have been inseparable friends. We never see one without the other.

B. WATSON.



LITTLE BUSYBODY.

OH, but she is such a dear little mite !
Never at rest : even now, as I write,
Going out shopping, or making a call,
Talking to chairs, rocking dolly so
small.

Never a leaf on the sunshiny tree,
When the wind blows, is as tireless
as she.

Ask for a kiss, she will quietly say,
“Haven’t got time : I’m too busy to-day.”



Are the birds weary when down goes the sun ?
Or the wee lambkins when homeward they run ?
Or the bright butterflies folding their wings ?
Grasshoppers, crickets, and all merry things ?
Then must this dear busybody of ours
Long for her rest with the close of the flowers.
Oh the sweet lips that so lovingly say,
“Good-night, — so tired, — I’ve been busy to-day !”

GEORGE COOPER.

THE MORNING SAIL.

Words from "THE YOUTH'S COMPANION."

Music by W. G. PUTNEY.

Allegro.

1. Once I got in - to a boat, Such a pret - ty, pretty boat! Just as the day was dawning; And I

took a lit - tle our, And push'd off from the shore, Oh, ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morning!

Chorus.

And eve - ry lit - tle wave had its nightcap on, Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on; And

eve - ry lit - tle wave had its nightcap on, So ver - y, ver - y ear - ly in the morning.

2 In their caves so still and deep
All the fishes were asleep,
When a ripple gave them warning.
Said the minnow to the skate,
"Don't lie abed so late;"
Said he, "'Tis very early in the morning."

CHO.—For every little wave had its nightcap on,
Its nightcap, white cap, nightcap on;
For every little wave had its nightcap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

3 Said the sturgeon to the eel,
"Just imagine how I feel;
(Excuse me, my dear, for yawning;)
People ought to let us know
When sailing they would go,
So very, very early in the morning."—CHO.



POPPING CORN.

POPPING CORN.



POUR the nice corn
Out of the bowl,
Into the popper,
Over the coal,—
The bright glowing coal.

Shake now, for your life,
The fine golden grain ;
Now listen! what strife
Goes on there amain !

Hear it! Pop, pop!
Pop, pop! Pop, pop!
Now the popper is full,
The shaking must stop.

Bring the dish, little Rosie,
Come, Jamie and Josie,
And out we will pour
Our nice puffy store.

So crisp and so light,
So tender and white!
What were beads of gold
When put in the hopper,
Into flowers unfold,—
O magical popper!



EDITH AND THE CHICKENS.



H, tie on my hat quick, dear mamma, please," called Edith Gray, running up stairs as fast as her little feet would carry her; "for grandma says I may go with her to see the chickens."

Edith was four years old, and had come the day before, for the first time in her life, to stay on a large farm. She had never seen young chickens, except in picture-books: so you can imagine how pleased she was at the thought of seeing real live ones.

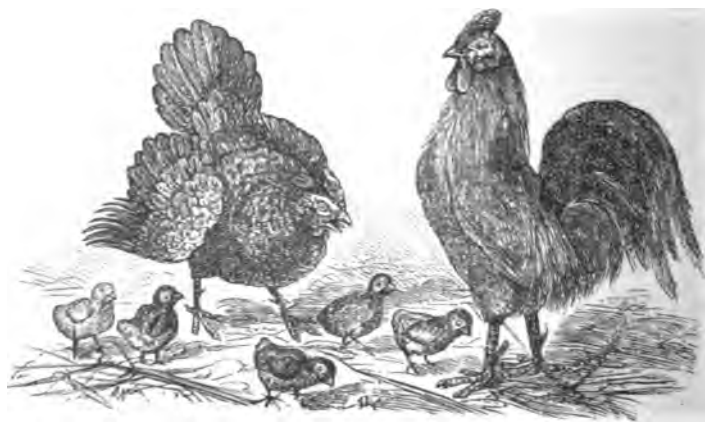
She was soon in the farmyard, and after feeding the little things with meal and water, — hasty-pudding she called it, — she seemed to long so to pet them, that her kind grandmother said, “ Well, dear, hold up your apron, and I will put some of the chickens in ; but you must handle them very gently.”

Edith was delighted, and begged to carry them into the house for mamma to see. Old mother-hen, who was busy scratching for the rest of her brood, did not at first notice what was going on. But, when she saw Edith walking off with some of her darlings, she began to spread her wings, and puff out her feathers, and scold in hen fashion.

Then the tall old rooster straightened himself up and looked down at her, as much as to say, “ What a goose you are to make such a fuss ! The little girl will bring your chicks back all safe.”

And so she did ; and the next day, when she picked them up and petted them again, Mrs. Hen did not say a word, but seemed quite pleased and proud.

AUNT SUSAN.





HOW THE OLD SPARROW HELPED THE YOUNG ONE.

AN unfledged sparrow, not strong enough to fly far, had fallen into the area of a city basement.

The poor little bird was wasting its strength in vain attempts to get out of its prison, while its mother looked down in alarm, and tried her best to cheer and aid her child.

At last the old bird flew away. "Can it be," I thought,

"that she is going to desert her little one?" No indeed! She had only hit upon a new plan.

Back she soon came with a stout straw in her beak. Perching on an iron bar which crossed the area about a foot below the level of the street, she passed one end of the straw to the little captive below.


The nestling took the offered straw in its beak and clung to it, while the mother, holding fast to the other end, flew up to the street. Thus, with some aid from its own wings, the little bird was able to gain a foothold on the iron bar.

From this point, one more pull by the old bird helped it to reach the pavement, where it fluttered away with its delighted mother.

UNCLE CHARLES.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

OW real jolly it seems to be back in our own parlor again!" said Willie Morton, making a flying leap over an ottoman as he spoke.

With his elder brother he had been away at school for a year, while his mother and sisters were travelling abroad. This was the first evening that they were all together again.

"Come, sister Annie," Willie continued, "sing 'Home, sweet home!' Charlie can play it on the flute."

So Annie took her place at the piano; their mother seated herself to listen, with little Amy on her lap; and Charlie produced his flute. They were soon singing the old familiar song with all their hearts, Willie's voice loudest of all.

When this song was ended, he proposed singing "The star-spangled banner," "because," as he said to his sister, "you ought to rejoice to be under the old flag again."



The singing over, the excited boy roused up his little sister, who had almost fallen asleep in her mother's lap, and whirled her round in what he called a waltz, till his mother said it was quite time to dance off to bed.

The last sound heard as he ran up stairs was, "Hurrah! there's no place like home!"

IN SCHOOL AND OUT.



SCHOOL-TIME is coming
again ;

“So much the better!”
says Jane,

And off, with her satchel
and slate,

She starts, for she scorns to
be late.

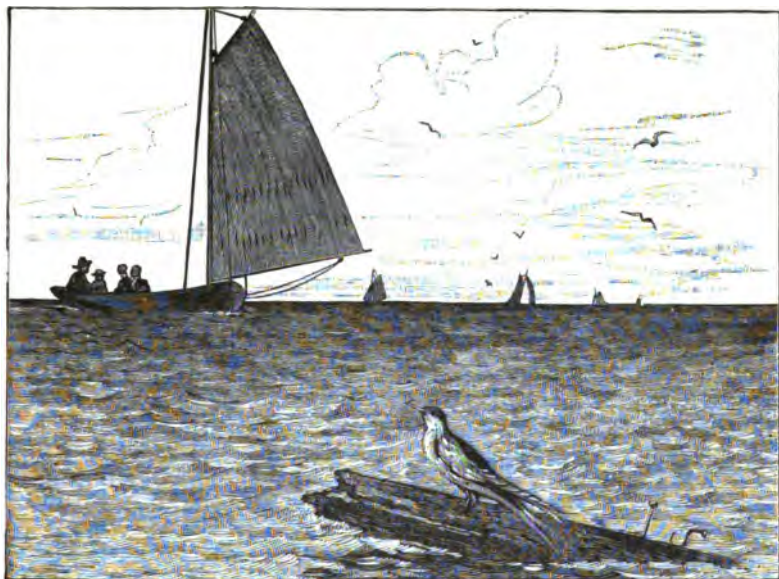
But ragged and barefooted
Meg

Does nothing but wan-
der and beg.

Oh, why does she
not go to school?

Poor child! She's by no means
a fool.





THE LITTLE SAILOR.



HAD just finished reading the last number of "The Nursery" to my little six-year-old boy. "Read it all over again, mamma," he said. "Why don't the 'Nurseries' come oftener, so you could read me a new story every minute?"

What a silly question, wasn't it? But I didn't tell him it was silly. I sang the frog-song over again with a good many croaks and kerchugs to make it lively; then we all made ready — the two aunts, papa, my little boy, and myself — to go out sailing in the harbor.

Did any of your "Nursery" readers ever take a sail in Captain Burdette's sail-boat "Fearless" on the smooth water at Nantucket? Well, if you did, didn't you have a jolly time? And, if you didn't, do try it some day when the wind blows just enough to fill the white sail.

We had a merry party, and our little boy was so full of play, that he dragged the boat-broom in the wake of the boat. Then he tried to stand on the forward-deck, and hold on by the mast. But the wind shifted a little, and the sail turned about so suddenly, that it came near pushing him into the water.

So papa ordered him into the stern, where the ladies were, and gave him permission to take hold of the tiller, and help steer the boat. He helped turn her toward the jetty which the government is building to make the water deeper, so that large ships may sail safely into the harbor.

Just as we made the turn, we saw another boat coming towards us. The tide was driving it swiftly along, and it bobbed up and down on the sparkling ripples. A little chap was standing on the bow, drying his wet bare legs in the sunshine. He seemed to be enjoying himself hugely, and paid no attention to our party.

He had a dark mantle thrown over his white vest, and was straight and slim like a naval cadet. By and by he gave his tail a little shake, lifted his two wings, and took himself off the water-soaked stick he had used for a sail-boat. Then he went screaming with his mates high up in the air.

I dare say you know by this time that I am talking about a sea-gull, — one of those birds which fly in such numbers about the seacoasts. My little boy wished he could fly like a gull, but thought it wouldn't be wise to be always hungry for a fish-dinner, as those who study their habits say sea-gulls always are.

MRS. G. L. HOPKINS.



THE CRICKETS' SOCIABLE.

EACH cricket **was** invited, 'twas after twelve
at night ;
The fire was burning brightly, and not a puss
in sight,
When out popped twenty couples, all chirp-
ing loud and clear :
The moon peeped in the window, as if it
paused to hear.

The band stood on a table, — a fiddle and a
harp ;
The former was a trifle flat, the latter rather
sharp :
But, oh the jolly dancing, the capers queer
and gay !
Why, pigeon-wings were nothing, and double-
shuffles, play.

The belles reclined in corners, and chatted
to the beaux,
Who looked so neat and graceful, each turn-
ing out his toes ;
And all the daddy-cricketts were happy as
could be,
Their little baby-cricketts they dandled on
their knee.

A Daddy Longlegs handed a lady out to
dance, —
'Twas said he was a baron, — quite modest
was her glance ;



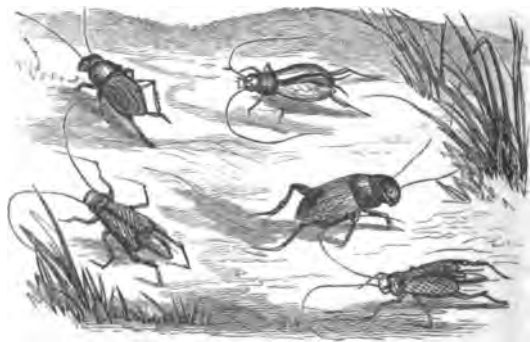
He kissed her hand politely, his style they all admired ;
He bowed to her sedately ; she courtesied and retired.

A dozen tiny crickets then tried a minuet,
And many other dances whose names you would forget.
The fiddler scraped up louder, a mouse peeped out to see,
But laughed his head off nearly to mark such jollity !

The supper, oh, that supper ! From brimming cups of dew
They sipped, and luscious goodies were spread out, — not a few.
They handed round in slices a dainty Christmas cake
That very much resembled a tiny snowy flake.

They didn't stop till morning ; they heard a rooster crow,
And then the merry fiddler put away his bow ;
And twenty jolly couples with weary legs retire
As Bridget pops in lively to make the kitchen-fire.

GEORGE COOPER.





SO TIRED!

MELLY was a bright, happy little girl. Her home was in the country; and in summer, as soon as the birds began to sing, her eyes were wide open, and she was ready to jump and play and sing too.

Then, as soon as she was nicely bathed and dressed, and her curly hair tied with a pretty ribbon, away she would go out of doors, to gather flowers, or feed the chickens, or play with the kitten.

After breakfast she would go into the field where the hay was making, and help with her own little rake to toss and spread it. But at eleven o'clock her mother would call her in, put on her cool night-dress, and lay her in her crib for a nap, and by that time the little girl was usually tired enough to be glad to go to sleep.

But one day she was having such a nice time with some

little cousins who had come to play with her, that, when her mother called her in for her nap, she said, "Oh, please, mamma, don't make me go to sleep to-day; I'm not a bit sleepy. See how wide open my eyes are!"

Her mother laughed and said, "Well, darling, we'll try it this once, but I'm afraid you will be tired before night."

"Oh, no! mamma, I shall not be tired, I know, because I am having such a good time."

So she played on merrily until her dinner at one o'clock, and, as soon as that was over, she was off again for another frolic. By and by she came in, looking very weary, and said, "I don't want to play out any more, mamma: I think it's time for my supper."

Now it was not yet five o'clock, and her usual supper hour was half-past six. But her mamma at once put some nice bread and butter on the table and her mug of milk, and left her to eat it, while she went to speak to a friend.

When she came back soon after, Miss Nelly had pushed back her plate, upset her mug, laid down her apron, dropped her head on her chubby arm, and gone fast asleep.

The next day when mamma called her for her nap, she ran quickly, saying, "All ready, mamma, because I was so tired yesterday." —

JANE OLIVER.



LESSONS.

AUNT LIZZIE.

OUT in the sunny garden-plot,
Among the blossoms gay,
The lilies and the four-o'clocks,
What have you learned to-day?

ALFRED.



Loud humming in a hollyhock,
 I heard a little bee:
 He filled his yellow thighs with
 wax,
 And this he taught to me:
 "Short time have I to honey
 win;
 Short time have you to study in;
 Soon life and summer glide
 away:
 We must keep busy every day."

BESSY.

And on a purple candy-
 tuft
 I saw a butterfly:
 It waved its red-and-yellow
 wings,
 And said, "A worm was I:
 Be cheerful whatso'er befall,
 And hope to soar when
 forced to crawl."



CHARLEY.



Among some morning-
 glories set
 There grew the fragrant
 mignonette:

It said to me, "A winning grace
A kind heart lends the plainest face:
Who would my simple blossom choose
Should I my pleasant perfume lose?"

DORA.

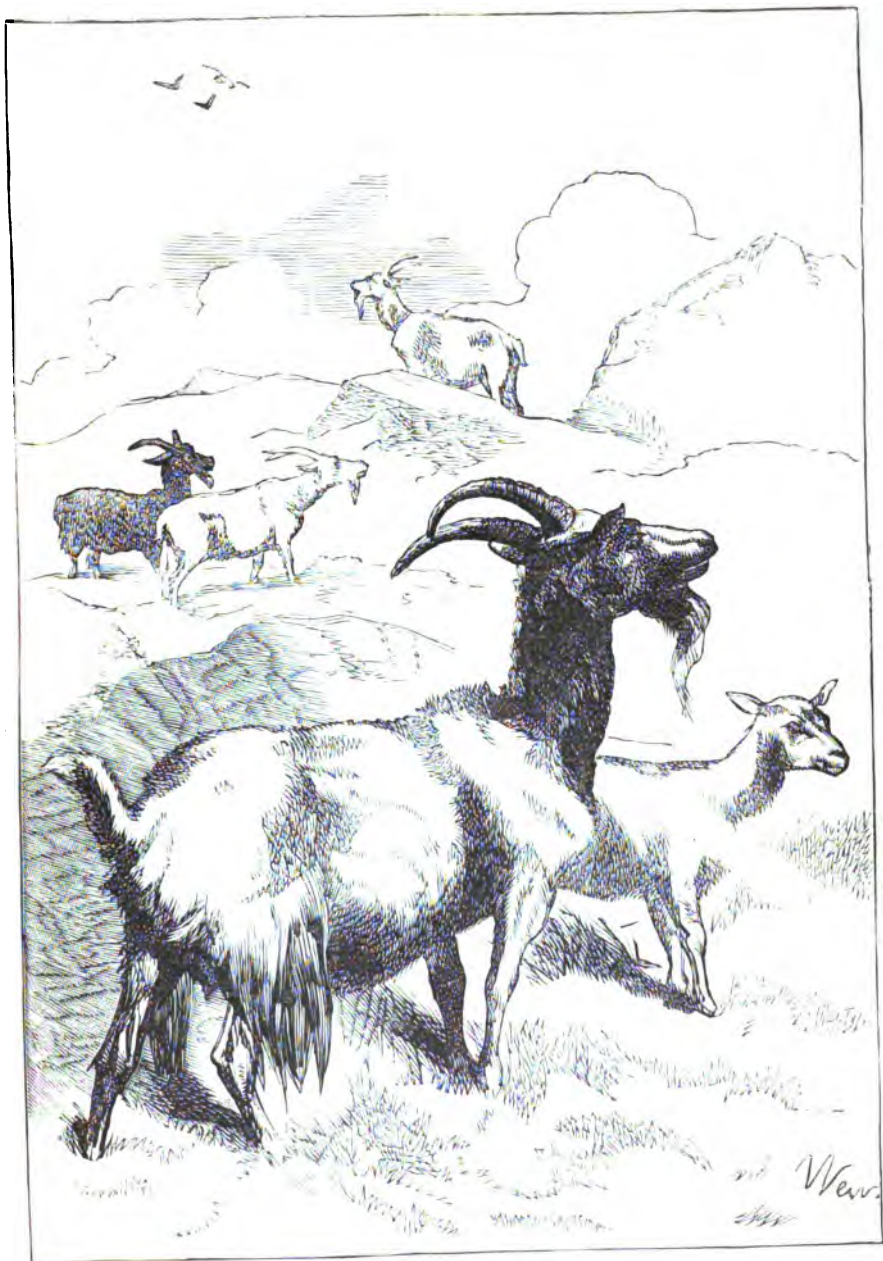
Upon a green sweetbrier bough,
A pleasant, shady place,
All hung with dew, like gems, I
found
A web of silver lace;
And on it, with its many eyes,
I saw a spider watching flies,
Who taught me this: "One must
beware;
The fairest thing may prove a
snare."

AUNT.

Four useful lessons you have learned
This happy summer hour,
Taught by a bee, a butterfly,
A spider, and a flower.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





DRAWING-LESSON.

THE DOLL THAT FANNY FOUND.



FANNY went to spend her vacation with her grandma, who lived in the country. For a whole week every day was pleasant, and she had a lovely time.

She picked berries for grandma to make pies. She drove the cows home from the pasture every night. She rode into the fields in the hay-cart, and came home on the big loads of hay. She fed the chickens, and played with the kittens. But at last there came a rainy day.

Fanny heard the rain pattering on the window the first thing when she awoke in the morning. As soon as grandma opened the door to call her, she cried out: "O grandma! see how it rains! What shall I do to-day?"

"You can stay in the house with me," said grandma; "I have not seen much of my little girl yet."

"Well, you must tell me what to do," said Fanny.

"You can go up in the garret and play. There is where your mother and aunt Sarah used to spend a good many rainy days," said grandma.

So, after breakfast, Fanny went into the attic. The attic was a very large room, containing old spinning-wheels, chests, boxes, and many other things—such as are always found in attics.

"Now for a grand rummage!" said Fanny, and she began to look over the boxes and chests to see what she could find. In some of the boxes there were books and papers. In one of them there were old dresses and bonnets. Fanny pulled the things out of this box, one after another, and as she reached the bottom, she cried, "Oh, what have I found! what have I found!"

It was a large old-fashioned rag-baby almost as large as a

real baby a few weeks old. Its face and clothes were soiled and faded ; its cap was torn and yellow ; and it had but one shoe : but the little girl was delighted with it.

She had a number of handsome dolls at home ; but she had never seen one like this before.

“How nice and soft it is to hold !” said Fanny. “I must



go right down and show it to grandma, and ask her all about it.”

She found grandma in the milk-room, churning cream. “See what I have found, grandma,” said Fanny, holding the baby up before her. “Now do tell me whose baby this is.”

“Oh,” said grandma, laughing, “I made that doll for your mother when she was a little girl. I remember how pleased she was with it. She named it Sally.”

"I think old Sally is splendid, and I am going to play with her all the time I am here," said Fanny.

All the rest of her vacation, Sally was Fanny's pet and plaything. She made new clothes for her, took her out to walk and ride every day, and put her to bed every night.

In the picture you may see Fanny and Sally out in the fields together.

M. M. HATHAWAY.

ALL TRUE.



Mrs. F., a lady living not far from Boston, has a bantam hen, who, every spring morning, walks into the house, and lays an egg in a rocking-chair.

After laying the egg, Mrs. Bantam jumps up on the window-seat and says, "Cut, cut, cut, cut-ah-cut!"

A turkey belonging to this same lady, who is very fond of pets, once came off her nest with one poor little fledgeling; a duck appeared, about the same time, with only one duckling; and, strangely enough, a hen was roaming about with one solitary chicken.

Mrs. F. thought that the three young ones might as well make one family: so she put the young turkey and the duckling with the hen, and Mistress Biddy took care of them with her own chicken, just as though she were the true mother of them all.

Mrs. F. used to take all three up in her lap and feed them. When put down, the turkey and the duckling would stretch their long necks up, looking wistfully at her, as if coaxing her to take them up again. But the chicken did not seem to care about being petted.

AUNT SUE.



ON THE WAY TO SLUMBER-LAND.

DEAR little Lily, in night-gown white,
Her precious old dolly holding tight,
Looks back, as she goes, to say
“Papa, good-night!”

THE STRANGE MAN.



THIS little girl thinks she sees a strange man in the cornfield. He is very tall, and has long black hair. She clasps her hands in wonder. She goes up to the man; but he does not even bow to her.

Why, it is only a scarecrow! If the little girl had been a crow, I think she could not have been more scared. But she will have a good laugh now to make up for it. A pole with a hat on it can't deceive such bright eyes as hers.



S. O. J.

A KNOWING DOG.

ETHEL is never tired of talking about her dog Flash. One of his accomplishments, she tells me, is his graceful way of setting the table.

When it is time for Flash to have his dinner, his master says, "Flash, bring the table-cloth!"

Off he runs to the newspaper-rack, gets a paper, and lays it at his master's feet. "Spread it out!" is the next command.

Quickly he opens the paper to its full extent, and places it on the floor carefully. He waits patiently for the bones that are to reward his obedience. When they have been put on the clean "table-cloth," he begins his nice feast. Dinner over, Flash picks up the paper cloth, and carries it out of the room for the cook to burn.

Ethel says that Flash can tell time; for at just such a minute every day, the dog comes to his master, sits up straight, with his front paws drooping gracefully, and asks, in his dumb way, for something to eat. And when the time comes for his master to go down town to business, Flash is sure to give him a hint; for Flash is very punctual, you see, and does not approve of delay.

One day Flash brought an intimate friend, a red setter,



and introduced him to his master. Flash stood wagging his tail, while the caller was politely caressed. Then the two dogs trotted off together, and Flash's playmate had a new name to put on his visiting list.

GEORGE T. PACKARD.



MOTHER'S CALLER.

"RAT-TAT-TAT upon the door; pray who can it be?
Such a funny lady never did I see.
Such a hat upon her head, — far too large a size, —
Such a mass of tangled curls hanging in her eyes!

"Do come in, my lady small, here's the rocking-chair:
Taking out your family for the morning air?
This child fell and hurt her head? that was very sad:
Other dolly broke her arm? wasn't it too bad?

"What, not going! Stay awhile, it is early yet:
Come and see me soon again; now, do not forget.
Ah! I've seen that face before, dimples, curls, and all, —
'Tis my own dear little girl come to make a call."

RUTH REVERE.



THE STARLING.

THIS handsome and sprightly bird is very common in Europe. It is about eight inches long, of a rich black color spotted with buff. When caged young, and tamed, it may be taught to say a few words and to whistle short tunes.

A starling owned by a lady in Germany, was in the habit



of perching on the cow's head. There he would sit between her horns, busily cleaning his feathers. The cow did not notice him until he began to walk down her broad forehead. Then she felt his sharp claws and shook her head to drive him away; but he only flew back to his former place, and sat there, singing joyously.

L. E. H., from the German.

DAISIES AND CLOVER.



PATTY was taking a stroll in the pasture, plucking daisies as she went along. Suddenly she stopped, and seemed to be intent upon something in the grass.

"Do you see a snake, Patty?" said her cousin Paul, coming softly up behind her.

"Oh, no!" answered Patty, "I was only trying to find something."

"Trying to find something!" said Paul. "What in the world can it be?"

"Guess, if you can."

"Well," said Paul, "I guess it's a gold dollar."

"No such thing."

"Then it must be a pearl."

"No."

"An ear-ring?"

"No, I don't wear ear-rings."

"A hairpin?"

"No indeed! you saucy boy."

"Dear me! Then I shall have to give it up. Can't rack my brains any more. The strain is too great."

"What a bright boy you are at guessing! You shall have this bunch of daisies as a reward of merit. Are they not pretty? Don't despise them because they are weeds. Now I will tell you what I am looking for. I want very much to find a ——"



"Stop a minute," said Paul, "I have it." And he stooped down, and plucked a four-leaved clover.

"That's the very thing," said Patty.

"Good luck to you!" said Paul, handing her the clover with a graceful bow.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



CURLY-HEAD AND INQUISITIVE NED.

"WHAT have you in your basket,
Curly-head?"

"Though 'tis not polite to ask it,
I've some bread."

“ Where do you go with your basket?
Who’s in need ? ”

“ Though ’tis not polite to ask it,
Swans I feed.”

“ Will they eat what’s in the basket,
All of it ? ”

“ Though ’tis not polite to ask it,
Every bit.”

“ Where, when empty is your basket,
Go you then ? ”

“ Though ’tis not polite to ask it,
Home again.”

E.



HELPING MOTHER.



HAT is little Susan doing with that big water-bucket ? It is a heavy load for her, and she tugs at it with a right good will.

If the water does not all leak out before she gets into the kitchen, she will fill the teakettle. She is trying to make herself useful, you see.



With that cap on her head, and that long apron, she fancies herself quite grown up, and able to do Bridget's work.

She thinks she is helping mother. But, when her mother sees the water spilt about the well, I think she will say that the little girl has only been doing mischief.

A. B. C.



THE SQUIRREL.

ONCE upon a time a squirrel
Scampered quickly up a tree ;
There he sat, and from the branches
Chattered gayly unto me.

“I am Mr. Brownie Squirrel,
And my home is in the ground :
There I live ; but in this nut-tree
Oftener I may be found.

“Long before the bright sun rises,
Here to gather nuts I roam :
They'll be needed in the winter
By my little ones at home.

“For when shrill the north wind whistles
Through these branches black and bare,
When the nuts and leaves have vanished,
And the snow fills all the air —

“Then, to pay me for my trouble,
I'll have plenty and to spare.
Safe at home I'll pass the winter,
Little for the storm I'll care.



“That reminds me I am idle ;
While I’m talking here to you.
Why, dear me ! how dark it’s growing !
And I still have work to do.”

Throwing then a nutshell at me,
Winking with his eyes so bright,
Off he scampered through the branches,
Where he soon was lost to sight.

Grandma heard about the squirrel,
Straightway then did grandma make
Many little squirrels like it, —
Only hers were made of cake !

ROLY-POLY.

Words by OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

p

1. Ro - ly - Po - ly is three years old; Yes, three years old and a
2. Ro - ly - Po - ly's a busi - ness man; He rides to mar - ket on

f

tri - fle ov - er; Ro - ly - Po - ly is round as a ball, As
Grand - pa's cane; He or - ders breakfast of pep - per - mint drops, Then

p

jol - ly as larks, and sweet as clo - ver. Ro - ly - Po - ly has stars for eyes, A
gal - lops his po - ny home a - gain. Ro - ly - Po - ly rules ev - erything; His

cres.

heaven - ly chin with a dim - ple in it; Peach - es for cheeks, the
fa - ther and mother are cap - tives whol - ly; Sis - ters must yield to

f

bud of a nose, And a tongue that is nev - er still a min - ute.
such a king, Who will make all o - bey him, Ro - ly - Po - ly.



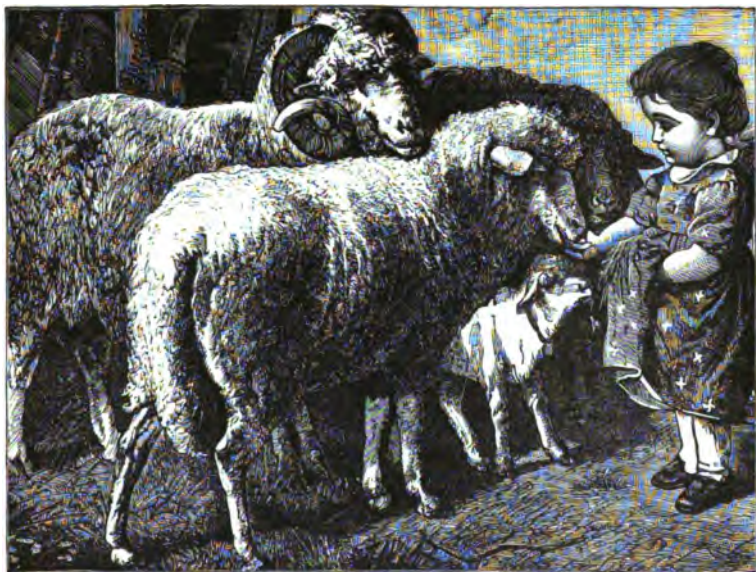
HUSH-A-BY.

HUSH-A-BY.

HUSH-A-BY baby: as the birds fly,
We are off to the island of Lullaby:
I am the captain, and you are the crew,
And the cradle, I guess, is our birch-bark
canoe;
We'll drift away from this work-day
shore,
Forty thousand long leagues or more,
Till we reach the strand where happy
dreams wait,
Whether we're early, or whether we're
late.

Hush-a-by baby: as the birds fly,
Let us make the snug harbor of Lullaby:
Some little folks are far on the way;
Some have put in at Wide-awake Bay;
Others, I fear, are long overdue;
Don't let this happen, my darling, to you:
Let us steer for the coast where happy
dreams wait,
Whether we're early, or whether we're
late.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



WHERE JIMMY LIVES.

JIMMY MASON lives on a ranche in Colorado. Do you know what a ranche is? It is a kind of farm, — not a farm for raising wheat and potatoes and oats and corn, but for rearing horses and cattle and sheep.

Jimmy's papa has about a hundred horses, as many cows, and a great many hundred sheep. He does not keep them in barns, or feed them with hay, but they roam over the hills, and feed on grass both in winter and summer.

Mr. Mason's house is five miles from any neighbor, and fifteen miles from town. There is no garden or fence round it, and there are no trees to be seen anywhere near. But there are wild flowers in abundance. One of them is a species of cactus. It bears beautiful yellow blossoms in summer, after which comes the fruit, a prickly pear, not

good to eat. Another kind of cactus has crimson and scarlet blossoms, but no prickly pears.

Both of these plants are covered with sharp thorns and prickles. Jimmy thinks the blossoms are pretty; but he does not like to pick them. Can you guess why?

Where do you suppose Jimmy goes to school? Well, he goes to his mamma, and he has a very nice teacher. He never gets lonesome; for he has so much to do and so much to think about, that he has no time to be lonesome.

He helps his mother in the house, he takes care of the chickens, he makes friends with the sheep. When he gets a little bigger, he will ride on horseback and help his papa in taking care of the horses and cattle out on the hills.

EMMA MITCHELL



JESSIE AND HER KITTEN.



MAMMA!" said little Jessie one stormy afternoon, "I'm tired of playing with dolly, I'm tired of looking at pictures, I'm tired of my blocks, and I'm tired of sitting still. What shall I do?"

"Call kitty," said her mother, "and let her try to catch this ball while you hold the string."

"Oh, yes, that will be fun," said Jessie; "but if I make a noise, mamma, you will be sure to say, 'Hush, my child! or you will wake grandma.'"

Her mamma laughed, and said, "I think we can manage that, dear. You shall go down in the large front-hall, and there you can run and play as much as you please."

Jessie was delighted with this plan, and presently stood holding the ball just out of reach of the kitten's paws, saying, "Catch it if you can, kitty; catch it if you can!"

As soon as kitty, standing on her hind-legs, had her paw almost upon it, away Jessie would run, shouting and laughing, and kitty would follow her as fast as she could go.

When they had played till Jessie was quite tired, she went to her mamma with kitty cuddled in her arms, and



said, "We have had a jolly time, mamma! Now I must give kitty some milk and put her to bed; for I think she is hungry and sleepy after so much exercise." This last was a big word for such a little girl, and she said it quite slowly.

"Yes, dear," mamma said, smiling, "and I think I know somebody else who will soon be hungry and sleepy too."



TWO SIDES.

H, dear! oh, dear! the summer's past;
The singing-birds have gone;

The robin, from the maple-bough,
Who waked me every morn;
The bobolink that used to make
The meadow-grass with music shake;
The humming-bird that dipped his bill
In lily-cup and rose,—
Not one would stay; I only hear
The cawing of the crows.
The fields look brown: oh, dear! oh, dear!
The dismal autumn days are here.
And all my pretty flowers are dead!
My roses and sweet-peas;
The hollyhocks, where, all the day,
There was a crowd of bees;
The lovely morning-glory vine,
That round my window used to twine;
The larkspur, with its horns of blue;
The sunflower proud and tall,—



That thief the Frost, so sly and still,
Has come and stolen all!
Chill blows the wind; oh, dear! oh, dear!
The dreary autumn days are here.

The hives are full of honeycomb;
The barns are full of hay;
The bins are heaped with ripened grain,
That empty were in May;

The red and yellow apples now
Bend many a heavy orchard bough;
Dark purple, 'mid their withered leaves,
The frost-grapes smell of musk;
The pumpkins lie in yellow heaps;
And, in its silver husk,
The corn now shows a golden ear;
Come! why be sorry autumn's here?
The sharp frost cracks the prickly burrs;
The keen wind scatters down
Upon the grass, for eager hands,
The chestnuts ripe and brown;
The orange woods, the flame-red bowers,
Are brighter than the gayest flowers;
'Tis constant changes make the year:
Then why be sorry autumn's here?

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





FANCHETTE.



WHILE spending a winter in a quiet old town in Southern France, I used to meet in my walks, a girl about ten years of age, trudging along, barefooted, carrying on her arm a large basket.

The first time we met she looked up at me with such a pleasant smile, that I bowed and smiled in return. After a few days we became still better acquainted, and she would say, "*Bon jour, madame!*" in answer to my greeting.

One day, besides the basket, she carried a large fagot, and

her apron full of wild flowers and drooping vines. Then I thought I would like to know more about her. So I said, "You look tired, my little girl: will you not sit down under this old tree with me, and tell me where you live, and where you go every day with that big basket?"

She seemed quite pleased to do so, and then told me that her father was a wood-cutter, and that every day she had to walk three miles to the forest to carry him his dinner, and sometimes to help bind fagots.

"My name," she said, "is Fanchette, and I have a sister Marie, and a sister Claire, and a baby-brother named Pierre. My sister Marie is ill, and cannot leave her bed, and I have gathered these flowers to take to her."

"But are you not tired with walking so far?"

"A little tired, madam," she said; "but I do not mind, for Marie will be so pleased with these flowers, and baby will clap his hands and laugh when he sees me coming. Then mother will take this fagot and light the fire, and give us our supper, and we shall be very merry."

"There is my home," she said, pointing to a small brown thatched cottage under a hill not far away. "Will you not come to see us some day, madam?"

I promised to do so, and when I kept my word soon after, I found all as she had said. Though they were poor, and the mother had to work hard, their home was so neat, and all seemed so happy in it, that it was a pleasure to go there. I repeated my visits many times, carrying dainties for the invalid, who was soon quite well and strong; and I shall never forget bright, cheery little Fanchette.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.





SWEET GOOD-DAY.

“WE are fading, little children;
One by one, we flutter down;
For the winds are harsh and chilly,
And the meadows, bare and brown.
We are fading,” leaves of purple,
Leaves of amber, softly say;
“But we’ll meet you in the May-time,
Our merry, merry play-time:
Little children, sweet good-day!”

“We are going, little children,”
Sigh the flowers in the sun;
“Oh! we soon shall end our singing,”
Lisp the brooklets as they run;
And the birds, with silver warble,
Long before they wing away,
Pipe, “We’ll meet you in the May-time,
Our merry, merry play-time:
Little children, sweet good-day!”

MY GARDEN.



WHEN fields are green,
and skies are fair,
And summer fragrance
fills the air,
I love to watch the budding
rose
That in my pleasant garden
grows ;
But when old Winter, fierce
and free,
Has hushed the murmur of the
bee,
And all the fields and
hills are hid
Beneath his snowy
coverlid,
Oh ! then my only garden-spot
Is just this little flower-pot.





OLD JACK.

HEAR me!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she looked from the kitchen-window of her farmhouse; "there are uncle Joe, and aunt Peggy, and all the girls! They have come to tea, I'm certain, and I haven't a speck of green tea in the house. Uncle Joe can't drink any thing else, and he must have white sugar in it too.

"Here, Mike, Mike! take a basket, jump on old Jack, and go to the store just as fast as you can. Get a pound of the

best green tea and three pounds of white lump sugar. Now mind you are back in half an hour."

Mike was delighted. He had come to live on the farm only the week before, and in all his life had never been on the back of a horse or donkey. He had looked every day with longing eyes at Jack grazing quietly in the pasture, and had thought how happy he should be if he were ever allowed to have a ride on him. So off he started in great glee, saying to himself, "It will be easy enough to manage this little fellow."

When about half a mile on the way, they came to a brook, and Mike thought he would let Jack have a drink. This was all very well; but, when Mike wanted to go on, Jack had changed his mind, and concluded not to go any further.

Mike pulled and pulled on the bridle, trying to turn him back into the road; but the obstinate creature planted his feet firmly, and would not budge an inch.

Just then a kind old Irishman came, on the little foot-bridge, over the brook, and Mike called to him to know what he should do. "Sure, you must have a stick, sonny," said the man. "Donkeys won't go without the stick."

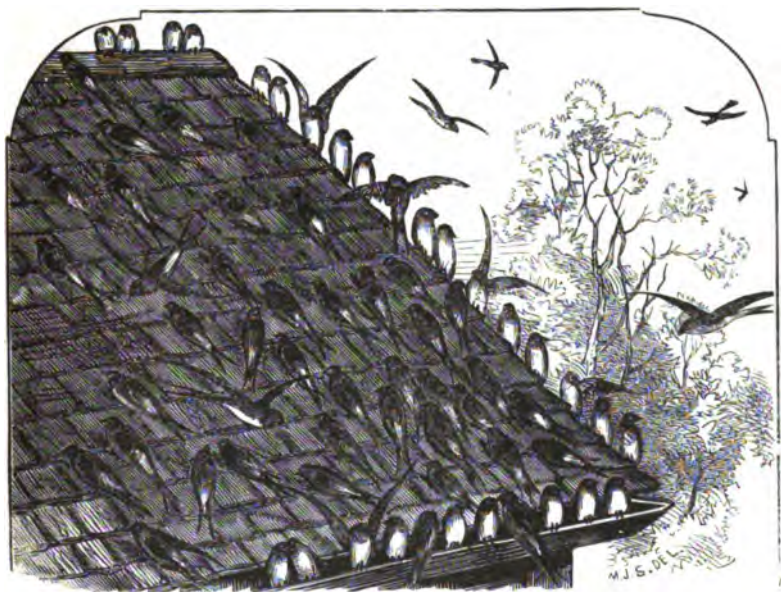
So he cut a stick from a tree near by, and gave it to Mike, who used it as hard as he could, but to no purpose. Then the old man took another, and, going behind the little beast, touched him up smartly with it, at the same time giving his tail a funny little twist.

This was more than Jack could stand. He gave in and jogged on. But he would go very slowly, in spite of Mike's urging, and now and then he would amuse himself by kicking out his hind-legs, and trying to throw Mike off.

Once, too, just as they were starting back from the grocer's he suddenly lay down flat, and threw Mike over his head, scattering basket and bundles.

Poor Mike was half an hour late ; but, when he told good Mrs. Smith all his troubles, she excused him. She laughed hard, too, when Mike said, like a true-born Irish boy, " Sure, marm, I never want to ride Jack again till I've learned how."

IDA FAY.



OFF FOR THE WINTER.

"O SWALLOWS ! what can be the matter ?
And what do you mean by your chatter ?
You sit on the barn-roof by dozens, —
Aunts, grandmothers, uncles, and cousins ;
You circle and wheel, then you twitter away :
Oh, what are you saying ? Do tell me, I pray."

“My little one, cold winds are blowing;
We swallows to South-land are going:
We meet in the clear autumn weather,
And plan our long journey together.
When spring-time returns, with its green dancing leaves,
We’ll come back to our little nests under the eaves.”

“Sweet wild flowers, oh, where are you hiding?
In what hidden nook are you biding?
I’ve wandered the meadows all over, —
There’s no breath of wild rose or clover;
No violets peeping through grass-blades I see,
No daisies or buttercups nodding to me.”

Then up spake a gentian, late comer,
The last blue-eyed darling of summer, —
“To our long winter rest we betake us:
Good-night, till May breezes awake us.”
Then her soft downy cap she drew over her head,
And joined her sweet sisters asleep in their bed.

RUTH REVERE.





A DAY IN THE WOODS.



A DAY IN THE WOODS.



UTUMN days are going fast. Who wants to spend a day in the woods?" said uncle Tom to his nieces Jennie and Kate.

"I!" shouted Jennie; "and I!" shouted Kate; "and can aunt Jane and cousins Tom and Ann go too?" said both.

"Yes," said uncle Tom: "I will take the big wagon, and there will be room enough for all. Run and ask your mother to put up a lunch for us. We must start early in the morning."

Off they ran, and soon came back with Tom and Ann and their little brother Johnny, all eager for a frolic.

The next morning, as soon as the sun peeped out of the east, all the children were up and dressed. By the time breakfast was over, the wagon stood at the door. Into it they climbed one after another. The lunch-basket was packed in safely. Aunt Jane sat on the front seat; uncle Tom jumped up beside her with the reins in his hands; the children shouted "Hurrah!" and off they started.

What fun they had as they rode along! The pure air of the country, flavored with an odor of the sea (for the road lay along the side of the ocean), seemed to put new life into them all.

When they reached the woods, they jumped out of the wagon and rambled about at will. The girls filled their baskets with wild flowers; aunt Jane twined some of them

in Kate's hair ; and Jennie made a lovely wreath, which she placed on Tom's head.

By and by they all began to feel very hungry. So they opened the lunch-basket under a large tree, and found that mamma had put into it just what they wanted. They had a grand feast. They laughed and sang, and made the old woods ring with their merry voices. At last uncle Tom said, "Now, girls, give us one song more, and then we must be getting ready to go home."



While they were singing, uncle Tom went after the horse.

Pretty soon he drove up with the wagon and said, "Now pack in, every one of you, and we will have a jolly ride home."

They were about to take their seats in the wagon, when aunt Jane said, "Where's Johnny? We can't go home without him."

Sure enough, Johnny was missing.

"He strolled off while we were singing," said cousin Tom: "I guess he went down to the beach ; for I saw him go in that



direction, and he had a box under his arm, probably to put shells in."

"I'll warrant that's where he's gone," said uncle Tom. "And he is there exploring now, I dare say. But he can't be far off. We'll call him."

Then uncle Tom shouted in his deep voice, "Johnny!" Then aunt Jane and all the girls joined in the chorus of "Johnny!"

"The boy must be deaf if he does not hear that," said uncle Tom. Then they all shouted together once more. In a moment they heard Johnny's voice in reply. "I'm coming in a minute," said he.

"Hurry up," cried uncle Tom. "We are waiting for you."

It was five minutes before Johnny appeared, and then he came holding something in his hand triumphantly.

"What in the world have you there?" said aunt Jane.

"Something better than wild flowers," said Johnny.

Now what do you suppose it was? It was a live crab, which the boy had found among the rocks on the shore.

"You are not going to take it home with you, are you?" said aunt Jane.

"Of course I am," said Johnny.

"Well, jump in," said uncle Tom, "crab and all. We can't stop any longer."

So Johnny scrambled into the wagon with the rest, and off they drove.

UNCLE SAM.





BABY BOBBY.

I KNOW a house so full of noise,
You'd think a regiment of boys,
From early morn till close of day,
Were busy with their romping play.
And yet, I'm ready to declare,
There is but one small youngster there,—
A little golden-headed chap,
Who used to think his mother's lap
The nicest place that e'er could be,
Until he grew so big that he
Was most a man, and learned what fun
It is to shout and jump and run.

This restless, noisy little elf
Has learned, alas! to think himself
Too old in mother's arms to sleep;
Yet his blue eyes he cannot keep
From hiding 'neath their lids so white;
And, climbing to the sofa's height,
He snuggles down, forgets his play,
And into Dreamland sails away;
And then it is that mamma knows
Why the whole house so silent grows.

MARY D. BRINE.



MILLY AND JIP.

THIS is a little English girl. Her name is Mildred; but she is usually called Milly. She has always lived in a fine old house, with lovely grounds about it, not far from London. But now she is going, with her father and mother, to India.

She thinks it will be very nice to be travelling so far away with them; but she is sorry to leave her kind grandmother, and all her aunts and cousins. She could not help crying when she said good-by to them.

"I cannot go without my Jip," she said to her mother the day before leaving.

"Oh, no, darling!" said her mother. "I wouldn't think of leaving the little dog behind. He will be a fine play-fellow for you on board the ship."

So she has Jip cuddled close in her arms, you see. It is



late in November, and the weather is cold. But Milly has plenty of warm fur wraps to protect her and her pet too.

She will soon be far away from cold weather, and when she reaches India, she will laugh at the thought of ever being bundled up in all that fur.

JANE OLIVER.

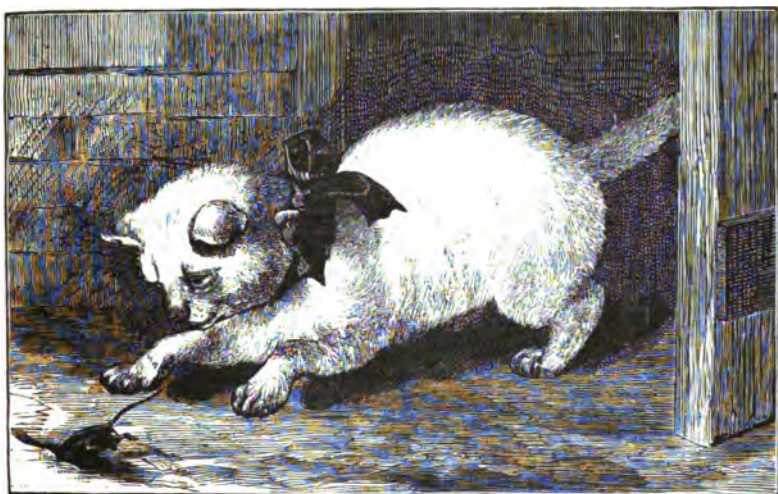
LAWN-TENNIS.



JOHN sits on a three-legged stool. What is he doing? We can't tell, for we can't see through him: so we must guess. I guess he is watching a game of lawn-tennis.

I think I see one of the players that John has his eye on. It is a bright little girl. Her name is Julia. Look at her. She is having fine fun. John hopes that her side will win. And so do I. Let us all give three cheers for her.





THE KITTEN'S NECKTIE.

PUSS, Puss, Puss! where are you?" said little Nellie Rich. She had tied a new, bright, cherry ribbon on the kitten's neck, and told her to keep it nice; "for," said Nellie, "my cousin Belle is coming to see me this afternoon, and I want to show her how pretty you can look."

And now naughty puss had run off, and she would come back, perhaps, with the new ribbon all rumpled and soiled. After searching through the house, Nellie ran out to the barn to look for the lost pet.

Sure enough, there was the kitten, not taking the least care of her necktie, just ready to pounce upon a big mouse.

Nellie's voice startled her so that she did not catch the mouse, after all. The nimble little rogue darted into a hole before kitty could even get her paw on his tail.

But the cherry bow was still safe and unsoiled. So, after

giving pussy a lecture on her disobedience, Nellie took her into the house.

She met Belle at the door, and told her what a search she had made; while puss, cuddled in her arms, kept up a busy purring, as much as to say, "I'm sorry you were displeased with me. I really thought you would praise me for trying to catch that big mouse; for I'm not much more than a kitten yet."

DORA BURNSIDE.

A THRIFTY FAMILY.

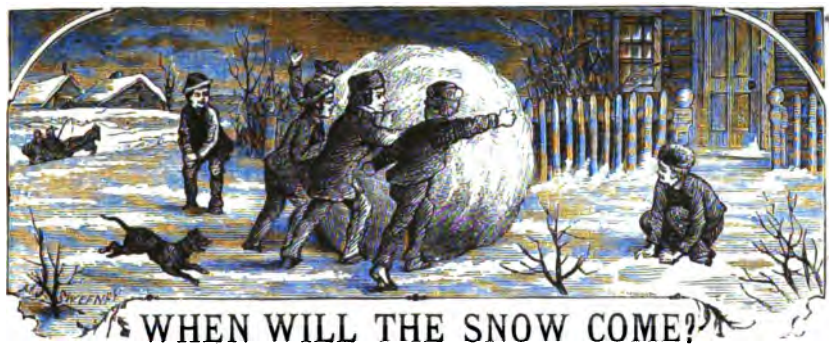
'Twas a bitter cold morning; the new-fallen snow
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go;
The streams were all solid, the ice sharp and clear;
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.

Almost all the wild creatures were troubled and cold,
And sighed for sweet summer, — the shy and the bold;
But one thrifty family, as you must know,
Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.

Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
And eating their breakfast, as gay as you please.

D. H. R. GOODALE.





WHEN will the snow come, mother dear?
When will the soft white snow be here?
Upon my sled I want to go:
Oh for the snow! I long for snow.

I want to see it falling fast,
And covering all the ground at last,
So Dick and I can snowballs throw:
Oh for the snow, the splendid snow!

I look, as soon as it is light,
To see if all the earth is white;
I watch the clouds each day, but no,
There's not a single flake of snow.


I want to plunge about, waist deep,
In the great drifts so high and steep,
And wash Dick's face, — oh, you don't know
What lots of fun we have with snow!

We're going to build a fort, and you'll
See battles fought there after school !
And cannon-balls will fly — hallo !
Look ! mother, look ! here comes the snow !

ELIZABETH SILL.



A BASKET FROM HOME.

 ALLOA, boys ! Here's old Trott, the expressman, coming into the yard. What do you suppose he has brought ?" exclaimed one of a group of boys in the playground of a country boarding-school.

"It is probably a box for me," said one of the older boys, with rather an important air.

This boy, being somewhat selfish, was not a favorite with the little ones, one of whom whispered to another, "I hope it isn't for him, don't you ? None of the rest of us will get a peep into it if it is."

Presently the wagon stopped ; and Mr. Trott pulled out a basket, and reading the address, "Master Robert Rand," said, "Is there any boy of that name here ?"

A bright little fellow answered quickly, "That is my name."

"Then this basket is yours," said the driver.

"Hurrah for you, Rob !" called out four other boys about his age. "Come on, we'll help you carry it in."

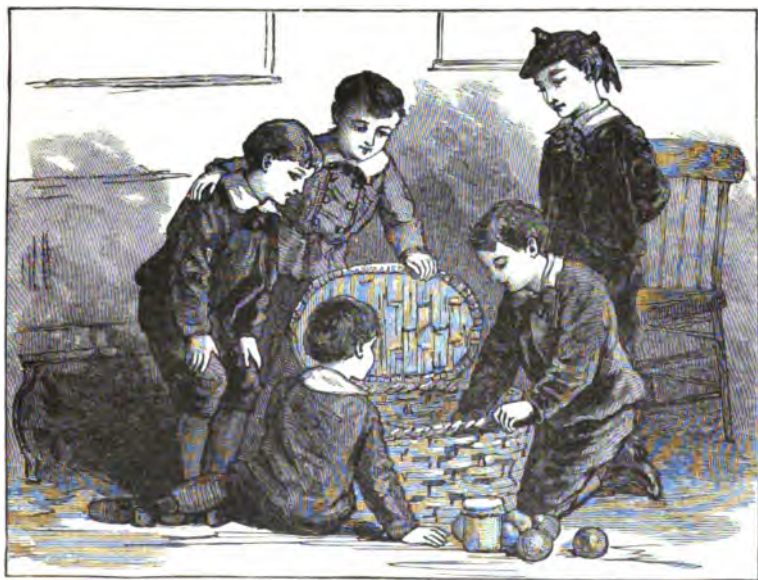
In a few minutes the same boys stood around the basket with eager eyes ; and Rob and his cousin Willy were seated on the floor, unpacking it.

Oranges, lemons, and apples were soon displayed ; then a pot of jam appeared.

"Halloa, what's down in that corner?" cried Tom, a youngster in Scotch cap and velveteen suit. "Isn't that a cake, though!" as a big round cake well stuffed with plums appeared.

"And there's a box of sardines," shouted another boy.

"What's in this paper bag?" said Rob. "First-rate!



it's white sugar. That's for lemonade. Mother hasn't forgotten how much I like it."

So all the good things that Rob's thoughtful mother had sent him were one by one set out upon the floor.

Rob looked at each one with real delight, and, when the basket was emptied, he said, —

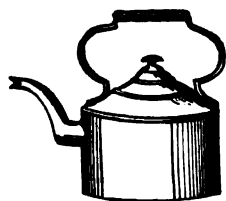
"Now, boys, there's some eating to be done, and I want you all to help me. It is Saturday afternoon: let us all go into the woods and have a regular picnic."

All agreed that this would be jolly fun. One boy (who

had a brother in college) remarked that it would be "just immense."

Willy, the youngest boy, who was a great pet with the housekeeper, was sent to borrow a pitcher and tumblers, and whatever else was needed.

Instead of a pitcher, what do you think he brought back?



— A teakettle, just like this!

"Why, what did you bring that for?" said Rob.

"Because I thought a pitcher wouldn't hold lemonade enough," said Willy.

"There's something in that," said Tom.

"We'll put something in it, anyhow," said Rob; and they all had a good laugh.

Several other boys joined them at Rob's invitation, and they soon found a pleasant, shady spot near a cool spring.

"Very handy," said Tom, "for making lemonade."

We have not space to tell all the good things that were said at the feast. In fact, there was no reporter present. But it was a jolly affair. When it was ended, three cheers were given for Robby Rand, and three more for his basket; and then the boys started for home, to wind up the fun with a game of ball.

UNCLE CHARLES.



A LETTER FROM HONOLULU.



LAST Christmas my mamma gave me a bound volume of "The Nursery," and I have been wanting to tell you how much I like it.

I live in Honolulu, way off in the Pacific Ocean.

I wonder if many of your readers know what a pretty place Honolulu is. The town faces the open sea;

but those who have been accustomed to the stormy Atlantic or the Northern Pacific would scarcely believe that this calm blue water is the ocean.

Back of the town are two mountains, — "Punch-bowl" and "Diamond Head." Between them there is a cocoanut-grove, near which there is a nice place for sea-bathing. As it is a short drive from town, we often go there to bathe, and have great fun. We have no winter here, and it is never too cold to bathe. I am trying to learn to swim.

Sometimes I get tired of having it always summer, and wish for the fun that the snow and ice bring, about which I read so much in "The Nursery."

I go to a kindergarten, and we learn a great many of your songs. Some of your poetry we have made into songs, and we like them very much. Last summer, at the closing exercises of our class, we played the "Kindergarten Game" published in the January number of last year, and every one was delighted with it.

If you like this letter I may write again, and tell you about a feast that I went to, in celebration of the birthday of the little Victoria-Kawekin-Kaiulani-Lunalilo-Kalaninuiiahilapalapa. Is it not a pretty name? I cannot pronounce it all for I do not speak the native language. I am a little German girl and my name is

ALEXANDRA.



CHRISTMAS TIME.

T. CHAMPTON.

Allegretto.

f 1. Come, stir the fire, 'tis Christ-mas time! While loud the winds howl

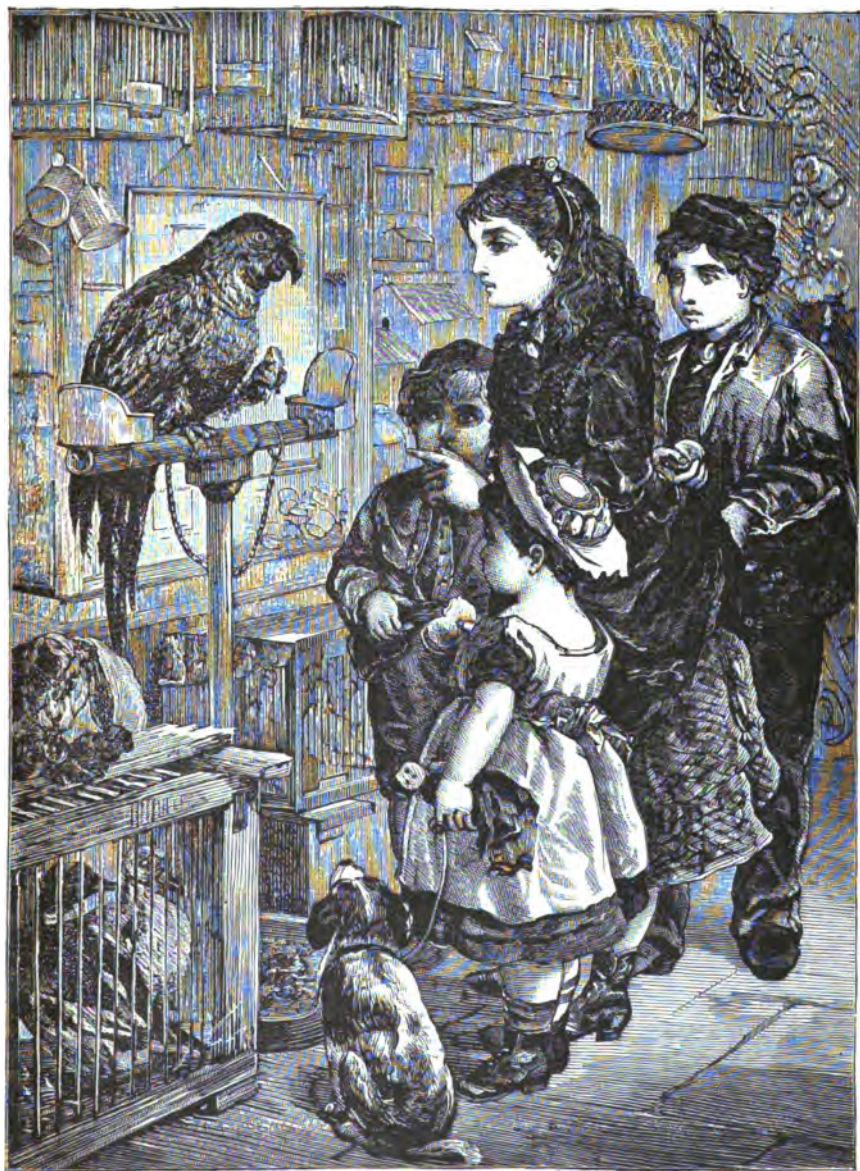
o'er us, We'll hail the day with joy-ful lay, And raise the swelling chorus.

Time, who brings both care and sorrow, Bids them slum-ber till to-mor-row,

Bids them slum-ber till to-mor-row.

2 To joyous music's merry strain
Responsive hearts are beating,
And happy voices join amain
The carol, Christmas greeting.
Hearts with fondest rapture swelling,
Glow while lips their thoughts are telling.

3 Then raise the song for Christmas time,
While winds are loudly blowing,
With carol old and chorus bold
Our joyful praises showing.
Bright the old yule-log is beaming.
Let each soul of joy be dreaming.



THE BIRD-STORE.

THE BIRD-STORE.



SUSAN WELSH lived near a large store, where birds, and pet animals of various kinds, were kept for sale.

She had often been there to play with the pretty creatures, and many of them had come to know her well. One large gray parrot had learned her name, and would call out, "Good-morning, Susan!" as soon as she appeared. And when she put out her hand, and said, "Shake hands," he would give his claw, and go through the ceremony very well, often saying, "Glad to see you! How do you do?"

One day Susan had two little friends visit her,—Willy and Bessie Hill; and, as they had never seen a parrot, she proposed to take them to the bird-store. They were both delighted to go; and Bessie took her doll and her dog Snip with her.

In her right hand she carried a cake; and the first thing the parrot said as she went towards him was, "Polly wants a cake."

This made the little girl laugh. She laughed still more when the parrot took a piece of cake in his claw, and ate it, bit by bit, as nicely as she could herself.

But when Snip barked at the parrot, and the parrot barked too, she thought it was the funniest thing yet, and laughed till the tears came.

The parrot was so well pleased with his visitors, and talked so fast, that a boy with oranges to sell, came behind to listen. He was much astonished; for he too had never heard a bird speak before.

The children looked a little at the other birds and pets; but none interested them as much as the parrot.

Bessie did not want to leave him, and wished she might have him for her own. But when Mr. Smith, his owner, asked if she would like to give him her dog, and take the parrot, she shook her head, and said, "No, no!"

She could not think of parting with her old friend Snip, even for the funny parrot.

DORA BURNSIDE.



CHRISTMAS.

DAINTY little stockings

Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the firelight's glow :

Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head :

Mother, stepping lightly,
Plans with tender care,
How to give each dreamer
Just an equal share.

Funny little stockings

Hanging in a row,
Stuffed with sweet surprises,
Down from top to toe, —

Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking :
Bless me, what a noise !
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys !

RUTH REVERE.



THAT GIRL.

HER hood is of the common
sort,



Her dress is very plain,
Her apron's long, her
sleeves are short,
Her name is Mary
Jane.

She goes to school, and on her
way,

She always likes to
meet

The muffin-man, who,
every day,

Comes marching
down the street;

Though very fond of study,
She dearly loves to eat.





WHAT ASTONISHED CHARLEY.

CHARLEY had been spending the day with his grandmother. When he was starting for home in the afternoon, she gave him a nice red apple, saying, "Take this to your mother from me."

With the apple in his hand, Charley was trudging along through the fields, when he met Peter, the son of a farmer who lived near by.

Now Peter was a bad boy, with whom Charley had been told to have nothing to do. But, as Peter greeted him very kindly, how could poor Charley help speaking to him?

Pretty soon Peter began to ask questions. "What kind of an apple is that?" said he.

"I don't know," said Charley.

"Let me look at it," said Peter.

Charley did not want him to take it, but hadn't quite

courage enough to say "No;" and in a moment Peter had the apple in his hand. "I wonder whether it is sweet, or sour," said he.

The picture shows what happened next. Peter munched the apple, while the little boy looked on amazed, not knowing what to do or say.

"It's for my mother," gasped out Charley as soon as he could speak.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" said the saucy Peter, handing him back the core. "Here, take the sour thing: I don't want it."

Poor Charley had to go home and tell this pitiful story. But he learned a lesson from it that he never forgot.

IDA FAY.



THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.



T is Christmas morning, bright, clear, and cold. A class of little girls have assembled with their teacher in an old country church in England.

They are singing joyous carols; and their faces look so sweet and happy, that I am sure they must be singing with their hearts as well as their voices.

Even the youngest, though she cannot yet read or sing, sits cuddled against her sister, her small hands folded on her lap, quietly listening. The pleased look on her face tells us that she loves to hear the others sing.

I think she will remember some of the sweet words, and will very likely try to sing them when she is at home.

Behind the group of children may be seen a table monument. There are many of these in old English churches. The figure on the top, carved in stone, probably resembles



some knight or warrior, in memory of whom the monument was placed here long, long ago.

After the service, we can fancy the children having a merry time, — such as we hope every child in our own land, as well as in Old England, may have, this very next Christmas, which is so near at hand.

JANE OLIVER.

HOW THE SHEEP WERE SAVED.



ANY years ago a farmer, living in the county of Somerset, England, on rising one morning early in December, found that the weather had grown bitterly cold. Looking out of the window, he saw that it had been snowing fast through the night.

Such a storm, indeed, had not been known for a long, long time. The wind was blowing hard, and the snow was still falling steadily.

Now, the farmer had a great many sheep, and had not yet housed them for the winter. They were out on the hills in the open air, without any shelter.

"My poor sheep!" exclaimed the farmer. "They will be buried in the snow. They will perish with the cold."

He dressed as quickly as possible, called all his men, and his good dog Watch, and started out. It was slow work getting through the snow-drifts. Poor Watch was almost buried sometimes. But the men helped him out, and on he ran again, leaping after them like the good faithful dog he was. At last they came to the place where the sheep had been left. Not one could be seen; but in a corner of the field there was a huge pile of snow, about which Watch began to scratch and howl.

By this they knew that the sheep were all huddled under the snow. The men set to work with their shovels; but for some time no sound came from the sheep. It was so cold that some of the men got discouraged, and wanted to give up the search, and go home.

"Go, if you choose," said the farmer; "but I shall stay and dig till I find my sheep."

This made the men feel ashamed, and they picked up their shovels and went to work again.

"Wait a bit," said the farmer: "let me listen."

He put his ear close to the wall of snow, and heard a faint "Ba-a-ah" through it. Then they knew that one sheep at least was alive. So they dug away briskly and in a few minutes they pulled it out.

Watch took charge of it at once, pressing his warm body



against the frosty fleece, and licking its face and feet to warm them.

So, one after another, the sheep were drawn out of their snow-cave, and then the men drove them home. Some of the small and feeble ones they had to carry in their arms, wrapping their cloaks about the little creatures to protect them from the sharp wind.

The snow beat in the faces of the men so that it almost blinded them; and it was very difficult, both for themselves and the poor weak sheep, to make their way through the great drifts.


They were glad enough, you may be sure, when they got safely back to the farm. There the sheep were soon put in a comfortable shed, and fed with warm milk to restore their strength. The poor animals would certainly have died, but for the kind care that was taken of them.

The farmer thanked his men for staying to help him. His wife gave them a good hot breakfast; and I think they enjoyed it all the more for having saved the poor, helpless sheep from perishing under the snow.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



THE TWO RATS.

HEY were about the same size, and looked much alike. They were great friends. One was a wise old rat, and the other was a young rat who thought himself wise.

The wise old rat we will call Crafty. His home was in Farmer Rural's cellar: that is to say, the front-door of it opened into the cellar; but there was a back-door in the garden, and there were passage-ways under ground, leading to the corn-barn and the drain.

Crafty had studied the ways of the human race for many years. In his view man was created for the benefit of rats. He had known men who were almost as sly as rats; but on the whole he looked upon them as inferior beings.

Simple, who lived close by, had also a great contempt for men and women. He often boasted that he got his board

and lodging all at their expense. But he did not know half as much as he thought he did; and many a time he had been kept from getting into a scrape by his good friend Crafty.

One night, about twelve o'clock, Crafty and Simple started out together to see what they could find. Having poked into every corner of Farmer Rural's cellar, without getting any thing better than raw potatoes, they made their way up stairs.



Just at the head of the stairs they came upon a sort of wire safe in which there was a most tempting bit of cheese. The door of the safe was open.

"Here's a feast," said Simple; and he was about to dart into the safe.

"Stop, my young friend," said Crafty, sitting bolt upright on his haunches. "That cheese has been put there on purpose for us."

"Well, then, why shouldn't we take it?" said Simple.

"Take my advice," said Crafty, "and let the cheese alone."

Many a fine young rat has been cut off in the flower of his youth by snatching at the first good thing that happened to be put in his way. That safe is what men call a trap, and it is a very unsafe thing for you to meddle with."

A few nights after, the two friends started out once more, and in the middle of the cellar they found a nice barrel of meal. Simple was on the point of jumping right into it; but old Crafty stopped him again.

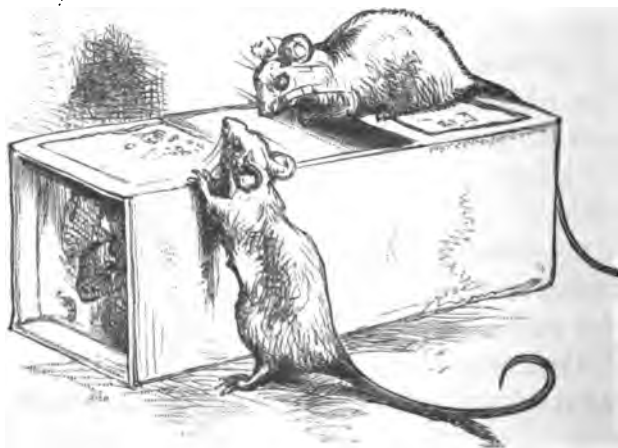
"Don't you know better than that, you greenhorn?" said he. "Never jump into a barrel in that way. Look here." And, crawling on the rim of the barrel, he flapped his long tail into the meal. "Splash, splash!" Right under the meal there was water.

"Ho, ho, Farmer Rural!" said Crafty, "that's your game, is it? You can keep this meal for your own eating."

But the next time that the two rats went out together, poor Simple did not come off so well. In spite of his friend's advice, he went after some bread-crumbs that were scattered on the top of what seemed to be a harmless wooden box.

It was a trap, of course. Simple was caught, and Crafty had to go back to his hole alone.

ALFRED SELWYN.





A FUNNY LITTLE BOY.

A FUNNY little chin,
A funny little nose,
A funny little grin,
Ten funny little toes,
Two funny little eyes,
And funny little hands :
How funnily he tries
To give his wee commands.

A funny little chat
With funny little bees,
A funny little cat,
And funny toads and trees,

A funny little dress,
A funny laugh of joy :
May Heaven ever bless
My funny little boy !

A funny little sigh,
A funny little head
That funnily will try
To miss the time for bed,
A funny little peep
From funny eyes that gleam,
A funny little sleep,
A funny little dream.

THE ROMAN PIGEON.



IN the famous city of Rome I once lived in a house which had been a palace. It had secret closets and trap-doors, and all such queer things. There was one long, dark entry that we called a tube.

We were obliged to go through this entry often, as it was the only passage-way between our rooms. It was so narrow that one could touch both side-walls at the same time. I had often, in going through it, felt that I was not alone: the movement of something always startled me.

It was not like the motions of a human being, and I was too old to have visits from fairies. A dog would bark; a kitten would mew; a parrot would say "Pardon!" Then what was it? I could not tell.

One night, after spending the day in the Catacombs, which are nothing more than cities of the dead, under ground, and after tumbling over my companions, and treading on the heels of the guide, I came home hoping for a quiet, peaceful evening. Finding, however, an invitation to spend that evening with a lady who lived at the other end of the palace, I felt bound to accept it.

As I passed along the dark, narrow entry, which seemed like going through the Catacombs again, I heard a patter, patter, patter, on the brick floor. I supported myself by putting my hands out until they touched the sides of the tube, for I was just the least bit frightened.

The sound was approaching me; but I dared not turn my back. It echoed from the walls and the high ceiling, and the whole air seemed filled with a weird noise. I tiptoed along, when suddenly my foot came down directly upon a pigeon.

Only those who have been wandering about all day in

caverns can imagine what it is to feel the flutter of a live pigeon under your very tread, and this, too, in the dark. This pigeon reeled to his left, and I to my right, which, of course, brought us together again. He flapped and fluttered, I panted and screamed. He flew to his right, I to my left, and again we met.

If I had known that it was only a pigeon, I should not have been afraid. I am not afraid of a pigeon, I hope! But I did not know what it was, and the whizzing, and the fluttering, and the panting, and the shrieks so resounded from the roof above, that I had a mind to cry out for help.

The landlady, who in that country is called *padrona*, knew that all was not quiet in her dwelling: so she shortly appeared at one end of the tube, with a dim candle. This so alarmed the pigeon, that he was more frightened than I. He turned to the other opening just at the moment when two young ladies appeared there with a light.

What could the poor thing do!—a woman at one end, two women at the other, and a greater obstacle, which was myself, in the centre. He could not fly far, for his wings had been clipped; but, exerting what wing-power he had, he whizzed over my head into empty space.

When I ran away, he seemed to be balancing himself upon nothing. There was no beam under that roof, upon which he could alight; and how he bore his plight I did not wait to see.

But the funniest thing about this pigeon was his manner of treating me the next morning, and, indeed, as long as I remained in Rome. I often met him in various parts of the house; and as I approached he would throw back his head, swell his white throat, wink at me, — first with one eye, then with the other, — and then, with a quick prance, get by me.

I think pigeons have a language of their own; for his

winks said plainly, "Come on, if you want to try that game again! Who's afraid!" But I never moved a muscle as I glided by him. I didn't want him to know that my heart went pit-a-pat when he gave me those side glances.

The last morning that I was in Rome, as I stepped into the carriage to go to the cars, a flock of doves appeared to be quietly feeding on the roadside; but my familiar foot-fall aroused one of them from his occupation, and he stood apart gazing at the scene.

When the carriage-door was shut and the driver was mounting his box, the same old patter attracted my attention. I put my head out of the window, and there stood my fowl friend; and as long as he could see me his strut continued, and probably his eyes winked.

AUNT ANNE.





DRAWING-LESSON.

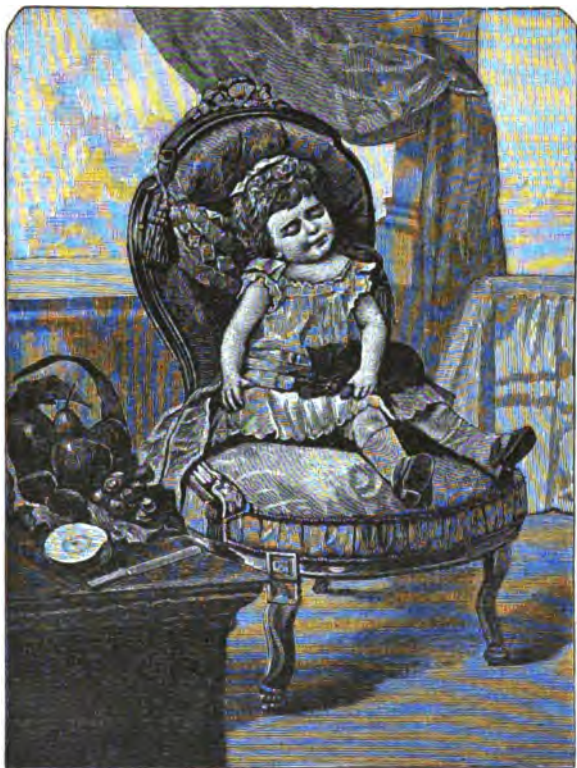
READY FOR A WALK.



PUT a good thick coat on the little girl. Button it well. Tie on her bonnet. Put a scarf over her ears. Now she is all ready. Now she will not mind the cold. Ah! whom does she see coming to meet her?

It is her cousin Sue. She is going to walk too. Is not that nice? "Come, little Ann," says Sue, "take hold of my hand and we will have a good time." — "So we will," says Ann. And off they go hand in hand.





LILY AND HER KITTEN.



HERE can Lily be?" said Mrs. West to her sister Helen, as they sat sewing and chatting together. "I have not seen the child this half hour."

"When I saw her last," answered Helen, "she was having a great frolic with her kitten in the hall."

"Well," said Mrs. West, "I must have a hunt for Miss Lily. She may be getting into mischief." So she opened the door, and called, "Lily, Lily, where are you?"

No answer came. Mrs. West looked into the nursery and bedrooms, but saw nothing of the little girl.

Then she went down stairs and looked into the parlor and hall. Lily was not there. She opened the front door and called "Lily, Lily!" but still in vain.

At last she went into the dining-room, and there, to be sure, was Lily fast asleep in a large chair, with Dinah the kitten in her lap, and a little black paw clasped in her chubby hand.

Mrs. West smiled and shut the door softly, saying to herself "Dear child, she is certainly doing no mischief." Then she called her sister to come down and peep in at the sleeping companions.

Helen said, "Isn't that a pretty picture? Suppose we take a big peach from this basket of fruit and put it softly beside her on the chair to surprise her when she wakes."

When Lily woke soon after, she rubbed her eyes, and said, "Why, where did this peach come from, I wonder! Have I been asleep, and has a fairy dropped it in my chair?"

AUNT SUE.

THIRSTY BILLY.



HOW, Billy!" said a farmer, as he was driving home from the mill with a load of meal. "We'll stop here, and you shall have a good drink. You must need it after climbing up this long hill.

"There are good people in the world, are there not, old fellow? And it certainly was one of them who put this trough here for poor beasts like you to drink from. Well, you are thirsty, to be sure! Don't you mean to



leave a drop there? What do you think the next donkey that comes along will do?

“Ah, you prick up your ears, and wink your eye, as much as to say, ‘Never you fear about that, my friend. There’s

no danger of my drinking all there is in this trough, and you know as well as I that there is plenty more water in the spring where this came from.'

"So at last, then, you have enough," added the farmer, as Billy lifted his dripping nose from the water.

"Come on then, long ears: we have another hill to climb, you know, and wife wants some of this meal to make a corn-cake for supper."

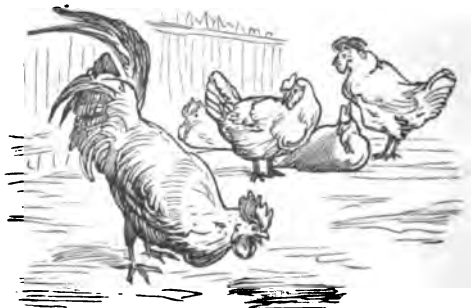
And Billy started on briskly, as if he knew well what supper meant, and thought he should have a share of corn-cake too.

UNCLE CHARLES.

A DEFIANCE.

KING of the barn-yard here am I.
If any bird my power deny,
That bird to combat I defy;
I raise my ancient battle cry,
Resolved to conquer or to die.
Who has the rashness to reply?

CHANTICLEER.





ABOUT WINDMILLS.

WAPA, what is that funny-looking house, with that great whirligig going round and round on it?" said Charlie to his father, pointing to this picture.

"That is a windmill," his father answered. "I don't wonder you call those long arms a whirligig, for they whirl round very swiftly when the wind blows.

"But they do not go round and round for nothing, as your toy whirligigs do. They are busy at work, turning a great wheel inside the mill; and the wheel is busy grinding corn into meal.

"There are not many windmills to be seen in our country; but if you should go to Holland, you would see them in all directions. Holland is a very flat country and has no swift rivers to turn the mill-wheels, so the wind has to do the work instead.

"There are said to be ten thousand windmills there. The arms of some are a hundred feet long."

"I should like to see them," said Charlie. "Will you not take me there sometime, papa?"

"Perhaps," said his father, "but you are a small boy yet, and have much to see and learn at home first."

ALFRED STETSON.

ANNIE'S GIFT.

ANNIE FAY had been taking a walk, one winter day, with her mother. On their way they had stopped to see her grandmother, and she had given Annie a large apple to take home.

But just before reaching the house, they saw a forlorn-looking girl with her apron full of dry twigs which she had been picking by the roadside. She was thinly dressed, and looked pale and sad.

Annie's heart was touched at the sight. "Oh, mamma!" she said, "how tired and cold and hungry that poor girl looks! May I give her my apple?"

"Certainly, dear," said her mother, "you may give it to her. And ask her in to get warm."

So, quick as thought, Annie ran to the girl and held up the apple, saying, "Please take this. And mamma wants you to come into the house with us and get warm."

The girl could hardly keep back her tears at being so kindly spoken to. But she took the apple, thanked Annie, and followed her into the house. On questioning her, Mrs. Fay found that she was an orphan. She lived with a woman who was too poor to do much for her. She had to work hard, and the woman was not always kind to her.



After getting warm and eating a good dinner, she cheered up wonderfully. And when Mrs. Fay put on her a woolen sacque and mittens and some thick shoes, she looked so happy and thankful that Annie was quite delighted.

When Annie saw her grandmother, the next day, and told her what was done with the apple, the kind old lady said, "That was right. I am very glad you gave it to her. If she is a nice child I would like to have her live with me. I cannot move about much, and for some time I have wanted to find a handy little girl to wait on me."

And when Annie next went to her grandmother's house, there was the little girl, neatly dressed, and fast losing the sad look she had on her face when they met her that cold day.

JANE OLIVER.

FLOSSIE'S PET ALLIGATOR.



UNT MEG, did you ever see an alligator, — a real live one, such as papa took me to see in Boston, last summer?"

"Oh, yes, Toddy! I have seen more alligators than you can count fingers and thumbs on your little dimpled hands. But I saw the funniest one when I was in Kansas last winter; and if you will sit here on my lap, I will tell you all about it.

"One day, last year, when Flossie was in Jacksonville, Florida, with her parents, she saw a baby-alligator, and took such a fancy to it, that her papa bought it for her. They brought it home in the spring, and cousin Fred made a pen for it in the back-yard, near a large puddle of water; for alligators, you know, live in the water.

"Always after a rain, the water was quite deep, and 'Allie,' as Flossie named her pet, would splash about in it, as happy as could be. Flossie and all the children in the neighborhood, used to play with him every day.

"Before the spring was over, Allie was so tame, that he

would follow Flossie up to the house, where the children would feed him with fish or meat.

The alligator kept growing and growing, until he was too large for the pen ; and as he grew old, he grew so cross, that Flossie's papa sold him to a circus-man for a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and the children never saw their pet again.

—o—o—o—
AUNT MEG.

"THE NURSERY" TO ITS READERS.

FIFTEEN years ago, in my green cover

Faintly colored like the leaves in spring,

High and low, of every child the lover,

First I came my welcome words to bring.

And from then till now I have not rested ;

I have still kept busy every day ;

When the cowslips bloomed, and, crimson-breasted,

Sang the robins in the golden May,

When the silver daisies starred the mowing,

When the nestling swallows fluttered forth,

When the maple-woods like flame were glowing,

Or the wild wind piped from out the north ;

All the time I used to look and listen :

"Something for the children I must find,

Merry tales to make their bright eyes glisten,

Useful lessons they should keep in mind."

Fifteen years — how brief they were and pleasant!

When these little golden heads are gray,
Looking back on what is now the present,
Who can tell? There may be one will say, —

"These few words that once my mother taught
me

From 'The Nursery,' ere I could read,
Lingering in my memory, have brought me
Helpful counsel in life's hours of need."

Everywhere, of every child the lover,
Willing doer of my best was I;
For the last time, in my pale green cover,
I have come to say to you "Good-by!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





